Belgium And Western Germany
1833

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BELGIUM AND WESTERN GERMANY

IN 1833.

CHAPTER I.

Lord Liverpool Steam-boat—Private theatricals—Military Mass—Ghistelles—Jabbeke—Oudenbourg—Flemish Farm-house—Fête-Dieu—M. Paret—Bruges—M. Moke—Hospital of St. John—Jerusalem Chapel—Marché au Vendredi—Hotel de Commerce.

I LEFT London for Ostend on the 1st of June, accompanied by my son and Mr. H——. The weather was delightful, and we had several agreeable fellow-passengers, but I should have been sorely vexed had I spied any trans-atlantic acquaintance among them; for, in truth, a comparison between the accommodation on board the Lord Liverpool packet, and that which is found in all and every of the unnumbered steam-boats of the United States, would have redounded very little to the honour of our steam-establishment.

The vessel was dirty, and the fare both bad and insufficient. Had any accident detained us, even for a few hours, the passengers, among whom there were many children, must have suffered very seriously from want of provision; for after the three o'clock dinner not an atom of bread, or even biscuit remained on board.

We reached Ostend a little after midnight, and found very comfortable rooms bespoken for us at the Waterloo Hotel. Notwithstanding the uncouth hour, we sat down to a meal, wherein supper was at odds with breakfast, as to which it

might be called; but it was rendered extremely welcome by the previous fast.

It was my purpose to pass a few days at Ostend, both for the sake of enjoying the society of some friends residing there, and because my son had engaged to take a part in the representation of a comedy, which was to be performed by a party of English amateurs, who had amused themselves for some days before our arrival in preparing it. This comedy (She Stoops to Conquer) was extremely well got up, and performed with a great deal of spirit and cleverness; but it was followed by a farce, which very nearly proved a tragedy. This unlucky farce (Bombastus Furioso) has a single combat in the last scene, and my son was wounded severely in the thigh, by a thrust from the sword of his adversary. This unlucky accident stretched our intended three days' stay to ten; but fortunately produced no lasting inconvenience to the wounded hero.

Few tourists pause more than an hour or two at Ostend it is passed through merely as a door-way, by which to enter the interesting country of which it is the frontier. I will not say that my residence of ten days taught me to find beauty in the sandy level on which the town stands; but it enabled me to discover that, as a bathing-place, it has many advantages.

As a sea-walk, the Levee, which is raised before the fortifications, and passes on for a mile beyond them, is delightful In addition to its fine sea view, it has the attraction of the elegant pavilion recently built upon it under the superintendence of the British Consul. This pretty edifice, which commands a noble marine view, is fitted up with great taste for the rest and amusement of the loungers. It contains rooms for reading, refreshments, and raffling; and is altogether as agreeable a resort as any bathing-place I have seen can boast.

There is another circumstance at Ostend, which I consider very important as one of the *agrémens* of a summer residence; it has a cheap and most abundant market for vegetables, fruit and flowers, which perhaps struck me the more, from my having so often experienced the want of these luxuries at our own watering-places.

Henry's wound, though it confined him to his bed, in no

respect affected his general health, and the tedious restraint was alleviated by books, and the visits of many who were kind enough to take pity on his seclusion. Among these was his young adversary, whose constant attention showed a very amiable degree of regret for the unlucky accident. With such excellent substitutes to take my place, I felt no scruple at leaving him; and found time to see all Ostend has to show.

On Sunday I attended mass at the fine old church of St. Peter. The pulpit, confessionals, and stalls are superbly carved. There is no great architectural beauty in the building; but each of the three aisles is terminated by a very handsome altar. It was vexing to my reformed eyes, to see one of these profaned by a huge wooden doll, with a fine watch at her side, and dressed in satins and lace, intended to represent the Virgin. Its draperies and decorations had just been refreshed and renewed, in preparation for the Fête-Dieu, which was to take place on the following Sunday. Nothing could be more childishly grotesque than this figure; yet I was touched by the unmistakeable devotion of a poor old woman, who kneeled on the pavement before it. Her withered arms were extended, and an air of the most passionate adoration animated her sunken features, as she gazed on this frightful idol.—And after all, perhaps, there is something sublime in the state of mind, which allows not the senses to dwell on the object before them, but, occupied alone by the holiness of the symbol, is raised by it to such thoughts of heaven, as chase all feelings but those of devotion. That this is often the case with sincere Roman Catholics I have no doubt; and it is impossible to witness the feeling, without losing all inclination to ridicule the source of it.

After the first service was concluded, we remained in the church to witness that most incongruous medley of sighs and sounds, a military mass. I was well pleased to be present at a ceremony so perfectly new to me; but it hovered so strangely between the sublime and the ridiculous, that it would be difficult to describe its effect. The measured tread of the long lines of soldiery reverberating along the lofty aisles, and the subdued, serious look that quenched their martial bearing, as they ranged themselves in triple file

round the building, were solemn and impressive; but when the grim and grotesque *sapeurs*, accompanied by the whole band, marched up to the very steps of the altar, which they seemed to besiege with their thundering drums and trumpets, I knew not how to fancy the ceremony a religious one.

The next day was spent in an excursion with a very agreeable pic-nic party, to show us something of the neighbouring country. We first drove to Ghistelles, a pretty village with a handsome church. The most interesting object in it is a monument erected to a certain Countess Godelieve, who was barbarously murdered by command of her husband, some few hundred years ago, and is now worshipped as a saint. Her stately monument, indeed, might, with more propriety, be termed an altar, for the lower part of it is arranged as such, and beside is a shrine of brass, containing the bones of the strangled lady, before which a lamp is kept burning day and night. In the highest compartment of this monumental altar is a group of three figures, which even at that height appear as large as life. This composition represents the manner of the murder, which was performed by strangulation. A cord appears to be twisted round the neck of the kneeling female, either end of which is in the hand of a ruffian, who is represented as putting forth his whole strength to complete the work. The attitude of one of these, who seems to be pressing his knee against the victim, to obtain a better purchase for his pull, is horribly true to nature. They sell a little book in the church containing St. Godelieve's legend, her litany, and some account of her miracles. The following is a translation of the legend:—

"Godelieve was a woman of France, and married a baron of Flanders, who, being a very wicked man, and influenced by a still more atrocious mother, hated her for her goodness, and also for having black hair, unlike the fair girls of his own country. He, therefore, had her strangled, but afterwards repenting him of the cruel deed, he became a monk at Bruges, and subsequently caused this church to be erected to her memory."

I do not find the name of this saint in the calendar, but the miracles recorded to her honour are numerous, and some of no distant date. A lively Swiss lady, who was one of

our pic-nic, told me that a saint of older standing who had also an altar in the church, had felt himself much offended by the superior devotion manifested for the parvenue St. Godelieve. How this displeasure was made known I did not learn; but the Curé informed his parishioners that some relics of this older saint were certainly concealed near Ghistelles. Accordingly a day was chosen, on which he set out at the head of all the faithful to seek for them. They went about and about for many hours, but found nothing; at length the Curé declared he could go no farther, for his limbs refused to support him; and so saying, he stretched himself on the earth. After some time, he again attempted to proceed; but was still unable to move. "My children," he repeated, "I can go no further;—search here, even here, where my strength failed me." They did so—and, wonderful to tell, found a finger bone exactly at the spot where the pious man had laid him down to rest.

This well-authenticated finger of the saint was conveyed to his altar, and enshrined with all the observant devotion for which *les braves Belges* are so justly celebrated. It has already wrought many wonderful miracles; and, to use the words of our bright-eyed chronicler, "La pauvre St. Godelièvc a perdu la plus grande partie de sa pratique."

Close to the church is the sight of the old castle of Ghistelles, and some trifling remains of the building may yet be traced.

The prison of the little town is under the same roof as the hotel; a vicinity which would render any long sojourn there far from agreeable. We saw two very wretched countenances glaring upon us through the bars, at the distance of a few feet, as we passed from the door to the carriage.

From Ghistelles we proceeded to Jabbeke, where the Baron von Larebeke has a very handsome residence. Like all old mansions of the noblesse in that country, it has its tower and its moat. The gardens are large and very full of roses, which seem to flourish to perfection in the sandy soil; but unfortunately wooden effigies of men and women, painted proper, as heralds call it, were almost equally abundant. Some of these groups are much too strange for description.

The baron was absent, but we were permitted to see the château. It contains several handsome apartments, and a gallery of pictures, among which are some few originals of the Flemish, and many copies of the Italian schools. Having amused ourselves here till we were a little tired, and very hungry, we walked back to the inn, where we had left the carriage; and sat down to a repast, agreeable in every way.

We returned to Ostend by a different route, that took us through Oudenbourg, for the purpose of seeing some of the *highly cultivated gardens which supply the Ostend market;* and also to visit a farm *belonging to a relation of one of our* party, which showed us an excellent specimen of the interior of a Flemish farm-house. The extremest cleanliness, the kindest civility, and a magnificent display of rich cream and Valenciennes lace, were among its most remarkable features. We observed also many indications of devout Catholicism. Dolls superbly dressed, with lesser dolls pinned to their stomachers, to represent the Virgin and Child, and crucifixes of various dimensions, were displayed in seven different nooks of the principal apartment.

This room, which was very large, had a neat curtained bed. Its snow-white quilt and nicely flounced pillows looked as if it were intended only for show. We saw, however, in the kitchen, and other inferior rooms, preparations for sleeping less delicately, the beds being laid literally in cupboards ranged against the walls.

Our lovely Swiss friend coaxed the good woman of the house to exhibit the stays she wore on great occasions. They were unquestionably of many pounds weight; and were furnished on both sides with iron bars, which, one should think, must enter, if not into her soul, at least into her heart, every time she stooped. An examination of this machine enabled me to comprehend the meaning of a term in common use among us. I have often felt at a loss to know why a lady's corset should be termed "*a pair of stays;*" but with this massive fabric before me, I at once perceived its origin and meaning. Ribs of steel are enclosed within it on either side, and it could hardly be better described than by calling it a pair of stays, or supports. About half way down the sides

of this ponderous structure is a huge solid roll of stuffing, which nearly surrounds the waist, and on this the petticoats are suspended.

After a full examination of this "foreign wonder," we were shown many singularly-fashioned caps, bordered by the most delicate lace. Though the whole establishment had an air of comfort and plenty about it, the costly elegance of these decorations surprised me. But it was easy to perceive that a feeling of family dignity was attached to them. The blooming daughters of the house, whose bright hair had never yet been shaded by anything beyond a ribbon, listened to our expressions of admiration, which were carefully interpreted, with much such satisfaction as the daughter of a baron might feel if her paternal castle were the theme of praise.

The dairy at this house was really a beautiful sight, even though at one end of it we perceived a nymph skimming cream with her fingers. This, indeed, is the universal method; and if anything could reconcile one to the strange operation, it would be the delicate rosy tips of the Rubens-like fingers we saw so employed.

I have never in any country remarked finer crops than in the sandy plain round Ostend. The mode of husbandry is careful and laborious; but the returns are very great. The constant application of manure converts the arid soil into a fine loom; and every inch of it is as carefully weeded as the nicest garden. This fatiguing but necessary part of good husbandry is performed chiefly by women, who crawl along the ground on their hands and knees, and in this attitude appear to draw the weeds more effectually, and with less labour, than can be done by stooping.

The ploughing of this district is, as may be supposed, peculiarly light; and is often performed by a single milch cow. No part of Flemish farming appeared to me more worthy of attention than the general management of their cows. They are constantly kept in stables, and fed twice in the day with green meat, of almost every possible variety of vegetation. The collecting this is one of the many agricultural labours constantly performed by women; and it is no inconsiderable feature in the picturesque aspect of the country that groups of maids and matrons are perpetually

seen bearing, with wonderful ease and activity of step, enormous loads of fresh-cut fodder on their heads. I have seen many a pair of bright eyes, and many a dimpled cheek, peeping out sometimes from a bundle of flowery clover, sometimes from a bush formed of the young shoots of forest-trees, and not unfrequently from the thrifty gatherings of every weed, or handful of tufted grass that grows beside the road. That there is much economy of everything but labour in this, is very evident; and, as far as I was able to judge, the cows prospered marvellously by this regular mode of furnishing their meals in the stall, instead of permitting them to be constantly browsing in the fields. I never met with either bad butter or adulterated milk; and it appeared to me that there was a greater abundance, and freer use of both, than I had been accustomed to see elsewhere.

I rejoiced to find myself, on the 9th of June, in so very Catholic a country; for the ceremonies by which the *Fete-Dieu* was celebrated were really splendid, considering the size of the town. The streets were lined with double rows of young straight-grown fir-trees; every house being charged with the expense of purchasing such, and having them stuck in for the occasion. In the open places of the city, groups of these same slender trees supported wreaths and garlands of flowers, under which the host was carried in a splendid ark.

The Curé, who bore this in his hands, was himself superbly dressed; and at each corner of the canopy, borne above his head, walked a child of four or five years old, in fancy costume, that looked as if it had been arranged by a ballet-master. Three of them had wings; and the fourth, dressed as an infant St. John, would have been a beautiful model for a painter. The procession consisted of all the military in the garrison, a numerous cortegè of priests, with their attendants, and the various associated companies of the town. But by far the prettiest part of the spectacle consisted of the double row of little girls, elegantly dressed in white, their heads adorned with wreaths of roses, and long white veils. Above two hundred of these pretty creatures, looking all smiles and gladness, followed the host; and when the procession paused, while the awful symbol was laid on the altar of the different *reposoirs* prepared to receive it, they, as well

as the assembled multitude, who followed them, prostrated themselves upon the ground before it. The children all visited the Curé in his sacristy as soon as the ceremony was over, and each received from him a little *cornet of bonbons.*

I made many visits during the progress of the procession, with my friend, Mrs. F——, to houses advantageously situated for giving a good view of it. This seemed to be the fashion, for we met large parties at several of them. Some of these houses were extremely handsome and well fitted up.

After all this was over, we went with the party to visit a rustic hotel, at the distance of two miles from Ostend, where a dinner had been bespoken for us. To see the master of this establishment was the chief object of the excursion; and he is, indeed, a very interesting personage. Without education, or advantage of any kind, beyond what his own active intellect and industry supplied, this M. Paret has made himself an excellent naturalist; and has collected a valuable cabinet of curious specimens in various branches of science. In particular, he has many beautifully arranged skeletons of remarkable fish, put together by himself. Of his ability in this branch of art, all those may judge, who saw the skeleton of the whale exhibited in the King's Mews; for the preparation of it was entirely the work of his hands. This whale was thrown upon the beach at Ostend, in 1827, and was purchased, from those who had a right to sell it, for the sum of one thousand francs. The purchaser immediately asked, and obtained, the willing aid of Paret; and by him it was arranged exactly as it was afterwards exhibited. It is painful to add, that for this laborious work the skilful artist is said never to have received any remuneration.

On the 10th of June we proceeded to Bruges, accompanied by the friends whose kindness had contrived to render Ostend extremely agreeable to us, notwithstanding the vexatious accident which had detained us there.

We travelled by one of the pretty packet-boats that navigate the noble canal; choosing this mode of conveyance both because it was the easiest for my son, and also that we might see a work superior to everything of the kind in Europe; for in China only, as we were told, can a still more superb canal be seen.

Bruges, and the country round it, is as flat as Ostend, but

there is much to see and admire. This fine old city was formerly the capital of Flanders, and remained so till the end of the fifteenth century, being the great Flemish depot for the commerce of the Hanseatic League. This was the source of its vast wealth; and to this may be traced the relics of former magnificence, which are still to be found there. When the monopoly was transferred to Antwerp, both the splendour and activity of Bruges declined; and I was very gravely assured, that its principal trade at present is in beer and manure.

In fact, there is no appearance of commerce in any part of the city. A walk through the fine old streets, with their high pointed mansions, and richly carved ornaments, is like looking over a portfolio of Prout's best drawings—but there are very few figures in active movement to enliven them. Nevertheless, it was far from being a "dull town to me." There is no quarter that has not some historic record attached to it to excite interest, and gratify curiosity; and it is, therefore, notwithstanding its stillness, well worthy of detaining the traveller for several days. Many of the houses are extremely handsome, and almost all appear comfortable, and scrupulously clean. I never saw a city in which so little appearance of poverty met my eye. I was told that sixteen thousand of the inhabitants (the whole number being thirty-seven thousand) receive aid from public charities. Beggars are certainly seen at the church doors, but the streets exhibit no traces of want, or even of discomfort.

The tower of the Hotel de Ville is magnificent; and those who take the trouble to climb it are rewarded not only by the panorama of the city, but by so extended and unbroken a map of the country round it, as leaves a more graphic impression of Flemish scenery on the memory than can be obtained by any other means.

The machinery of the chimes, which occupies a room near the top of the tower, is another reward of the labour. It is surprisingly ingenious and elaborate. The enormous barrel, upon which a vast variety of tunes are arranged, is of brass; and is really one of the handsomest instruments I ever saw.

The building containing the public library ought not to remain unseen. Its external form and proportions are

singularly elegant. The cathedral church of St. Sauveur is rich, almost to excess, in every species of internal decoration. Carving, gilding, and massive silver, tapestry, painting, and sculpture, are all lavished upon it in profusion ; but the fame of the church rests chiefly on two statues ; one of these is the Virgin and Child, said to be by Michael Angelo ; the other, a figure of the Almighty, by whose hand I know not; but it is a composition of wonderful power and majesty.

Notre Dame, standing as close to St. Sauveur as St. Margaret's to Westminster Abbey, is large, but very inferior in splendour to its magnificent neighbour. It has the honour, however, of containing the bones of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary, the wife of Maximilian. Their tombs of touchstone, superbly decorated, are most costly monumental structures, and are carefully enclosed in wooden cases, removed only on the payment of a fee.

I dare not rehearse all that I saw at Bruges which appeared to me worthy of attention ; for the catalogue would be too long for any to read with patience, unless they were about to set off at the instant to visit this museum of antiquities.

The friends who so kindly accompanied us from Ostend introduced us to many of their Bruges acquaintance, which certainly increased the pleasure of our stay in no trifling degree. Among these I may take the liberty of naming one, who is already too well known to the public to make my doing so impertinent. M. Moke, the author of Hermann, is so enthusiastic in his love and admiration of Bruges, and so learnedly familiar with its history, as to make him an invaluable companion among its venerable archives, and mouldering grandeur. It may, perhaps, be partly owing to my having listened to its records from so eloquent an historian ; and from having the splendid relics of its brighter days pointed out to me with equal taste and feeling, that I remember this old city with more of interest and admiration than is usually bestowed upon it.

Bruges is often passed almost unnoticed by travellers, whose ultimate object is the Rhine or Switzerland ; and while their imaginations are flying forward to rocks and mountains, they scorn the cities of the plain which leads to them. I strongly recommend all travellers through Bel-

gium to devote at least three days to making themselves well acquainted with the interesting antiquities of Bruges. If they have the good fortune to be introduced to the society of the place, they will be willing to stay much longer.

By what I saw and heard, evening parties are frequent and very agreeable; though not splendid or ostentatious in any way. We passed one very pleasant evening at the house of M. Moke. The party was small, but so agreeable as to make me think with something like vexation of the enormous throngs, which jostle each other from house to house through a midsummer evening in London. We had singing, that might have made Pasta herself look about her (but this was from an English-woman); and then we fell into some of those playful exercises of wit and fancy for which the French language is so admirably adapted. As I listened to hit after hit, in this trial of wordy skill, I thought that those, who try the same pastime in England, would do well to adopt the language too. It would not only render their *bon-mots* more piquant, but familiarize them with the use of a tongue, which will carry them further over Europe than any other. It may be childish, perhaps, to indulge in such a sport, and still more childish to record it; but, nevertheless, I own to having been very much amused.—Every one's faculties were brought into play.

> "From every head
> A lambent flame (of wit) arose, which gently spread
> Around the brows, and on the fancy fed."

When we had laughed till we were weary, we were refreshed by wine, cakes, and the finest fruit of the season; and so ended the *soiree*.

The old paintings in the hospital of St. John are among the things that must be seen at Bruges. In the chapel they show a coffer, said to contain a bone of St. Ursula, the exterior case of which is painted on panel by Hemling, with a delicacy of finish that is perfectly astonishing. The subject is the dismal history of the arrival of her eleven thousand virgins at Cologne; and the number of figures introduced defies any reasonable hope of graceful composition; but in in the year 1579, this was a branch of the art not well understood; and no deficiency in it could have lowered the esti-

mation in which this gem must have been held. It is still "a thing to wonder at;" but in the sixteenth century it might almost have been deemed miraculous.

On leaving the chapel, I accepted the invitation of a Catholic lady, to accompany her round the female wards of the hospital. The rest of the party declined joining us, from a fear of encountering disagreeable objects; but they were wrong. The pain, which the sight, or even the idea of human suffering must ever occasion, was a thousand times overbalanced by the pleasure of witnessing the tender care the sedulous attention, the effective usefulness of those heavenly-minded beings, *Les Sœurs de la Charite*. It is they who are the only nurses in this large establishment.—Unpaid, uncontrolled by any, they give their lives to comfort and help those, who would find neither comfort nor help without them.

I remember being told, by a lively young woman in America, who was sadly tormented by her "helps," that her only idea of heaven was a place full of servants. With a little variation I could almost echo her phrase, and say, that my idea of heaven was a place filled with Sisters of Charity.

Perhaps I shall hear that I am turned Catholic, if I confess that the treasured symbols of that demonstrative faith, which I there saw so fondly cherished in the hour of suffering and of death, touched my heart more than it offended my orthodoxy. The dying eye, expending its last beam in a look of confiding hope at the image of the Redeemer, at that moment suggested no idea of superstition.

One of the curiosities of Bruges, that I will not omit to mention, though I confess I have great doubts of the veracity of the legend on which its chief interest rests, is the little building called the Jerusalem Chapel. It is said to have been built by a burgomaster of the city, most accurately on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This story, which was pointed out to me in a very ancient volume of the city library, states that the pious founder of the chapel himself made three pilgrimages to Jerusalem, to ascertain some doubtful points in the architecture; but, at last, the vow he had registered to complete a faithful copy, was declared to be fully accomplished; and this memorial

of his piety is preserved with all the care which a building, bearing such a form, might be expected to meet in one of the most deeply Catholic cities left on the earth. It is a singular little edifice; and those who love things out of the common way, will think it worth visiting.

There is a very grotesque group, and well worth looking at, in alto relievo, over the door of a brewhouse; but I cannot instruct any traveller where to find it, as I totally forget the name of the street. It represents, in a very catholic manner, the process of brewing. There are several figures employed in mashing, and cooling, and putting the beer into casks, while winged seraphs are seen tasting it; and the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms, sits apart to superintend the whole.

At Bruges, and, as we afterwards found, in many other Flemish towns, they have a weekly market for the sale of every kind of second-hand goods, which is called *le Marché au Vendredi.* This is well worth seeing. It is always held in some open place of the town, and offers a most singular spectacle. Beds and pictures, kettles and old clothes, books and fire-irons, and thousands of other heterogeneous articles, are all displayed together in most orderly confusion. Where this weekly display of worn-out trash can come from is puzzling; but it is still more so, to imagine how so many persons of various ranks, and always with some highly respectable among them, can be found to fancy every seventh day that they have need of such trumpery; yet I never saw a Marché au Vendredi that was not thronged.

Our accommodations at the Hôtel de Commerce were excellent. We dined twice, during our stay, at the table d'hôte, where a very good dinner is very neatly served for two francs a-head. When we dined in our own apartments, the expense was about double; but we might then have fancied ourselves at one of the best restaurants in Paris.

CHAPTER II.

Ghent—Antiquities—St. Bavon—The University—Schamp's Collection—Bull Fight—Espions—Beguinage—St. Michael's—Antwerp—Spanish Air—Effects of the Siege.

Our Ostend friends still accompanied us when we left Bruges for Ghent. The distance is about twenty-one English miles. Here again we found ourselves surrounded by buildings of the most picturesque form and colour; with the additional novelty of numerous canals cutting through the town in all directions, and connecting the rivers Scheldt and Lys.

Volumes might be fairly and worthily filled by mere catalogues of the antiquities which an industrious amateur might find in these glorious old Flemish towns. No story of the days that are gone, though we have had some which seemed to bring past ages before us by an enchanter's wand, can throw so forcible a light on that portion of history which relates to the period of Flemish splendour, as the sight of these laboured relics themselves. We read, in most speaking hieroglyphics, through every street, a commentary on the manners, customs, wealth, and taste of this interesting country.

The vast warerooms reaching up to the very pinnacle of the steep and pointed gable that finishes the richly-ornamented mansion, show that the wealthy merchant lived splendidly under the same roof which sheltered his wares; while the large door-way that opens from more than one of the upper stories, and not seldom the traces of a crane beside it, prove that the portly dames who sat in the "look-out," had no objection to seeing the merchandise, on which their style and state depended, hoisted and lowered before their windows. Then rises close beside the merchant's house, the proud tower which marks the dwelling of a noble. None else were permitted to erect this symbol of power and dignity.

At one point is seen the costly stadt-house, ornamented

with carving without and painting within, of a finish which must have been paid by most unsparing expenditure of civic gold. At another rises a magnificent church, so grand in its conception, so gorgeous in its decoration, and so abounding in riches of every kind, as to tell loudly of the wealth of those by whom its pillared aisles were reared, and its accumulated treasures deposited.

In short, it appeared to me that, instead of treating Flanders merely as a high road to the Rhine, all who have time, and feel pleasure in examining objects, the ideas of which have been long familiar to them, should pause long, and study carefully, every city on the route.

Two young students of the University assisted our kind companions in showing all that was most interesting in Ghent. And here, as at Bruges, the variety of objects makes it difficult to rehearse what we saw. The magnificent cathedral of St. Bavon was the first thing visited. This church is more than ordinarily interesting in every way. It is of great antiquity, and full of interesting memorials relative to the history of the city, and indicative of its former importance. There are several inscriptions in the choir, which commemorate the institution of the order of the Golden Fleece, by Philip the Good; and the different chapters of the order which have been held in the church. The date of the first is 1440. The length and height of the aisles are magnificent; and the choir a perfect museum of splendid decorations. In a chapel to the north of the high altar is a fine picture by Rubens, painted for the place where it hangs. It represents St. Bavon in the act of renouncing the things of this world, and distributing his wealth to the poor. The whole composition is very fine; and a group in the foreground, of a woman on her knees, with two children, most lovely.

The pulpit of this church is considered to be one of the richest in Flanders, both in style and execution. It is a mixture of carved wood and white marble, having many parts very richly gilt. Notwithstanding all the splendour of this superb cathedral, the portion of it which gave me most pleasure, was the subterranean church beneath. There is something so solemn in its sombre vastness, and so venerable in its untouched antiquity, that I returned to its dark

aisles more than once; and examined the naked strength and capacious irregularity of the structure with more interest, and a more awakened imagination, than all the magnificence above had excited.

In fact, one feels in every fine old church, however remote its date, and unquestioned its antiquity, that every age which has passed over it has changed its aspect, as much as it has increased its splendour. But when standing among the sturdy pillars of the subterranean St. Bavon, the thousand years that have rolled by since its roughly-hewn stones were piled together seem to vanish; and you see at a glance how the Christians of 800 wrought.

I remember feeling something of the same effect in the underground church at Canterbury; but it is by no means equal in any way to that of Ghent. Almost all the principal churches in Catholic towns are called cathedrals, though many of them have neither bishop nor chapter. St. Bavon's, however, is really such; and I had the great delight of hearing and seeing a Sunday high mass performed there. The music was very fine; many stringed instruments adding their clear and thrilling notes to those of the organ. The bishop himself, and a very large assemblage of the clergy of the cathedral, assisted at the ceremony; and, altogether, the service was performed with a degree of dignity and solemn stateliness, which no difference of faith could prevent my feeling to be deeply and religiously impressive.

The University of Ghent is a very handsome building, erected by the king of Holland. The portico is Grecian, and of noble dimensions; and the circular hall, for the examination of the students, peculiarly elegant;—but the name of William of Holland is effaced from the inscription on the portico; and a sheet of white paper covers his coat of arms, which are embroidered on the drapery on one side of this graceful amphitheatre. It was very evident, by the tone in which one or two young men who had joined us spoke of this eclipse, that it was considered as throwing a shade over the glory of Ghent. In truth, king William has been a most munificent patron to the town; and it can surprise no one that his name should still be pronounced there with affection and regret.

The collection of objects in natural history appears to be

admirably arranged, and the whole establishment is one that would do honour to any country.

In the church of St. Michael is an excellent picture by Vandyke, but in very bad condition. The Academy of Painting contains good and sufficient rooms for any institution of the kind; but the collection of pictures is most lamentably French. It is grievous, in a country teeming with the works of Vandyke and Rubens, to see the wretched school of David prevailing so generally among the young artists. One fine well-lighted room is entirely occupied by pictures to which the annual prizes have been awarded for the last twenty years. They are all of them strictly after the French school. One of our spring fashions in London is to declare unanimously, every year, that "the Exhibition at Somerset-house is very so, so;"—"very little worth looking at;" and the like. I wish all our critics would pass a few months on the continent, expressly for the purpose of making themselves well acquainted with its modern pictures. I think they would return much less dissatisfied with our own.

The Baron von Schamp's collection is too well known to make the mention of it useful to English travellers; but it is difficult not to indulge in the pleasure of dwelling on the recollection of such a treat. The two full-length portraits of Vandyke—Rembrandt's portrait of himself—and, above all else, the "Annunciation" of Corregio, will, I hope and believe, never pass from my memory. To insure this, as much as my time at Ghent permitted, I visited the collection twice, remaining there two or three hours each time; and I do not recollect ever enjoying pictures more completely.—There is just as much attendance on the part of the person who shows them as is necessary, and no more—no throng of company to step between you and the object of your contemplation; and no yawning, weary servant to hasten the delightful lounge to its close. I never saw any painting that I so much coveted for our national gallery, as the little picture of Corregio above named. In taste, feeling, composition, and execution, it is exactly what I should wish to place for ever before the eyes of our students. The composition consists of a single figure. No visible angel divides the attention with this sweet portraiture of the Virgin—

Mary is holding a small volume in her hand, which one feels certain is the Bible; she has closed the book but her thumb is between the leaves, at the passage which has caused her to pause in meditation. Her eyes are raised to heaven with an expression of such deep and earnest devotion, as instantly to suggest the idea of her having just read the words of Isaiah, "a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son;" and of her feeling that she, even she, might be the chosen one. A ray from heaven falls upon her uplifted face, and cold must be the heart, and dead the fancy, that does not feel the holy beauty of the idea.

If one of the very few showers which annoyed us during the summer had not chanced to fall at Ghent on the evening of the 16th of June, I should have been present at a bull-fight, notwithstanding the disgust which the idea of such a spectacle suggested. The advertisement made me expect to witness something in the true Spanish style, where men were the combatants instead of dogs. This horror, as we were assured, is sanctioned by the Belgic laws: and does not seem to be considered either as degrading to the men, or cruel to the beast engaged in it. Though I would willingly have enabled myself to give some account of an amusement so truly foreign, I was not very sorry, at the moment, to escape it; yet, by what I afterwards heard, there is more trick than daring in the matador, who, however, stops short of deserving the title; and the scene in the arena has about as much resemblance to the awful bull-fights of old, as the *simagrees* between Miss Jacko, and those who acted with her, to the chances of a genuine elephant hunt.

The fashion of having "espions" at the windows, though we remarked it in every city through which we passed, is more than usually prevalent at Ghent. Notwithstanding its being evidently so very common a contrivance, it was quite new to me; and as it is possible it may be equally so to others, I mention it as being certainly connected with national manners. By means of mirrors placed on the outside of the drawing-room windows, those who sit within are enabled to see all that passes without; and yet never be guilty of the indecorum of appearing at the window. As these machines are arranged with hinges, which admit of every variety of position, they are not unfrequently so

placed as to present to the passer-by. the reflection of a pretty face, while the person to whom it belongs is safely ensconced within. The first time I saw one of these contrivances my attention was drawn to it by the vision of a young bright-looking countenance, peeping at me from amidst a profusion of ringlets; and as it was surrounded by a square frame, I thought, at the first glance, that it was a picture, hung out at the window to show that portraits, done in the same style, were to be seen within. A few steps in advance showed me who the artist was.

There are still several convents left in Flanders; and we frequently saw, both at Bruges and Ghent, Beguine sisters in the streets and markets. At the latter place, the Beguinage is a very handsome establishment. We attended the *salut* in their chapel, and saw seven hundred of them at their devotions. The effect of this large assemblage of kneeling nuns was very beautiful. Many were in the bloom of youth, and the costume is far from unbecoming. When the service ended they all rose, and many drew near the altar to perform some little additional act of devotion, or of penitence, on the steps of it. As each prepared to depart she took off her veil, which is of delicately white linen, and, folding it up, placed it flat upon the top of her head; producing exactly the effect of the square head-dress with which we are so familiar in Italian pictures.

The knowledge that these secluded women might be absolved from their vows, if they became weary of the peaceful but monotonous life they enjoin, prevented the spectacle from exciting in us any painful feeling of regret for the sacrifice they had made of the joys, the hopes, and affections of the world. It is very rarely, however, as we were assured from many quarters, that any are found who wish to take advantage of this. They live with great comfort, their moderate incomes producing, when thrown together, a revenue more than equal to their expenses. The whole establishment, with its church, is enclosed within walls, which may, however, be freely entered at all hours of the day. They are not lodged in one large building, as is usual in other convents, but have quite a little town within their walls, each house of which is inhabited by one or more sisters and their servants These houses have most of them

the names of the inhabitants on a plate over the door, as "Sister Bertha," "Sister Gertrude;" and on others we read "Sainte Adelaide," "Sainte Lucia," and so on. Many ladies of good families reside among them, and we saw more than one handsome carriage at their doors. I believe they are chosen as godmothers for half the population; and altogether seem, as far as I could judge, to be of more consequence, each in her own circle, than they would have been had they retained their situations as individual single women, instead of becoming members of a large community.

Mr. H. being desirous of taking a sketch from a nun in full costume, expressed the wish to a lady to whom he had been introduced. She was a Catholic, and having some friend or relation in a convent of Ste. Therese, kindly undertook to procure him the opportunity he wished. He accompanied her to the gates, which were opened by an aged sister, to whom Madame L—— explained the motive of her visit, requesting to see sister ——, naming a junior member of the community.

"Should not I serve the purpose as well?" inquired the venerable nun.

Mr. H. looked dismayed; Madame L. hesitated.

"We all wear the same habit;" persisted the old woman.

But a whispered word of entreaty from the disappointed artist induced Madame L. to persevere in her request; and they were ushered into a parlour, where a very pretty young woman soon appeared. Mr. H. immediately drew out his sketch-book.

"I hope it is for the honour of the good cause," said the young nun.

Madame L. assured her that she might be certain of it; and a very pretty drawing was made.

On the 17th of June we left Ghent for Antwerp; and again had the satisfaction of prevailing on our friends from Ostend to prolong their excursion for a few days. Though the roads through Flanders have no beauty of scenery to recommend them, they are by no means without interest, especially in the summer. The country is a perfect garden; every inch is cultivated; and the variety of crops standing together without the interval of hedges, or division of any

kind, I think enhances the idea of their profuse abundance It was, however, only when they began reaping their abundant harvest, that we became fully aware of the prodigious fertility of the soil. It seemed like cutting a slice out of a solid cake. The simile is not elegant, perhaps, but no other image suggests itself.

Between Ghent and Antwerp we passed through the little town of St. Nicholas, said to be the largest flax market in the world. It is better to travel through its vicinity during the early summer, than the early autumn; for from the time the delicate flax crop ceases to wave its slight blue bells in fields, to that in which it assumes the dainty form of lace or cambric thread, it perfectly poisons the air.

The direct carriage-road from Ghent to Antwerp is by the Tete de Flandre; but owing to the inundation, occasioned by cutting the dykes during the bombardment of the town, we were obliged to leave the road and embark on the Scheldt. It is a noble river, as all the world knows; but at this time the objects visible from it, on approaching Antwerp, are more than usually interesting. The ruined citadel, the dilapidated depots, and the inundated plain, all spoke of recent war and havoc. But as we advanced our eyes rose from earth to heaven, as the beautiful spire of the cathedral became visible. It is nowhere seen to greater advantage, in respect to its light and graceful proportions, than from the river; but the ornaments are too intricate and delicate to show themselves well at any great distance; and till you are near enough to distinguish these, I think the general effect would be better were the outline more simple.

We took up our quarters at the *grand Hotel St. Antoine*, from the windows of which this elegant spire may be studied to great advantage. The circumstance that most forcibly struck me, on my first walk through Antwerp, was the Spanish air of the women. We had remarked something of this, both at Bruges and Ghent, but by no means in so great a degree. At Antwerp the mantilla is universal among the women. The higher classes indeed, there, as everywhere else, are as nearly Parisian in appearance as they can contrive to be ; but many among the wealthy bourgeoisie wear this graceful drapery of costly materials, and arranged with elegance. In many instances the cloak is

changed for an ample veil of rich black silk, that completely envelopes the head and shoulders. In both dresses the face is concealed in a considerable degree; and when in the act of devotion, no part of the countenance is permitted to be visible. The long black rows of veiled heads, which we constantly saw in the churches, often made me fancy myself surrounded by nuns.

Nor is it in the dress alone that the Flemish citizens show traces of their Spanish ancestors. We remarked many beautiful women, who, both in feature and complexion, gave indication of southern forefathers. Yet, if I mistake not, it was under Philip the Second that Flanders revolted from Spain. One should imagine that years enough had passed over them to obliterate all this; but, most assuredly, the fact is otherwise. The deep catholicism too, so infinitely beyond that of any neighbouring people, cannot, I think, be so reasonably traced to any other source.

Here, again, as in the other cities we had passed through, we enjoyed that peculiar and vivid species of pleasure which results from encountering, at every step, some record of long-past events, made familiar to us by history, and the confirmation or destruction of the various fanciful minutiæ with which imagination had connected them. I hardly think that Rome itself can furnish such an incessant succession of pictures as Belgium. I do not mean on panel or canvass, but in all the startling, powerful force of reality. The picturesque outlines of the buildings, their rich and harmonious colouring, together with the costume of every group you meet, arrange themselves into compositions of wonderful grace and interest.

The recent siege furnished but too many additions to these. I had never seen with my own eyes the horrors produced by war, till I visited Antwerp; and I shuddered at remembering, while I looked on the desolation it had left, how lightly I had heard its short and unimportant history mentioned. The crumbling ruins of many public buildings, and the dismal stillness of the dismantled warehouses, are sad spectacles; but these are gay, compared to the fearful waste of waters that lie upon the ruined hopes of the poor peasantry. I had so lately been occupied in wondering at the teeming plenty of the land, that this miserable contrast

came upon me with double horror. Seven prosperous villages have been swept away by the flood produced by opening the dikes. Their steeples alone remain above the water to show that they have been.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the excessive suffering which this must have produced, no feeling of enmity is expressed by the inhabitants against General Chasse. On the contrary, his conduct is declared to have been as humane and considerate towards the town, as the nature of the task enjoined him would permit; and, in proof of this, a handsome piece of plate has been subscribed for, and presented to him by the citizens, as a memorial of their gratitude. In fact, I believe that no people engaged in the painful labour of repairing the devastation of a siege, ever looked upon the enemy who carried it on with so gentle and forgiving an eye as the worthy inhabitants of Antwerp. They certainly have not forgotten old attachments in recent disunion.

CHAPTER III.

Antwerp—Notre Dame—Rubens—Academy—Vandyke—Calvary—Passports—Voitures—Arrival at Brussels—Belgian Politics—M. Alexandre Rodenbach—Chamber of Representatives—Duel—Society—Palace of the Prince of Orange—Mint—MM. Vandermaelen—M. Robyns—Du Bos—Theatre—St. Gudule—Old Town—Louvain—Tervueren—Dilapidations—Tree of Liberty.

Though I am quite determined not to omit the mention of any object which particularly interested me, merely because it has often been mentioned before, yet I fear I may not venture to indulge in speaking much at length of the churches of Belgium. There is something dangerously beguiling in the subject. It is so easy to recall to one's self where and how the effect produced by each noble pile differed or agreed. The rich windows here, the graceful arches there; the stupendous roof of one, and the wondrous aisles of another; all come so readily back to one's own eye, and are so difficult to set before the eyes of another, that, I believe, the safest way will be to pass my pen through all notes respecting them, written in the moment of enthusiasm.

But for this precaution, I might be tempted to transcribe many a futile page, descriptive of the church of Notre Dame at Antwerp. It is indeed a noble edifice; and one might almost be excused for losing one's self, for a while, amid the pillared labyrinths of its seven aisles. The acknowledged chef-d'œuvre of Rubens hangs in this church. The Descent from the Cross is, indeed, a powerful picture; and exhibits, most splendidly, all the various species of excellence for which the pencil of Rubens is celebrated; yet it did not quite realize the expectations I had formed of it. The attitude of St. John has more of the graceful posture-master, than of the desolate disciple in it; and the gorgeous colouring of the picture, richly harmonious as it is, seems more in accordance with the taste of the artist, than with the tone of the scene.

I had the courage to mount the lofty steeple, and was

rewarded by having Bergen-op-Zoom, Flushing, Breda, Ghent, and Mechlin pointed out as visible specks in the distance. Though quite calm below, the wind was tremendous at the elevation to which we had climbed, but I battled it stoutly for half an hour. From this height the devastations of the siege may be fully traced in every direction; and the sight is sad enough.

On the following day we crossed the Scheldt, to see the works by which the Belgians are endeavouring to repair the breach in the dike. A thousand workmen are employed upon it; but they proceed very slowly, as the tide sometimes destroys in a night the work of many days.

The Academy contains a large collection of pictures, and many of them are of first-rate excellence. Among these is one by Vandyke, which if placed beside the Rubens of Notre Dame, would exemplify perfectly what it is that I found, or fancied, wanting in that master-piece. The scene and the persons are the same; the time somewhat later. The body of Jesus is laid on the lap of his mother; St. John is placed near her, holding one of the Saviour's hands; and the Magdalen stands quietly apart, looking with tearful eyes at the group. The agony of the mother is the most speaking passion I ever saw upon canvas; and the sober tone of the whole picture is in beautiful accordance with the awful hour.

We made many attempts to see the citadel, having flattered ourselves that an application from a diplomatic friend, who was with us, must meet a favourable answer; but in this we were disappointed. The impediments thrown in our way seemed frivolous and vexatious in no common degree. Sometimes our applications were answered by words of hope and civility; but delay was always the sequel; till at last we gave up the attempt rather in disgust than despair.

There is a singular monkish relic at Antwerp, less known and visited than, I think, its elaborate piety deserves. This is a representation of Calvary at the ancient convent of the Dominicans. It is reared with an almost grotesque boldness of design against the church of St. Paul's, which formerly made part of the convent. This church forms one side of an interior court, into which the convent windows look; and against it, mounting to the very top of the building, is

the extraordinary collection of statues and of rocks, which they call Mount Calvary. There are above sixty figures as large as life. I believe the whole to be in stone; but the effect very nearly approaches that of marble; and some of the groups have a very graceful and imposing outline. The entire area of the court is converted into a sort of Pantheon of saints, statues of half the calendar being stuck about in all directions.

The Holy Sepulchre is at the foot of the mount; and is at present guarded by an old woman, who for two sous opens the grated door, and permits you to enter. Nothing can be more lamentably ludicrous than this part of the show. The figure of the Saviour is dressed in a drapery of tawdry muslin and lace; and a dingy little lamp burns at its feet.

Our last hours at Antwerp were rendered extremely tedious and unprofitable by the difficulty of getting our passports returned to us. The first annoyance was being told, when we sent a commissioner for them, that they would not be given to him, but that we must go ourselves. We did so; but found the office shut. We were assured, however, by many who were standing near, that the person whose duty it was to examine them would be there in a few minutes. We departed, and returned in half an hour, but the door was still closed. Again we departed, and again returned; but still the functionary was not in his place. Nearly half our last day at Antwerp was spent thus; and when at last we succeeded in finding the man of office, and informed him of the inconvenience to which we had been put by his absence, the "brave Belge" put himself into a very exceeding rage; and declared that if another word of the kind were spoken, we should not have our passports till the next day, adding with much emphasis, "Je crois bien qu'un fonctionaire, quel qu'il soit, vaut au moins, autant que le premier venu."

An English gentleman, who accompanied us to the office, advised him *not to refuse our passports;* and after a blustering look or two at each of us, he condescended to execute the duty with which he was entrusted.

Soon after this troublesome business was settled, we took leave, with much regret, of the friends who had accompanied us thus far on our journey, and departed for Brussels in the diligence at a late hour in the evening. We afterwards

found ample reason to repent this arrangement; for we had no subsequent opportunity of seeing the beautiful church at Mechlin; and the moonlight just showed enough of its fine old tower, as we passed it, to make us exceedingly regret not seeing more.

And here, for the benefit of such of my readers as may chance to travel in the same humble style as myself, I may observe, that whenever the travelling party exceeds two, the diligence is a dearer mode of conveyance than a voiture with one pair of horses. If, indeed, speed be an important point, the traveller must post with four horses, for in no other way can he attain it. But a good voiturier will take you nearly, if not quite, as fast as the diligence; and in this mode you are not only master of your own time of setting out and arriving, but are not exposed to the vexation of being whirled past objects that you are longing to gaze upon. In this respect, indeed, posting is very nearly as bad as the diligence, for, once started upon a stage, it would be difficult to make a post-boy pause, *en route*, for your pleasure; even if St. Peter's itself rose up to be looked at midway.

I know few things more dismal than arriving in a city before its population are awake. This was our fate at Brussels; and though we immediatly mounted from the narrow streets of the old town to the bright and splendid region of the new, it was some hours before we were sufficiently recovered from our weariness and discomfort to enjoy thoroughly the gay aspect of the place. Before the morning was half over, however, we were established in pleasant apartments at the *hôtel garni* on the Boulevard, and quite ready to enjoy all the agreeable varieties of one of the prettiest little capitals in Europe.

Every one told us that Brussels was no longer the delightful city to dwell in that it had been before the revolution—that many families, both native and foreign, had forsaken it—and that both pleasure ar l business went on sluggishly. This, I dare say, may be very true; and yet Brussels is still delightful.

The park, and the handsome streets round it, the Place-Royal, the beautiful boulevard, the public buildings, and the noble palaces, show then selves better, and altogether produce a more brilliant *coup-d'œil* than any place I have seen.

Though we had made no very long abode in Belgium, we had not passed through it without having heard much that was interesting as to its political position ; and I felt considerable curiosity to hear the same subject discussed in its capital, and to learn, by entering the Chamber of Representatives, what the tone of debate might be in a country so singularly situated.

The whole of the British nation must, I think, ever feel a deep and affectionate interest for the amiable prince who has been induced to accept the throne of Belgium. It is impossible to forget how near he has been to England; and it should be at least equally so, not to remember how perfectly free from reproach has been the tenor of his remarkable life. With these feelings of respect and attachment to King Leopold, it is impossible not to lament his being placed in the situation he now holds. Everything I heard of him personally, and I conversed with those who had the best means of knowing him well, convinced me that he deserves to rule over a people more attached to his dynasty than the late subjects of the King of Holland are ever likely to be.

No one, I believe, could pass a month in Belgium, and converse as freely with the people of all parties as I did, without becoming aware that the King of Holland still reigns in the hearts of the majority; and that any person, however illustrious, who had become the instrument of the factious demagogues employed to dismember his kingdom, could have little chance of retaining his station were the genuine wishes of the Belgians themselves alone consulted. That abuses had crept into King William's government—that vexatious imposts, hardly worth contending for, had been unwisely persisted in—and that some personal jealousies existed between the Dutch and the Belgians, may be very true: but these things were neither sufficient to justify revolution, nor to render the result of it permanent. That such are now the reflections of many of those who were led away by popular tumult, I truly believe; and the number of these is more likely to increase than diminish.

No political revolution can take place without putting men's minds into a species of fever, very unfit for sane and temperate reasoning. The state which follows is often one of quiescence and languor; but when this passes off, they

find perhaps that some useful lessons may have been learnt, even during their delirium. Nevertheless a very natural fear of new disturbances may long keep even a powerful majority passive.

If I may believe the representations which reached me from many quarters, no country was ever revolutionized by a feeling so little general as that which severed Belgium from Holland. The deed was done at Brussels; and many of the most effective agents in it were as alien to the country as hostile to the King. That some honest men were led to believe that they should serve their country by changing its government, there can be no doubt: but even these must now feel something not unlike remorse, when they see how very little of real independence they have obtained for her.

Without entering into any discussion respecting the new institutions acquired by Belgium under the recent constitution, or inquiring whether they be or be not politically wiser than some which have been discarded, I believe I shall run no great risk of being contradicted if I say, that the spirit and intelligence of the general mass of the population do in no degree harmonize and accord with them. Nothing can present a stranger anomaly in human affairs than the sight of a nation, deeply and severely Catholic, attempting to ape the chartered libertinism of political thinking, which a few noisy and discontented persons are endeavouring to teach them. The law which authorizes unrestrained license of tongue and pen, both public and private, on all subjects, whether political or religious, accords ill with the principles of a people whose religion commands them to bring their thoughts, words, and deeds before the tribunal of their priests.

With one hand thus unresistingly shackled, and a club or a dagger put by law into the other, the Belgian citizen can hardly be expected to present himself to the world under an aspect either of dignity or usefulness.

We did not wait long ere we obtained admission to the Chamber of Representatives; and, in consequence of an introduction from an acquaintance I made at Bruges, we were accompanied thither by a very charming person, the wife and sister-in-law of two gentlemen highly distinguished as among the most influential orators of the lower Chamber.

It was impossible to make the acquaintance of the MM. Rodenbach without feeling sincere admiration for the talents of both. This tribute of praise I can hardly hope will be acceptable to these distinguished men from an obscure individual, whom not even their eloquence could teach to think as they do in the science to which they have devoted themselves: nevertheless I offer it in all sincerity, and shall certainly not easily forget the amiable reception they accorded me. M. Alexandre Rodenbach is one of the most interesting persons I have ever met He is totally blind; and the stillness which this misfortune gives to his outward aspect is so forcibly contrasted with the brilliant vivacity of the spirit within, as to make the effect of his animated language almost electric. His work, entitled 'Coup-d'œil d'un Avevgle sur les Sourds-muets,' would have been deeply interesting from any hand, but from his it is very peculiarly so; and both in this little volume, and in his 'Lettre sur les Aveugles, faisant Suite á celle de Diderot,' there is a tone of such true and amiable philosophy, as to create no common degree of kindness towards their author. In short, if we can but amicably agree to differ in politics, there are few people with whom I should be more happy to renew acquaintance than M. Alexandre Robenbach.

We had some sharp debating in the Chamber, and the Belgian Ministry could hardly have been more vehemently assailed, had they been placed in their stations by King William himself.

There is a vivacity of indignation about all M. Dumortier utters, that must constantly insure attention. I have often observed that the majority of people like to listen to violent scolding, provided it be not addressed to themselves; and as M. Dumortier employs all his eloquence in pointing out the exceeding wickedness of the Ministers, the rest of the Chamber appear to hear him with great satisfaction.

M. Gendebien is another orator to whom every eye is turned when he rises to speak; but I fancied more than once that his lively sallies produced a greater inclination to smile than to frown in those he attacked. In this, however, I presume, I was mistaken, for some of his words were so seriously received, that they produced a duel, before we left Brussels, between himself and M. Rogier the Minister of the Interior.

Affairs of this kind are so frequent among the ardent spirits of this young government, that it has become a daily exercise among the gentlemen to fire with pistols at a mark; and M. Gendebein is said to have reached such a pitch of dexterity, as to be able to bring down a bee upon the wing with the nicest certainty. In consideration of such peculiar skill, the seconds in this affair placed the combatants at the unusual distance of thirty-six paces; but the opposition deputy sustained his reputation, and wounded his official enemy in the mouth.

We were dining with Prince Auguste d'Aremberg,* the day after the meeting took place, and it naturally became the topic of conversation at table. "Gendebien always hits where he aims," said the lively Prince; "he wanted to stop Rogier's tongue, and he therefore sent a shot through his mouth."

I believe it is the fashion at Brussels, either after killing or wounding an adversary, to retire for a few days, for I missed M. Gendebien from the Chamber after this rencontre; and upon another occasion of the kind, which unhappily had a fatal termination, I learnt that *going out of town* for a short time was the only result. I have seldom felt more shocked and astonished than I did, on learning that a young Belgian officer, with whom we dined in company, and whose light and amiable gaiety of manner had particularly struck me, had the day before killed a gentlemen in a duel, for some political difference of opinion. I did not know this till the morning his unfortunate victim was buried, and then I recollected a few words, which had been addressed to him at table, evidently alluding to the circumstance.

"I thought, * * * *, you were going out of town?" said a whiskered militaire, addressing him.

"Yes; I shall take myself off to-morrow, for a couple of days;" he replied.

The *morrow* was the day fixed for the funeral.

I am persuaded that neither the tumult, the ruin, nor even

* This amiable nobleman died within three months after we left Brussels. His loss will be deeply felt in the circle in which he lived, and of which, notwithstanding his great age, he was the ornament and delight.

the massacre, produced by a political revolution, are its worst features. It shakes social order to the very centre—puts all moral feeling out of joint—and makes virtue herself turn giddy. There are many honest men who would shudder at their own theories, could they see them stripped of the mystifications with which a sort of patriotic slang has veiled them. But it is a hard fate for those who are both honest and clearsighted too, to witness all the elements of social life thrown into confusion—the sturdy materials that nature formed to be the base of the pyramid hoisted, in defiance of all philosophy, to the top, while the polished work that crowned it is thrown to the earth, and trampled in the dust.

Some arrangements after this fashion are the inevitable consequence of every great political commotion; and it requires no great depth of scrutiny to discover symptoms of the kind at Brussels. The consequence of this has been the breaking up, in a great degree, of the delightful circle of society for which it used to be celebrated. Many of the noblesse have altogether withdrawn themselves; and few of those who remain are as accessible as formerly. We were assured by a Russian officer, that all the gaiety now to be found at Brussels must be sought in the mansions of the English; and that, without this resource, no one, who had a choice, would continue to make that city his residence. This assurance might possibly have been occasioned by the politeness of the speaker towards the party addressed; but, as I repeatedly heard the same statement from the Belgians themselves, I am inclined to believe it is the fact.

We had the good fortune, however, to make the acquaintance of many agreeable people during our short stay; and had not the object of our excursion been to wander much farther, I should have well liked to have passed a month or two at Brussels. As it was, we could allow ourselves but one short fortnight; but we made the most of it, and regularly spent our mornings in seeing sights, and our evenings in very agreeable society. We had the pleasure of dining with the British Minister, whose elegant hospitality and pleasing manners must contribute, in no trifling degree, to render a residence at Brussels agreeable.

The palace of the Prince of Orange is not only the first

object of admiration in the capital of Belgium; but would, I presume, be considered in every part of the world as a finished model of a splendid palace. It is not large; but, I think, it may be called perfect in magnificence and in taste: at least, I can imagine nothing superior to the superb elegance of the furniture and decorations. The date of its completion is 1828, when it was immediately inhabited by the Prince and Princess.

It is certainly not easy to conceive a more striking occasion for meditation on the uncertainty of human affairs, than the sight of this gorgeous, yet desolate palace suggests. In 1828, the princely founder took assured possession of its marble halls—and in 1830 they know him no longer!

Everything within the palace is kept in the most perfect order. The visitors, who throng to see it, walk over the inlaid floors in list shoes, which are furnished by the guide, who watches every individual with jealous attention, lest the envelope should slip aside, and vulgar shoe-leather approach the beautiful *parquet*. The boudoir of the princess is stated to be exactly as she left it; and it has in truth every appearance of being so. All the exquisite *recherche* of a royal petite maitresse is visible in the whole arrangement. The magnificent chiffoniers, the pretty collection of gems, even the writing-table of the banished lady, remain as she left them. The pens, stained with ink, still hang suspended in their golden cradles; and sundry sheets of paper, edged with black, show that she was still in mourning for her empress mother. Even her gloves, looking as if just drawn off her hands, lie on the table. There is something very melancholy in all this. To describe each princely chamber, going on *crescendo*, as they do, in splendour, from the first to the last, is quite out of the question. It is useless to say that one room is lined with Italian marble; another hung with crimson velvet, bordered by fringe of gold; and a third, of which the violet satined walls are sprinkled with stars of silver; or to tell of the golden candlesticks which would make those of Solomon's temple dwindle into littleness. To expatiate upon all this, with the best skill I have, would fail to convey a just idea of this princely dwelling. I may, perhaps, do greater justice to its dazzling magnificence, if I confess, that for the first time in my life, in a mansion con-

taining good pictures, the decorations and furniture made me forget them. After the first startling effect was past, however, I recovered my senses sufficiently to discover that the collection, though small, is a very fine one.

"C'est fini!" said the guide, on reaching the last room, and signifying that we might here leave the list shoes, in which we had made the circuit; "C'est fini!"—and though this was said, only with the tone of mock dignity, which these ambulent catalogues often assume, I could not help feeling that, when applied to those tenantless chambers, it sounded like a dirge to the House of Nassau in Belgium.

We visited the little Mint; and were introduced to the master of it by Mr. C. W****, a lively and intelligent Englishman, well known, I believe, in the literary world, and a resident of long standing in Brussels. His obliging attentions to us were particularly acceptable, as he was quite *au-fait* of everything best worth being seen and heard. This master of the mint seemed born to flourish in a revolutionary era, and to possess the power of turning his faculties, certainly of no mean order, into whatever channel the stormy current of the times might open before him. He had been a minister of state, an officer of the army, and I know not how many things beside: but now he is assiduously occupied in giving his personal superintendence to the making of five-franc pieces and cents. He attended us through the whole establishment; and his manner gave me the idea of a man whose range of talent was far above the common.

The geographical establishment of the MM. Vandermaelen ought to be visited by all foreigners who can procure an introduction to them. For this pleasure we were also indebted to Mr. W. I have never seen a finer example of the pure, enthusiastic love of science, and of a desire to push it into active utility, than in these two brothers. Neither my limits nor my learning suffice to do justice to their establishment by any description I can give of it; and I must therefore content myself by repeating, that all, who can obtain permission to visit them, will do well to avail themselves of it.

Another introduction, which we owed to the active kindness of the same gentleman, was to M. Robyns. I should

imagine that the bump of collectiveness must be very preternaturally developed in this gentleman; and had not his ruling passion been rendered "lawful as eating" by a large fortune and unbounded liberality, I think he must perforce have become a thief, as renowned as Schinderhannes himself; for his mansion and garden render it clearly evident that such an acquisitive rabia must have been satisfied in some way or other. Mr. W. first expressed a wish that we should see his collection of sparrows; and we were led into his garden, (which, for its size, contains also a good collection of exotic plants,) and thence to a sort of open arcade at one side of it. Here a most singular spectacle met our eyes. The walls and ceiling are covered by the carcasses of innumerable little birds, nailed into every imaginable vagary of form—stars, crescents, crosses, all packed close together with such cautious economy of space, that thousands and thousands of little twitterers must have been sacrificed to make up the show.

"By what means, Monsieur," said I, "have you been enabled to collect such an astonishing number of little birds?"

"I rise with the sun every morning of the year, Madame," was the satisfactory reply; "my first care is to set nets the whole length of this gravel walk; I then place myself in that chair, with the string of the net in my hand for a certain number of hours, according to the season. The result is the collection you see."

We then entered the house, where we were soon after joined by so very agreeable a party of English, that I shall long remember the acquaintance made in M. Robyns' museum with pleasure. The business of exhibition proceeded; but were I to rehearse one-hundreth part of the things brought in review before us, I should find faith in none, from the impossibility that any, who have not seen, should believe, how many millions of objects may be crammed into a limited space by the force of a strong collective genius.

"Soyez amant, et vous serez inventif," says La Fontaine. Nothing is more true. A passionate love of bringing things together has inspired M. Robyns with contrivances to lodge his treasures, that almost equal in ingenuity the space-saving arrangement of a honeycomb. Were this gentleman's

collection divided into many, each containing objects illustrative of one branch of science or art, the astonishing accumulation would be better appreciated. As it is, nothing is seen well, from the necessity of looking at something else.

"Shall I show you my collection of butterflies, ladies?"

And in a moment a hundred drawers were protruded from the walls, and a hundred cases were opened in the hollows of window-shutters and the interstices of doorways, containing the richest and rarest assemblage of jewelled insects that I ever looked upon.

"Or do you prefer moths?"

And before we had half gratified our eyes with the brilliant spectacle contained in every one of the butterfly repositories, they were withdrawn, and by some inconceivable contrivance, more drawers and more cases seemed to issue from the same places, containing all the moth family, from gaily-coloured monsters as large as a bat, to milk-white midges that required a magnifying glass. These too were well worth long and patient examination; but in a moment we were withdrawn from them by a demand, whether we liked engravings?

"Here is the whole Musée Napoleon;" and, "here are all the caricatures published in Paris for the last thirty years." "Here is Piranesi—a particular fine copy;" and, "here——by the by, ladies, I believe I have the largest collection of music in the world; if you will just step *par ici* I will show it to you."

In this way we obtained in the course of a few hours a very tantalizing conviction that M. Robyns had a prodigious number of things worth seeing, but that it was quite impossible to find time to look at them.

After a morning of much amusement, the whole party accompanied Mr. W. to the restaurant of the justly celebrated Du Bos, where he gave us as elegant an entertainment as can well be imagined. It was very evident that whatever confusion the revolution had produced in other departments, that of the *cuisine* showed no symptom of unseemly innovation or incogruous combination. Everything was in perfectly good style; and I have seldom been present at a more agreeable entertainment.

The theatre at Brussels is neither very large nor very

splendid; nor was the company of performers so good as I had expected to find in a continental capital. It did not appear to be the fashionable resort at the period of our visit; for the house was not elegantly filled either of the two evenings we went there.

Nothing can be more easy and agreeable than the style of the Brussels parties. A few distinguished individuals give dinners, from which the gentlemen and ladies rise together; and after a cup of exquisite *café noir*, taken in the drawing-room, they separate to amuse themselves elsewhere.

Many English families have handsome houses, well calculated for receiving company; and all lying so near together round the park and Boulevard de Namur, as to render the attending the evening *reunions*, constantly given in many of them, perfectly easy even without a carriage. I had the pleasure of being at several of these parties in two or three different houses, and found the style of them very like that of Paris undressed soirées. Sometimes the young people stand up to waltz; but in general, music, cards, and conversation occupy the hours.

I saw a good many gay equestrians, both male and female, and looking very Hyde-parkish, enjoying the beautiful gallop of the Boulevard; and the park also at the fashionable hour of walking was never without some elegant-looking group; nevertheless, all agreed in assuring me that Brussels was no longer what it had been.

The old town has many fine Gothic buildings, particularly the cathedral church of St. Gudule and the Hôtel de Ville. The great market-place, in which this last is situated, equals, or perhaps surpasses, everything we have seen in Belgium for the picturesque effect of its fine old buildings. If I visit Brussels again, I think that for one week I will have my domicile in the lower town, that the brilliant attractions of the upper may not prevent my seeing thoroughly all the rich old remnants of Brabant splendour, which are to be found in all the ancient parts of the city.

We spent one long day at Louvain, and saw all that one day could show; which, in a place where objects of interest lie so closely together as they do there, was a great deal. We passed an hour in the courts and halls of the University; went into many handsome rooms containing its large

library; left not a school or lecture room unvisited; and yet, excepting the old woman who was our guide through them, we saw not a human being in the University of Louvain.

The whole town appeared to me to look desolate and untenanted. The cathedral church of St. Peter is magnificent; and the pulpit one of the finest specimens extant of the lost art of carving in wood. The form of the structure is somewhat pyramidical, representing at the base the conversion of St. Paul, in which the figures, horse included, are as large as life; and finished at the top by two elegantly branching palm trees, which bend over the canopy of the pulpit. Several cherubims are floating about this canopy with a degree of life and grace quite astonishing in such a material. This magnificent work formerly ornamented the archiepiscopal church at Mechlin, but was removed to Louvain at the time of the revolution.

The splendid tabernacle, in which the elements of the Eucharist are enshrined in the church, is most superbly carved in white stone. It is of great height, and covered with scriptural groups in very fine alto relievo.

The celebrated Hôtel de Ville of Louvain is so well known by drawings, engravings, and descriptions, that all I need add is an acknowledgment that its fame is well merited. It is by far the richest piece of Gothic work I ever saw.

Our drive back to Brussels was delightfully cool and refreshing after a fatiguing day; and, for the first time since our arrival in the gay little metropolis, we retired early to rest.

Another day was given to an excursion into the country, for the purpose of seeing something of the environs, and particularly the pretty villa of Turoneren, belonging to the Prince of Orange. This is another splendid specimen of the elegant taste of its owner; but there is something too melancholy in walking through these silent and forsaken halls, and in meditating on the feelings of those who have been obliged to leave the chosen palaces "in which they made them glad." The gardens are large and handsome, but not very picturesque; nor is there any great beauty in the surrounding country. The road from Brussels passes through an extensive wood; and the effects of light and

shade athwart the long avenues form the best feature of the drive.

It was no easy matter to fix the day of departure from Brussels. We had old friends to leave there, long valued and long lost, who had made it their home; we had to say farewell to many new acquaintance, whose gracious and graceful kindness would have made a longer enjoyment of it very agreeable: but already one month of our summer had slipped away, and, though conscious that the interesting old city had not been half explored, we resolutely decided upon leaving it.

Part of our last morning was devoted to taking as general a view of the town as the time permitted. The most remarkable objects we had before visited, but I had hitherto formed no very accurate idea of the whole. No contrast in style and effect can be more perfect than that between the upper and lower town. The former is airy, gay, brilliant, and entirely modern; the latter close, dark, sombre, and venerable: both have charms for the traveller, though of a kind widely different.

It must be confessed, however, that the cheerful aspect of the new town is, for the present, greatly injured by the traces of revolutionary violence, which are suffered to remain so strangely unobliterated in the very centre of its splendour. The residence of Count Crockenberg, close to the royal palace, is a mass of ruins. The park, as the handsome area is called round which the principal buildings are erected, is in many places fenced with hurdles; while in others the handsome Tuileries-like railings remain. I will also confess, that, to my taste, the tree of liberty, as the symbol of anarchy is called, rearing its lank, uncomely height, "like a tall bully," before the windows of the king's palace, is by no means a graceful addition to the scene. Its branches, however, are withering, and looked very much as if the sap had ceased to flow. Perhaps at my next visit I may see a kingly statue erected in its place.

CHAPTER IV.

Waterloo—St. Jean—Belle Alliance—Monuments—Road to Namur—Namur—Huy—Pensionnat—Citadel—Liege—Quentin Durward—Churches—Chaudfontaine—Belgian Politics.

Notwithstanding the twenty years, or near it, which have passed since Waterloo was the spot of earth to which all Europe looked with the most lively interest, all my English feelings were as much awakened at the idea of seeing it, as if its glory had arisen but yesterday. Though I am aware that the subject is "somewhat musty," and decidedly out of fashion, yet I must venture to give a few words to it. A mile before we reached the ground, we were addressed on each side of the carriage by men who offered to be our guides over it: women, too, with baskets on their arms containing relics of the battle, came crowding round us, offering imperial eagles, bullets, and brass buttons for sale. One might easily have fancied the event to which they all referred had taken place a short month before. We had been cautioned not to stop at the village, though its name made it difficult to obey; but, in fact, the battle-ground is too far from Waterloo to permit its being reached from thence by a walk. We therefore persuaded our coachman, though not very easily, to take us on to Mont St. Jean, a little hamlet of the same parish, nearly a league farther, in which are several detached farms; and in the fields surrounding these was lost and won the most important battle that ever was fought. On arriving at this hamlet, we found, contrary to the assurances of our driver, a very decent little inn, close to all the objects we wished to examine, and immediately accepted the services of a guide, recommended by our host, to lead us among them. We could not have fallen into better hands: he was sixteen years old when the engagement took place; and had been an active agent in the scenes which followed it. He was employed, as he told us, for many hours of the day in carrying water to the wounded; and towards evening had ministered to the wants of the more fortunate; to

whom a substantial meal, however rude, was all that was wanting to make them the most contented as well as the most triumphant of mortals.

The weather was intensely hot; and the plain we had to walk over utterly without shade; but this good fellow contrived to beguile the way wonderfully well. I know not whether he had tact enough to teach him that such anecdotes would be particularly agreeable; but he gave us more than one beautiful story of British tenderness, generosity, and fortitude. If, however, our Belgian friend intends to be equally agreeable to all the English travellers who may still pause on their way to look at Waterloo, he must study a page of their politics, which it was evident had not yet been opened to him.

"Votre Duc de Wellington était là," said he, pointing to a spot near us; "je l'ai vu, moi, entouré de ses généraux. Mon Dieu! Quel homme! J'étais tout près de lui ici—justement ici—et lui, il était là. Quel homme! et comme tous ses officiers le regardaient. N'est-ce-pas qu'il est adoré en Algleterre?"

My cheeks tingled as I remembered the windows of Apsley House; and I would not have been obliged to tell that poor fellow in his rusty *blouze* what he would see if he came to gaze on the dwelling of the hero of Waterloo, for more than I will say.

"Oui, mon ami, oui," was my reply; and if I spoke not truth, the sin will rest on other heads than mine.

In the course of our progress, we were led to the monument raised to the Hanoverians who fell; and to that erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon. But the most striking object on the field of Waterloo is the stupendous mound piled by the King of Holland over the spot where his son the Prince of Orange was wounded. It is a pyramid of 250 feet high, and employed 200 men constantly for three years.

Considering the sad numbers who breathed their souls out on the same battle-ground, to whom not even a grassy hillock rises, marking the spot where they fell, this colossal memorial of the royal soldier's wound seemed somewhat too predominant. It struck me, moreover, that if living bravery be thus permitted to witness its own renown, it would not be

amiss to ask permission of King Leopold for the erection of a statue to the Duke of Wellington. As the thought occurred, I fixed upon the spot where I would have it rise; it was the bit of elevated ground on which he stood when his genius directed the bold and decisive movements which made the conqueror of the world stand aghast. A massive bronze statue on this spot would show well against the sky; and, as my fancy conjured it up before me, methought it was classically draped, after the manner of John Kemble, with an attitude and air which recalled the idea of Coriolanus.

We mounted to the top of the pyramid by steps so rudely cut as to render the enterprise one of some difficulty; but were rewarded by overlooking the field of battle in a manner to give a much more comprehensive idea of its arrangement than could be obtained below. Our guide was a very intelligent chronicler, and pointed out with great animation the points where the tug of war had been the strongest.

The bronze lion on its summit, which was fabricated at Liege, is a magnificent monster, measuring twenty feet from head to tail, and looked, as our guide remarked, proudly enough towards France.

After descending from this artificial mountain, which was very nearly as difficult as climbing up it, we traversed the plain in all directions; and, spite of the burning midday sun, left no spot unvisited to which any record of peculiar interest was attached.

Not all that has been said and written on the subject—not all the years that have passed since that great day arose—could lessen the interest we felt at finding ourselves standing on the ground whose fame had been so long familiar to us.

Who could be told, without feeling some swelling at the heart, "There, where you now stand, stood your Wellington—here were his officers all round him—yonder was the farthest point to which Napoleon advanced—and it was there he uttered his last command, '*Sauve qui peut!*'"

The ruins of the Château of Hougoumont is, I think, the most interesting point of all. The struggle was there perhaps the fiercest; the battered walls, the dismantled and fire-stained chapel, which remained standing through all

the wreck, and where they show a crucifix, that, as they say, repeatedly caught fire, but never was consumed,—the traces of attack upon attack, still renewed and still resisted—all, together, bring the whole scene before one with tremendous force. In the garden of Hougoumont is one solitary tomb raised over the body of Captain Blachnon. He was buried exactly where he fell—

"With his martial cloak around him."

and his monument is the only one so erected.

At length, sufficiently heated and weary to make the sight of the little inn extremly welcome, we reached *La Belle Alliance*, over the door of which it is recorded that within its humble walls Wellington and Blucher met, and reposed, on the evening of the ever memorable 18th June, 1815.

As I sat down in the little whitewashed parlour where the first triumphant, yet melancholy hour that succeeded the battle was passed by the victorious Generals, I fancied I saw them surrounded by their staff, waiting with trembling eagerness to learn who among their brave companions still lived to share their triumph. It was in this room that they heard the names of all the brave spirits who had paid their lives for the mighty prize their country had won ; and it was here that the first and most precious tribute of gratitude and of sorrow embalmed the memory of the slain.

We returned to our little inn about three o'clock ; and gladly welcomed the shade of its humble parlour. Our walk had altogether been so long and fatiguing, and the heat continued to be so overpowering, that I reposed for some hours before I ventured out again : but towards evening large masses of heavy summer clouds rolled together ; and though the air was stifling, there was at least no longer sunshine to dread : once more, therefore, I walked out upon the field ; my companions had wandered farther, and I was quite alone. Having passed the morning in listening to the brave but bloody deeds it had witnessed, I almost trembled to find myself alone there. The spot was an awful one, and no great stretch of imagination seemed necessary to people it ; moreover, the heavy gloom of an approaching storm hung upon every object, and a poet might easily have fan-

cied that the air was darkened by the waving banners of a spectre host careering over it. The day ended by the only violent thunder storm we encountered during the whole summer.

The next morning, being fortunate enough to find vacant places in a public carriage going from Namur to Brussels, we availed ourselves of it to return to the village of Waterloo. It was Sunday, and we heard mass performed in the little church, whose walls are lined with the memorials erected in honour of the brave men who perished near it. After mass we walked with a guide about the village, and visited many spots made memorable by having some connexion or other with the battle.

The object, whose display was preluded with the most ceremony, was a sort of mausoleum, bearing the following inscription :—

"Ci est enterrée la jambe
De l'illustre et vaillant Comte Uxbridge,
Lieutenant-Général de S. M. Britannique,
Commandant en chef la cavalerie
Anglaise, Belge, et Hollandaise,
Blessé le 18 Juin, 1815,
A la mémorable bataille de Waterloo,
Qui, par son héroïsme, a concouru au triomphe
De la cause du genre humain,
Glorieusement décidée par l'éclatante
Victoire
Du dit jour."

On each side of this inscription was a tablet bearing another : that to the right ran thus—

"Cet endroit fut visité le 1er Octobre, 1821,
Par George IV. roi de la Grande Bretagne ;"

that on the left,

"Cet endroit fut visité le 20 Septembre, 1825,
Par S. M. le roi de Prusse, accompagné de
Trois princes, ses fils."

No one, I think, can help feeling that this singular shrine is not that on which the names of the royal pilgrims could with the most propriety have been engraved : yet it is the only one at Waterloo which bears records of their visits.

There is something disagreeably approaching to the bathos, in passing from the graves of buried heroes to the repository of a severed limb. Had this brave and noble soldier left no other memorial of his presence at Waterloo than his leg, this strange devotion to it would be less annoying. Whoever they were who testified the fervour of their admiration by raising this singular mausoleum, they would have done better, had they trusted, for the recollection of the event, to the fame of the noble and well-remembered firmness with which Lord Anglesey bore his loss: but as the leg itself was most assuredly the member to which the brave nobleman was the least likely to be indebted on the field of battle, some portion of the circumstance and ceremony respecting it might have been well spared.

We dined at l'Hotel du Roi d'Angleterre, and then took the coupé, which we had previously engaged, in the diligence for Namur. We passed by Quatre-bras, where Blucher was defeated on the 17th—the day before the decisive battle; and also by the well-known village of Genappe. About two leagues before reaching Namur, our eyes were refreshed by the first picturesque landscape we had looked upon since we entered Belgium.

A little bright, meandering stream, a beetling rock of mountain limestone hanging over it, with a most Udolpho-like-looking castle in the woods beyond, formed a perfect treat for three picturesque-seeking travellers, who, for the last month, had seen nothing but the level plains of Flanders, Antwerp, and Brabant.

All the large farm-houses in this neighbourhood have been evidently constructed with a view to defence. They almost always enclose a square: the outsides of the barns, which form the walls of it, are very substantially built of stone, having loop-holes at regular distances round the whole extent: the gates are high, and frequently embattled with a huge portal, calculated to resist everything except artillery.

The approach to Namur is magnificent. The town lies in a basin at the juncture of the Sambre and the Meuse. At the angle formed by this "meeting of the waters" is the bold, abrupt termination of the long range of hills running between them; and on the summit of this lofty eminence

stands the citadel, with its superb works, stretching over the whole face of the mountain.

The cathedral church of St. Aubaine, and also St. Loup, are well seen in approaching the city: but the hills which rise so nobly in all directions round it, prevent any building but the dominating citadel from producing great effect. A nearer examination does not, however, greatly increase the idea of their architectural beauty: neither is the town well built; nor are the streets either very clean or very fragrant. We had recently seen too many splendid churches for those of Namur to inspire much admiration: that of St. Loup is the best worth seeing, for the sake of its very singular and beautifully carved roof of stone.

Namur had, however, attractions for my son, which, unhappily, my ignorance prevented my sharing. In his opinion, the collection of M. Cauchy, to whom M. Vandermaelen had given him a letter, is one of the most perfect, in the objects it has been his purpose to collect, that can any where be seen. It contains a complete collection of specimens illustrative of the geology of Belgium. I here heard most honourable mention of the *savoir* of a fair countrywoman; several fossil shells in the collection having *been determined*, M. Cauchy said, by Mrs. M——n. As I have the pleasure of knowing, from my own observation, that this accomplished lady "wears her faculties so meekly" as in no degree to let them interfere with her kindness to the less informed of her own sex, I listened with the more pleasure to the admiration expressed for her unusual scientific information; and heartily lamented that, in my own case, "knowledge, by this entrance," was so completely shut out.

After passing a day at Namur, we embarked on board a little dirty packet-boat, which navigates the Meuse from thence to Huy. We had been particularly desired not to omit this pretty voyage; and in truth we found that it deserved all the praise bestowed on it: but it is only the more to be regretted that the total want of everything like decent accommodation on board the boats should be such as completely to turn pleasure into pain.

Whoever travels this route, with a leisure day or two to spare, will do well to spend them at Huy. The Meuse is here at its handsomest width, and has a little rapid below

the bridge, occasioning a lively movement of its waters, which here at least deserve not the epithet of "sluggish." The hills, which rise on either side, are bold and picturesque; and on one of these the citadel of Huy rears its massive front, sometimes crowning the rock, and sometimes permitting naked crags to rise amidst the masonry, and become a part of its strength. Below the citadel, and stretching its noble length eastward, stands the cathedral; somewhat injured by repeated innovations, but lofty, venerable, and imposing : below this is the beautiful grey stone bridge, with its seven graceful arches : and turn the eye in what direction you will, some tower, some convent, or some old, grotesque Burgundian mansion greets you, all in those mellowed tints of red and grey, so dear to Prout. One cause of this peculiarly picturesque aspect is, that the little town of Huy, containing only five thousand inhabitants, boasts sixteen churches and monasteries. The guide-books say that no town in the world of the same dimensions has so many edifices of the kind, or so many priests residing in it. I inquired of an inhabitant, with whom we made acquaintance, if this was so. "Ma foi, oui," was the reply; "il n'y a pas à redire à cela, et le bon Dieu en prends soin ; car, si tout le monde manque de quoi vivre, les prêtres ne manquent de rien."

The walks on both sides of the Maese were so beautiful, and we heard such interesting stories of monasteries, still containing venerable remnants of their once numerous sisterhoods, that we decided upon passing another day, for the purpose of exploring the country, and, if possible, of entering one of these holy sanctuaries.

Having mounted a hill on the western side of the river, we perceived a building, which, from its Gothic chapel, lofty walls, and air of deep seclusion, we felt assured must be a nunnery. We eagerly approached it; and, on ringing the great bell at the outer gate, a female in black answered it. She did not look exactly like a nun, but still she might be a lay sister. Her linen was religiously white, and her hair invisible : so, nothing doubting, we requested permission, as strangers, to see the house. The supposed nun answered very civilly, "Entrez, s'il vous plait; je vais voir." We advanced, and found ourselves in a venerable cloister, the centre of which was converted into a pretty flower-garden.

Here we remained for a few minutes, congratulating each other upon having found our way into such sacred precincts. Presently the same female returned, and invited us to follow her, which we did, through several long passages, vaulted and echoing to our heart's desire; at length we were ushered into a parlour, but, alas! it was without a *grille;* and we were received by a lady, whom all our predetermination to find ourselves in a convent could not enable us to mistake for a nun. She welcomed us, however, with the greatest civility; declared she should have much pleasure in showing us the establishment; and displayed some beautiful embroidery and several drawings, far from contemptible. I felt rather ashamed of our intrusion; and having given a just tribute of praise to the elegant labours of her scholars, attempted to bow a retreat; but she so earnestly requested me to permit her to show us the house, that it was impossible to refuse; and accordingly we all followed her through the various parts of the building; which had, in truth, a few years before, been a large and handsome convent. On her opening the door of a long dormitory, filled with double rows of little white beds, I stopped but a moment to admire their neatness, and retreated to the gallery, very truly ashamed of giving her so much unnecessary trouble; but she took me by the arm, and led me again into the room, saying, "Permettez moi, madame; messieurs, entrez s'il vous plait—il faut voir tout;" and I almost suspected that, notwithstanding her great civility, she meant to make us perform a little penance for our impertinent curiosity. But I did her great injustice, for she led us on through the long chamber with a far different purpose, and opening a pair of folding doors at the end of it, said, in a voice that seemed to challenge both admiration and reverence, "Voilà notre église!" She crossed herself as she spoke, and then stood aside, as if to watch the effect of the scene upon us.

The *coup-d'œil* was really very striking. The large gallery in which we stood looked into a handsome chapel of great antiquity: the altar, which faced us, was showily decorated and embellished, as well as many little shrines along the walls, with a profusion of newly-gathered flowers. The whole floor seemed paved with the grave-stones of the deceased sisters, varied at intervals by one of superior orna-

ment and dignity, indicating the resting-place of an abbess. I thought, as I looked at these memorials, that if any of the little ladies, who slept in the room which opened upon them, were subject to superstitious fears, they might sometimes feel uncomfortable from the gloomy proximity : but, excepting this visionary objection, the Pensionnat, into which we had so unceremoniously intruded ourselves, seemed a very desirable place of education; possessing, over and above all others, the very remarkable advantage of including all charges in the sum of four hundred francs; and as the "*carte de renseignements*" expressed it, "*pas d'autre depense sous quelque denomination que ce puisse être.*"

After this pilgrimage we returned to the town, and obtained permission to visit the citadel. This is still a virgin fortress, and was built by the King of Holland, under the direction, as we are told, of an English engineer. All the public works of this monarch seem boldly conceived and magnificently executed. A thousand workmen were employed for eight years in completing the citadel of Huy. I have had but few opportunities of comparing such kind of buildings with each other, but this is by far the most stupendous piece of masonry I ever saw. The living rock, indeed, has been made to obey the bold design of the engineer; and it is by excavation, almost as much as by building, that this fortress has obtained its reputation of almost unequalled strength.

Over one of the massive gateways is the following motto :—

Etiamsi fractus illabitur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

The country between Huy and Liege, though beautiful to eyes that had not yet forgotten the plains of Flanders, was much less so than between Huy and Namur. I know no city the entrance to which is less inviting than that of Liege; every object seems more or less stained by the hue of coal. My son, indeed, looked from the windows of the carriage, and exclaimed, in a tone of singular satisfaction, "Here we are again on the coal measures!" but to me, this only seemed to confirm the idea that we were in danger of suffocation from coal dust.

We passed some handsome houses, with gardens well laid out; but the walks were neatly-rolled small coal. Our postilion cracked his whip as we entered the city, and the accelerated crunching of coals beneath our wheels responded to it: and, in short, not all my anticipations of pleasure from becoming acquainted with a place so famed in story could prevent me, as I drove into the town, from earnestly longing to drive out of it again.

The next morning, however, my imagination being, I suppose, refreshed with sleep, I forgot all present annoyances while tracing the memorials of the olden times. How much of this might be attributable to the interest we all own in the generations which have played their part and passed away, and how much to feelings connected with a particular individual, named Quentin Durward, I will not pretend to define: but it is certain that there was hardly any part of the city into which visions connected with him did not follow me; and I not only made out, to my entire satisfaction, the very spot where Gertrude Pavillon led the Scottish Archer through her father's garden to the boat that waited for him on the Maese; but I am quite sure, too, that I know exactly the point at which Quentin left the town to return to the castle of Schonwaldt; and that I should not be far out did I undertake to designate the exact place where he proved himself rather an angel than a man, by leaving the half-won conquest of the Boar to rescue the friendly Trudchen.

By the way I was rather amused, while turning over the pages of a modern history of Liege in a bookseller's shop, to find the following passage:—"C'est ici le lieu de faire un tableau de l'état de la France au quinzième siècle, et de tracer le caractère de Louis XI. J'emprunterai à Sir Walter Scott presque tous les détails que j'ai à donner là dessus."

The process of converting history into romance is a delightful operation, by which we have all profited; but the value of that by which romance is recreated into history is still to be learned.

The cathedral church, now called St. Paul's, but originally dedicated to St. Lambert, has some very fine painted glass, and the ceiling is curious from the unusual style of its coloured decorations.

This recalled the manner in which the ceiling of the

transepts of Winchester Cathedral has been repaired, and which I remember to have heard censured as incongruous in style; but its exact conformity with this fine old church is a satisfactory proof of their propriety, and of the *savoir* of the learned antiquary who adopted it.

The church of St. Martin stands very finely on the side of a hill that leads towards the citadel. The interior of this church is extremely gaudy as to its ornaments; and adorned besides with a profusion of orange-trees, oleanders, and myrtles. One part of its decoration consisted in a large display of framed placards (some of them ornamented with painted wreaths of flowers and other pretty devices), recording a multitude of recent miracles, each of them headed, in large letters, "*Miracle approuvé.*" On one was inscribed "Marie Cornelis, ayant l'œil piqué et traversé d'une épine, en recouvre la vue."

We entered this church while five priests were engaged in performing mass before a moveable figure of the Virgin, more profusely tricked out in tawdry finery than any figure I have seen.

From thence we climbed Mount Walburgis, and approached, as nearly as we were permitted, to the citadel on the top of it. The paved street which leads up to the side of this height to the fortress, is the steepest elevation I ever saw so used; but the view from the summit well repays the labour of ascending.

The Palais de Justice, formerly the Palais Episcopal, is large and handsome. The Maison de Ville, in the market-place, and the three fountains near it, also deserve to be looked at; but the dismally dirty, dusty atmosphere made it really a task either to drive or walk about the city; and it was with all the enjoyment that the hope of breathing freely could give, that we mounted a *char-à-banc* for the purpose of passing a few hours at Chaudfontaine.

I suspect that this most singularly lovely spot is less known to English travellers than it ought to be; for I have rarely heard it mentioned except by foreigners: but the little valley, in which the baths that have given the place its name are situated, is alone infinitely better worth taking a journey to see than many objects which yearly draw crowds of tourists from our shores. The baths, of which there are

enough to show that they are greatly frequented by the neighbourhood, are in the hands of government; and everything about them is in the highest degree comfortable, or rather luxurious. I certainly never enjoyed a bath so much. The exquisite clearness of the water, the noble size of the marble chamber into which you descend to enjoy it, and its delightful natural temperature (twenty-six degrees of Reaumur), all contribute to make Chaudfontaine the very perfection of a bathing-place. I will not attempt any description of the wooded hills which rise on either side of this fairy valley; nor of the bright stream that ripples through them: I will only say,—pass it not unseen. The distance from Liege is not above seven miles.

The return to our hotel after such an excursion was really terrible, and most gladly did we bid adieu on the following morning to the coal-stained city.

Aix-la-Chapelle was to be our next resting-place, and the Prussian frontier was to be passed about half way to it.

Before leaving Belgium, I must say a few farewell words respecting it. Not many among us are, I believe, fully aware how peculiarly rich this country is in objects of every kind that can most interest and delight a traveller; provided, indeed, that he be not journeying post to the Rhine, but have time and inclination to pause and look about him. People who love pictures, know that Flanders possesses many *chef-d'œuvres* of the art; and people who love churches are aware that the Low Countries are famed for Gothic architecture: nevertheless, but few of our yearly tourists pause long enough to enjoy fully the exceeding richness of Belgium in all that can gratify the eye of taste, or "awaken the enthusiasm of the antiquary." Where can be found such a constellation of fine old cities as Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Louvain, Brussels, Namur, and Liege? each assisting to illustrate the history of the others, and all within so small a space, that they may be visited in succession, and revisited again half-a-dozen times in the course of as many weeks; and that, perhaps, at a less expense than if the same time were spent at a fashionable watering-place in England.

Of genuine Flemish manners it is not easy to form any accurate judgment by merely passing a few weeks in the

country, and going only into the society that good travelling introductions lead to; for therein will be found the same uniform love of European good-breeding which distinguishes the well-educated from those who are not so, in every country; but which has too little characteristic variety to be considered as purely national in any. I took some pains, and not quite without success, to look a little more behind the scenes, and whenever I did so, the conformity in habits and character of the present race, with the portraits made familiar to us in the history of ages past, was most striking.

It should seem that even the soil and air had an influence on the tailors, stocking-weavers, and shoe-makers; for there are still the self-same outlines, nay, the self-same colours, and, as it should seem, the identical materials with which they wrought. Nor are the healthy, comely, lusty weavers more changed. No people, I think, bear a stronger national impress on their features than the peasants of Flanders; and their admirable painters have made us all sufficiently familiar with them.

Of their manners I saw enough to show me that they were industrious, clean, cheerful, and kind-hearted; and if beer and tobacco-smoke constitute a larger portion of their happiness than might be wished, it should be remembered that it is better to smoke than chew the loathsome herb; and that barley may be taken in a more pernicious form than that of Flemish ale.

Of the ranks immediately above these it is less easy to judge: but perhaps if I abstain from naming the city where it was made, I may venture to insert the translation of a provincial sketch given me by a lively young French woman, who had resided some years there. Of its accuracy I am hardly competent to give an opinion, though there are some features which *saute aux yeux*, of which I confess the resemblance is striking.

Journal of a Belgium Lady,

(NOT OF THE CAPITAL.)

She rises generally about seven o'clock, provided the children, who all sleep in her room, have permitted her to repose till so late an hour. Her toilet does not take long; a black petticoat being the only addition she makes to the cap and brown cotton wrapping-gown in which she sleeps. In this *equipage*, with one child in her arms, and half a dozen following her, she goes down to breakfast; which repast is often taken in the kitchen and lasts but a few moments, amidst cries and quarrelings for slices of bread and butter, and mugs of coffee.

This trouble over, the lady commences the toilet of her little family; an operation which sne always performs carefully and neatly, and the children are despatched to school.

A general review of the mansion follows; and wo to the servants if any candle ends of the preceding night have been burned too low—if a single grain of dust be visible on the furniture, or a cup broken; for crimes of this cast ever become the subjects of most vehement reproach.

At length the bell rings for mass; a morning dress, not peculiar for its elegance, succeeds to the first costume; a black cloak and hood is thrown over it; and, with a basket on her arm, she repairs to the church, and from thence to make bargains and execute commissions.

This period, the happiest of her day, is prolonged till dinner. In the course of her peregrination she meets her acquaintance, and the most innocent little gossipings take place. It is now that she learns how much Mrs. Such-an-one gave beyond what she ought for a turbot; and, consequently, how very bad a manager she must be: while on the other hand, Mrs. Somebody is so stingy that she stands half an hour higgling about green peas;—Mrs. A. has given her maid warning; Mrs. B. has a sick baby; and the Curé has made a visit at least half an hour long to Miss C.

And now the clock strikes twelve, and dinner leads every

body home. The children are returned from school; the tumult and the din begins again; and the young ones contrive to render the dinner as miserable as the breakfast. This dinner, however, is eaten in a handsome room, ornamented with mirrors, carpets, and so forth, but none of the thousand and one little prettinesses which constitute elegance and comfort. Everything is handsome and correct; and everything is heavy and gloomy. Its tenants know the wants of animal life, but little more: the dinner is good and abundant, but the conversation—nought.

The meal ended and the dessert distributed among the children, peace is once more restored by their dismissal to school.

The lady then places herself at her window with her work, which she continues without interruption till she goes to vespers; after which she gives her children their supper and puts them to bed; then undresses herself, puts her hair into papillotes, says her prayers, and, while waiting the return of her spouse, amuses herself by chatting a little with her servants in the kitchen. A well-behaved husband is never later than nine; as soon as he appears, a substantial supper is served, and at ten the whole house is in a state of profound repose.

This life, with very few exceptions, is that of all the ladies of ———.

If their minds do not greatly improve by it, their plumpness and fresh complexions prove at least that it agrees well with their constitutions. What can they wish for more? Of what use would mind be to them? A Fleming marries in order to have a housekeeper who will not cheat him—his dinner punctually served—his children kept clean—and his stockings mended. He asks for nothing more, and is perfectly contented with this. They are happy. What more can be desired?—nothing;—excepting, perhaps, the not being obliged to witness a happiness so insupportable.

The scenery of the Sambre and the Meuse is as beautiful as the most devoted lover of landscape can desire: there

are points near Liege that may challenge comparison with any scenery of the same class in the world; and I think that I have not yet seen the valley which could be preferred to that of Chaudfontaine.

In addition to all this, the glorious fertility of the agricultural districts well deserves to be mentioned. Were there nothing else to reward a traveller for going thither, I think the sight of the rich fields of Flanders would be enough to do it. It is surely a fair object of curiosity to see what may be the largest quantity of grain that can stand in any given space; and this, I think, may be satisfactorily decided in Belgium.

England has noble fields of grain, and her herbage is rich and abundant; but in Flanders the soil is crammed with produce, and the corn stands on the ground like a solid mass.

In short, Belgium is a beautiful little kingdom; and, notwithstanding the extent of territory be small, it has sufficient within its circuit to give its name a higher rank among the nations of the Continent than its extent of domain alone could justify.

Were the spirit of her present legislators as congenial to the natural temper of her citizens as the air and soil to the various treasures of her fields, it might be fairly hoped that peace as well as plenty would long smile upon them: but there appears to be a restless craving for still further changes among some who have much influence, which promises anything rather than permanent tranquillity.

There are stirring spirits in Belgium who would willingly work political innovation, not only by the modern process of overturning all constituted authority, but by reviving power which has long lain dormant there, and which, in most other countries, may be considered as extinguished for ever. There are more Flemish cities than one in which the destruction, or rather the dispersion, of the Jesuits is openly deplored: and, if I am rightly informed, many efforts are making to organize new orders among the priesthood, that may increase their power and influence. I heard it repeatedly asserted in society, that had King William been a Catholic, or a *less bigoted Protestant*, (such is the language used,) Belgium and Holland could never

have been severed. But even those who profess the most perfect satisfaction at the result of the revolution, do not, in general, speak of the present order of things in a tone that promises its long continuance. "Ca ira pour le moment" was a phrase I heard repeated with slight variations in many circles. Nevertheless, were King Leopold to become a Catholic and France rest contented without any fresh "immortal three days," the "*moment*" may probably be greatly lengthened.

CHAPTER V.

Aix-la-Chapelle—Charlemagne—Napoleon—Relics—King of Prussia—German Politics.

PERHAPS it requires rather a particular attachment to the memory of Charlemagne to feel all the satisfaction that I did in going over the city of Aix-la-Chapelle, and seeking out, with a guide-book in my hand, every trace, whether real or fanciful, that this prince of Paladins has left there.

No one can deny that there are enough of both to satisfy the most devoted lover of romance: and if the head be but sufficiently crammed with legends of knights and saints, one may almost have the luxury of fancying for a few hours that one is living in the midst of them. I never felt myself in such palpable contact with the ages that are gone as while thus engaged: and though I am afraid that nothing can be less like the profound investigations of the cautious antiquary, than the poetical reminiscences indulged in during this time; I much doubt if, in the way of enjoyment, any degree of sober learning would answer so well as that sort of feminine *savoir* obtained through the medium of romance, and which enabled me to see not only all that was to be seen, but, spite of the dictum in the Critic, a great deal more. Without this delightful sort of second-sight, I might have doubted the truth of many interesting particulars, the belief in which exceedingly enhanced my gratification; and I therefore recommend an assiduous perusal, both of Berni and Ariosto, to all travellers about to visit this venerable city.

There must be, however, something sufficiently stirring, even to the sober feelings of the antiquary and historian, while standing under the dome of the magnificent cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, and hearing, "This is the chapel built by Charlemagne, and under that stone he was buried."

I wished to believe that he lay there still, but this was impossible; for the singular history of his disinterment is one of the most prominent legends of the spot. He had

been buried three hundred years, when the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa took him from the tomb. This strange sacrilege is spoken of in the history of Aix as "*une fete touchante*," given by Frederick to the town in 1165, when the embalmed hero was raised from the grave by the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Liege, and exposed "*a la veneration publique.*"

He was found buried in royal robes, and seated in a chair of marble, with the Gospels on his knees, his sword beside him, and a small casket, containing a portion of the earth which received the blood of the martyred St. Stephen at his feet. After this "*touchante fete,*" the body of Charlemagne was deposited in a very elegant antique sarcophagus of alabaster, on which the Rape of Proserpine is chiseled in fine relief.

This beautiful coffin is still shown, but no vestige of the illustrious dead remains within it. It is supposed that bone after bone has been taken away, being considered as holy relics; and it is stated that one solitary fragment, saved from this traffic, has been re-interred in the vault from whence his body was removed.

The vast stone that seals this vault, and which is placed immediately under the centre of the dome, has the words CAROLO MAGNO inscribed upon it. The sacristan, who went over the church with us, told me that he had accompanied Napoleon and Josephine into every part of the building: they were followed, he said, by a numerous cortège of the staff. When Napoleon read these words, he retreated from the verge of the stone, rendered sacred by such an inscription, and having remained for a moment to gaze upon it, walked slowly round without placing his foot within its limits, but with his eyes still fixed on the venerated name.

"Il y avait quelque-chose de bien frappant dans son regard," said the man; "mais aussi quelque-chose de bien drole dans l'insouciance avec laquelle ses officiers suivaient ses pas, en évitant de toucher la pierre; mais pourtant, sans avoir l'air de partager du tout son sentiment."

The marble chair in which the body of Charlemagne was found, as well as the royal symbols that were buried with him, have been since used at the coronation of eleven emperors.

A vast gallery runs round the octagon of Charlemagne's chapel, from whence branch off sundry large oriels, forming what is called the Hoch Munster, or upper church. In that division of the octagon gallery, which fronts the high altar below, is placed this sepulchral chair; and it is here that the emperors have been seated to receive the *sacre*, while the electors stood round the gallery, between porphyry pillars, which supported its roof. Some handsome columns still mark the places where these porphyry pillars stood, but the originals went the way of all art, by the order of Napoleon; and though many treasures of the church (not holy relics) which shared the same fate, were returned after the battle of Waterloo, these rich and rare pillars still remain at the Louvre.

When our guide removed the oaken case which covers it, I sat down in the dead man's chair; upon which he told me that Josephine also had placed herself, "while the emperor stood *there* with his arms crossed upon his breast, looking at her."

It was in a tone that seemed modestly to confess its want of high antiquity, that we were informed the choir of the church was not more than seven hundred years old; but I forgave its recent date in favour of its beauty; it is simple, lofty, light, and elegant.

A little golden crown and sceptre, for the figure of the Virgin at the altar, and still smaller ones for the infant on her arm, are pointed out as an offering from Mary Queen of Scots.

Over the stone inscribed with the name of Charlemagne is suspended an enormous crown of silver gilt, the gift of Frederick Barbarossa; it forms a lustre of forty-eight lights, and is a beautiful and highly curious specimen of the goldsmith's art of the twelfth century.

People from all quarters of the world have for ages considered themselves as more holy if at any period of their lives they have made the *Achfahrt*, or pilgrimage, to the munster of Charlemagne at Aix; and the wealth, which their offerings have brought to the church is immense. No shrine in the world, I believe, boasts so many relics of first-rate sanctity as this. These sacred treasures are divided into two classes, distinguished as the great and the little relics. The first class

are exhibited every seventh year, from the 10th to the 24th of July; and some centuries ago, the pilgrims, who came to visit there, were so numerous that the town could not contain the hundredth part of them; and the fields for miles round were converted into stations of rest and refreshment. It is recorded that in the year 1496, no less than 142,000 persons arrived in one day to make their offerings. We had not the good fortune to arrive on the seventh year, and therefore only know by hearsay evidence that they consist of a chemise of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, the linen cloth which received the head of John the Baptist, the scarf worn by the Saviour at the crucifixion, and a small portion of the manna of the desert. These were all sent to Charlemagne by the Patriarch of Jerusalem in the year 799. I was told by a citizen who had often had the advantage of beholding it, that the chemise of the Virgin was of most prodigious size, quite long enough for a person seven feet high. As for the little relics, they are displayed to all comers, and consist of a vast variety of treasures, both sacred and profane. The article which interested me the most amongst these was the ivory hunting-horn of Charlemagne; it is ornamented with gold, on which are repeatedly engraved the words "Mein! Ein!"

The Hotel de Ville stands on a part of the ground once occupied by the palace in which Charlemagne was born: and one of the towers, called the tower of Granus, is said not only to have been a part of his dwelling, but to have stood there long before, being decidedly of Roman construction. A bronze statue of this mighty king stands in the market-place before the Hôtel de Ville; it is a work of the fourteenth century.

It is not difficult, I believe, for a notable, persevering, check-defying antiquary to trace the course of the external walls of the old palace. They extend far and wide, and pass through the inclosures of many private dwellings. It appears that Charlemagne was particularly attached to this city, and declared it the second in his empire. The inscription upon his palace was—

Hic sedes regni trans Alpes habeatur caput
Omnium provinciarum et civitatum Galliæ.

Independent of all these memorials of history and romance, Aix-la-Chapelle is a beautiful and interesting town. Its hot springs are abundant, and held to be highly salubrious. The one which is of the highest temperature rises at Borcette, a little town perfectly distinct from Aix, but close to it. This Borcette spring is much too hot for the hand to endure; but I doubt its being actually boiling, as I have heard stated. We saw, however, several women taking pails of it for their washing, and were told that they never find it necessary to use any other in the process. The large smoking cauldron, which is open in the middle of the street at Borcette, has a very strange appearance, the vapour rising, and spreading up and down it, to a considerable distance.

A gentleman, to whom we brought a letter of introduction, kindly accompanied us in a beautiful drive round the town. The Louisberg is a singular hill, rising very abruptly from the plain, and commanding a magnificent view. The forest of Ardennes makes an interesting feature in this fine landscape. On and about this pretty little mountain are various memorials of Napoleon and his family. Josephine and Pauline have given their names to temples, groves, and gates. The public walks begun by Napoleon, and completed by the present King of Prussia, are beautiful in no common degree.

It was here that I first heard the name of the King of Prussia pronounced with that emphatic love, reverence, and admiration, which met us so frequently afterwards in the course of our travels through his dominions. I do not speak of the strong personal attachment of his nobles; but whoever will take the trouble of conversing with the lower and middling classes in Prussia, will hear their wise and good monarch spoken of as the father of his people.

Had I travelled through the country half a century ago, it is probable that even an equal expression of attachment to the sovereign would not have struck me so forcibly. Loyalty was not then so rare and precious a plant as it has since become, and to feel a glow of universal satisfaction at the heart, because a good king was spoken of with love and reverence by his people, would have been hardly less extravagant, than if one had fallen into a rapture at hearing a son speak with affection of his father.

"For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value."

While remarking on the strong feeling of attachment expressed by all classes to the King of Prussia; I am naturally led to mention the general result of my endeavours to discover the real state of political feeling in the countries through which we travelled. To facilitate this object, I repeatedly accepted introductions from persons whose speculations had, I well knew, led them very far from what I considered as the principles of political wisdom. I did so from the wish of hearing those subjects fairly discussed abroad, which are so constantly thrust into all companies at home; and in the expectation of obtaining, in the intercourse of general society, a more just idea of popular feeling than we can hope to obtain from all our newspapers, whether domestic or foreign: but, notwithstanding I thus threw myself in the way of what are called *liberal politics*, I never, except in one solitary instance, heard any sentiments or opinions expressed, in the slightest degree, approaching to the mad licentiousness of doctrine, which is weekly and daily poured forth by the presses of England.

We are continually told by these, that there is a spirit abroad in Germany, which, in the fulness of time, is to bring forth revolution,—that massacre and rapine shall engender liberty and peace, and that, in a few short years, all the nations of the earth are to be levelled into one vast ocean of equality.

Should this prophecy be fulfilled, the completion of it will not owe its origin to Germany. Not one of the various dynasties, whether great or small, included in that term, hold rule over a population disposed to seek their happiness or their glory in universal equality. There is a high-spirited and very noble sort of ambition about them, more likely to show itself in efforts to raise their native thrones and sceptres above all others on the earth, than to trample the least atom of their dignity in the dust. Instead, therefore, of listening with blind faith to statements, as false as they are absurd, it would better become the wisdom of Englishmen to look out, with a feeling of emulation, at least, if not of

fear, at the enormous strides which that magnificent country is making to outstrip us in arts and commerce, in learning and in wealth. While we are mouthing out bombastic declamations upon liberty, they are quietly studying the profoundest theories of state policy; and while we avowedly endeavour to make the ark of our government (the only security by which we hold our lives and property) drive along by the current of popular tumult; their rulers sit on high, marking the signs of the times, and making use of the light that is spread abroad, to steer their noble vessel on its course.

One remarkable feature of difference between my own dear country, as seen in these latter days, and the land through which I was travelling, struck me very painfully. At home, I had of late been accustomed to hear every voice from the class, emphatically styled *the people*, whether heard through the medium of the press, or in listening to their conversation, expressive of contempt and dislike for their own country, its institutions, and its laws.

The same class that I remember, in early youth, to have heard splitting the skies in *vivats* to their own glory, now mutter curses on the church of their fathers, and almost deprecate the flag round which they used to rally with such proud enthusiasm.

Far different is the state of public feeling in Germany. Ask a Prussian—not of that rank which makes the absence of any noble feeling a disgrace—but among those whose habits have not taught them the expediency of affecting exalted sentiment, if they have it not—ask such a one his opinion of his country, her government, and her king; and you will be answered by such a hymn of love and praise, as might teach those, who have ears to hear, that passing a reform bill is not the most successful manner of securing the affection and applause of *the multitude*.

CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Cologne—Reasons for Travelling—The Cathedral—Museum—Public Walks—Music—Bonn—Concert—Students—Smoking.

We left Aix-la-Chapelle in a diligence, not having at that time, fully mastered the problem of whether delay *plus* independence equalled in value despatch *minus* comfort. Our companions were, a very agreeable old militaire, commandant of Jaliers; a young student, going, I believe, to the University of Bonn; and an elderly gentlewoman, who no sooner discovered me to be her countrywoman, than she appropriated me to herself, as her own particular listener; two young men, her nephews, were in another part of the vehicle, and she therefore appeared to be greatly in want of such a commodity. I was rather vexed at being thus constrained to give up hearing many amusing anecdotes, which our military companion was detailing; but as I found something very whimsical, though, perhaps, not very new, in the *projet de voyage* of my countrywoman, I soon gave her my undivided attention; and, having scribbled our conversation as soon as it was over, I will transcribe it for the benefit of my reader, who may be at a loss for a reason why it is good for him to travel.

"It is quite a pleasure," said the lady, "to meet an Englishwoman. I never speak anything but English. Pray, ma'am, is your journey to be a long or a short one?"

"As long as the summer will enable me to make it," I replied.

"Oh, then, I see that you travel quite in my way: you will go as far as possible within the time you can spare. My intention," she continued, "is to get as far as Geneva, and then to Paris . . . . How long may it be since you left London, ma'am?"

I answered, that I believed it was about six weeks.

"Six weeks from London! Why we have done it in six days. What can have delayed you so long?

I told her, that we had met with many things which we were anxious to see.

"I think that is just the notion, begging your pardon, that prevents people from ever taking a really long journey in proportion to the time they are about it. I, and my nephews, make a point of never stopping to look at things."

"But does not such rapid travelling fatigue you?" said I.

"Oh, dear, no! am I not sitting still all the time? It is just so much rest—and that is exactly the reason I like travelling. Seeing sights would tire me to death—it always does in London; but driving along in this way is quite pleasant. No, no; nothing will ever induce me to tire myself by running after curiosities in every town I pass through: I make the greatest point of never seeing sights."

The commandant here drew my attention to some anecdote about Napoleon, and, for a few minutes, I was permitted to listen to him; but the lady then sought to renew our conversation, by asking if I were aware that the climate of Switzerland required great precaution.

"We have very little luggage," said she; "I am as particular about that, as about not seeing sights. My young men and I have each of us a cloak-bag—that is all I allow; but even in this I have contrived to pack an oil-skin hood and cloak, for stepping in and out of the stages. I should be sadly put out, if I caught cold just in travelling through Switzerland."

This was certainly the *ne plus ultra* of travelling for travelling sake; but I afterwards encountered more than one party who appeared to proceed somewhat on the same principle.

The weather was beautifully clear the day we arrived at Cologne, and from our windows at the *Grossu Rheinberg* we first caught the wild outline of the *Siebengeberg*, or seven mountains. I have often heard these called the *Drachenfels*, why, I know not, for that name belongs only to one of the seven; but be this as it may, these Drachenfels, or Siebengeberg, or seven mountains, form a most magnificent portal to the scenery of the Rhine; and when seen, for the first time, beyond the plain on which Cologne is situated, they set the imagination busily at work, to anticipate all the wonders behind them.

It was impossible to look upon the Rhine, and upon the misty sevenfold grandeur of these hills, without longing instantly to embark, and be amongst them. But the city of the three Kings was not to be treated thus; and a second thought recalled, not only the glories of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, but also of the stupendous cathedral that sheltered their relics. We therefore determined upon devoting two days to the venerable city, where Clovis was proclaimed king; and of which Pepin was duke, before he ascended the throne of France. Every quarter of Cologne is full of the highest historical interest; and, instead of two days, two months might be profitably spent in becoming acquainted with its antiquities: but as long as steamboats keep running up the Rhine, the giddy throng, who come flying over sea and land to look at its rocks and its ruins, will never spare time to examine this interesting old city, with one tenth part of the attention it deserves.

The day after our arrival was, most fortunately for us, a Sunday; and we enjoyed a treat, which I will venture to say, no one can form the slightest idea of, if they have not themselves tasted it. It is difficult to speak of the *Munster Church* of Cologne, without employing words, which would to many appear greatly misplaced, when applied to a building not more than half completed. Were I to say, for instance, that the most exalted imagination could conceive nothing more perfect in Teutonic architecture, it might perhaps be asked, if I considered deal planks as the perfection of Gothic roofing; and if I confessed that the impression made upon my mind was more like the effect of magic than of reality, I might hear that a tower half-reared, and surmounted by a hideous crane, could be obtained without the aid of necromancy. Nevertheless, in both cases, I should speak the truth. I can never forget, nor perhaps ever again hope to enjoy, the exceeding delight I experienced from hearing high mass performed in the quire of this matchless church. The graceful windows, each one a separate wonder, rearing their bold and light proportions to the towering roof, let in such streams of gorgeous coloured light, that the whole edifice glowed with it.

The service was performed with great solemnity and pomp: the music, consisting of an organ, and very fine

string accompaniments, was most glorious; and the voices, rich, firm, and in perfect harmony, made us feel that we were indeed in Germany. In addition to all this, delicious incense rolled its sweet cloud of fragrance over our heads, and completed the enchantment. This beautiful quire is lined behind the stalls with tapestry, from designs by Rubens; it is so wretchedly faded, as to render the subjects nearly unintelligible; but were they as fresh as in the hour when the needle finished its unprofitable labour, and had they been designed by Raphael, or Apelles himself, they would still be most miserably ill-placed where they are. What decoration of the kind could look otherwise than pitiful, under a vault rising one hundred and fifty feet from the earth, on pillars so boldly majestic, that they branch into arches for its support, apparently only a few feet from its summit?

The miserable organ-loft, too, would be painfully felt to disfigure the sublimity of the building, were it not that the eye naturally rises to the immense space above, so rich in beauty from every source that can give splendour and nobleness to a church; and the puny work of yesterday is forgotten.

It was not till after long and repeated visits to this wonderful building, that we recollected the absolute necessity of seeing the celebrated treasures it contains, in gems and relics: these are said to be immense in value—and so in truth they ought to be, in proportion to the extravagant sum asked for showing them, which is no less than fifteen francs. I believe I should have demurred at this demand, had not another party proposed to divide the fee with us. This arrangement being settled, we began to look, to wonder, and to admire, as ivory, gold, and precious stones were displayed before us. But the wonder of wonders is the Mausoleum of the Eastern Kings; with the most grave and dignified assumption of historical truth, you are informed that this splendid monument contains not only the bones of Carpar, Melchior, and Balthasar, but likewise those of St. Felix, St. Nabor, and St. Gregory.

Let the bones contained in it be whose they may, the shrine itself is most superb; and when you enter the little tabernacle in which it is deposited, there is something so mystically glowing in the eternal lamplight reflected by the gold and precious stones,—something so horrific in the three

grim skulls, protruding themselves from amidst the jewels with which they are encircled, for each one,

"The likeness of a kingly crown has on,"

and the whole scene is at once so ghastly, and so gorgeous, that, for the moment, one is almost tempted to believe some real sanctity must be attached to the relics, which princes and prelates have for ages agreed to honour with such extravagant and strange devotion. The date of this singular monument is 1170.

It is said that the King of Prussia is extremely desirous to finish, or at least to proceed with this splendid edifice: but, hitherto, all the money devoted to it, has but sufficed to carry on the costly, but most necessary, repairs. The foundations of the church are of basalt; but, unfortunately, the superstructure is of the crumbling stone of the Drachenfels, and the work of the elements is sadly visible upon it. Workmen are at present employed in covering the whole external surface with some unctuous composition, which it is hoped will preserve it from further injury; the colour of this is so nearly that of the stone itself, that when perfectly dry, it will not, I think, disfigure it.

There is an admirable picture by Rubens in the church of St. Peter; it represents the terrible crucifixion of that saint, and I could hardly have believed, unless I had felt it, how completely the influence of a powerful genius can overcome disgust and horror. Hideous as is the subject of this picture, it is impossible to look at it without delight. Rubens was christened in this church; and the house in which he was born, distinguished by his portrait hanging over the door, is at no great distance from it.

The Musée de Wallrof has many curious old pictures, and a very interesting collection of local Roman antiquities. The rooms containing them were exceedingly crowded when we made our visit; so much so, indeed, as to make the passing from one to another a matter of considerable difficulty.

We entered it on Sunday, immediately after the cathedral service, and found much interest and amusement in examining the appearance of the mixed assemblage which filled the rooms. The dresses in general were perhaps more picturesque

than elegant; the *endimanches* of the city, indeed, were many of them exceedingly well dressed; but the majority of the company had the appearance of peasants in their holiday attire; and the highly-finished, but uncouth groups in violet and in green, which adorned the walls, though many of them stood forth from a back-ground of gold, were hardly more gaudy in colouring, or grotesque in outline, than some of the parties who came to visit them.

The public walks and drives round the town, though seen to great disadvantage immediately after the beautiful promenades of Aix-la-Chapelle, are very pretty, and almost every part of the city affords picturesque and interesting points of view. On crossing the bridge of boats to Deuty, the scene is peculiarly striking; the whole city, with all its variety of venerable towers, is spread out before the eye, and with the river for its foreground, forms a most magnificent picture.

That peculiar national characteristic of Germany—a love of music, with the almost universal advantages of voice and ear, are strongly manifested at Cologne. At our table-d'hôte we had a violin concerto, which many a London soirée would have gladly welcomed; and the mere accidental warblings in the street, which reached me through my chamber windows, were of a tone and cadence very unlike any sounds I had been accustomed so to hear.

Much as I wished to find myself fairly launched on the Rhine, I regretted not having more time to devote to Cologne: and as it was a city of vows, I registered something very like one in my memory, that I would not leave the country without making it a second visit.

On the 8th July we left this city of the kings for Bonn, by the Prince Frederick steam-boat; but, though greatly delighted by the consciousness of being actually floating on that "abounding river," which has formed the theme of so much enthusiastic admiration, it was impossible to deny that its banks were, at this portion of it, as devoid of beauty as well could be. The Seven Hills, however, seemed to beckon us on, and to promise all that was wanting to give interest to a stream, which, in the copious volume, and immense rapidity of its waters, yields to so few of the rivers of Europe. Excepting the gradual approach to these hills, there was nothing in this little voyage to atone to me for leaving Cologne so

hastily: but on reaching Bonn, I found enough to convince me that I was travelling through a country where I shall find small leisure to lament the objects I had passed, amid the busy interest excited by those I had reached.

If Bonn had nothing but its University, this would be sufficient to detain the traveller very delightfully for several days; but there are many other circumstances to repay such a delay. It is full of interesting antiquities, and it has the charm of being the first point at which one's expectations of beautiful scenery begin to be realized. There are views in the environs of Bonn, equal in extent and richness to almost anything on the Rhine.

This very pretty town was formerly an electoral residence, and the palace, which is an extensive and handsome building, at present makes part of the University. Everything connected with the University is upon a noble scale; the schools, the library, the academic walks, and gardens are all handsome, and arranged in a grand and expensive style. To those who have their fancies over full of the Gothic glories of Oxford, or imagine that on any other spot of earth they shall meet the perfection of King's College Chapel, or the magnificence of Trinity College at Cambridge, Bonn may cause a sensation of disappointment: but to all who are sufficiently instructed to be aware that the academic magnificence of England stands alone, it will appear what it really is,—a noble and beautiful seat of learning.

The bronze statue of the Empress Helen, the sainted mother of Constantine, is the most interesting object in the cathedral, which has been too much defaced by repairs to retain any great claim to admiration.

The walk on the Altezoll should by no means be neglected: both from thence and from the gardens behind the café, strangely styled *Vinea Domini*, the view is delightful.

The musical reputation of Bo· n is considerable: it boasts Beethoven among its élèves; and during the reign and residence of the last elector, some of the first performers of the age made it their head-quarters. Perhaps it was this reputation, though belonging rather to the past than to the present times, which induced us to gi\ e three hours of a lovely summer's evening to a public concert given by a Madame Milden. The sacrifice, for such I certainly felt it, was, however, not

in vain, the whole scene being new and amusing. The apartment used for this occasion was the ball-room, about one-fourth of which was occupied by the orchestra; but without any other line of division than a clear space between the last bench occupied by the company and the first music-stands. We were told that there were between three and four hundred people present.

I was extremely pleased to find myself in a room so well filled with German company; at a point sufficiently distant from any metropolis to enable me to judge of the national style, when divested of that conventional air and tone which have made almost all characteristic national varieties disappear in the great cities of Europe. This must inevitably be the case, whenever people agree to submit themselves to the uniform laws of high breeding and cultivated taste: but at Bonn this livery of elegance was neither to be hoped nor feared; and I found as many points of difference between Madame Milden's concert, and all other assemblies of the same kind, that I had seen elsewhere, as I could possibly wish. Yet there was nothing in the slightest degree displeasing or uncouth. The extreme simplicity of dress was the first thing which struck me, while reviewing the female part of the company; but a few moments' prolonged examination of the faces around which the luxuriant tresses were so simply braided, sufficed to convince me that the fair girls were right to trust more to their blooming complexions, and sweet expression of countenance, than to a more elaborate toilet: we remarked many extremely lovely faces among them.

After the room appeared to be perfectly full, a door, which I had not before remarked, opened to admit a party, some of whom had a very decided air of metropolitan *bon ton*. They placed themselves on chairs, on one side of the foremost bench, and the performance immediately began.

A fair neighbour, who appeared very willing to converse with me, announced their names and titles; but I forget both: I think she said that they resided in the neighbourhood. One of the party was as lovely and graceful a woman as I ever saw. This distinguished set was immediately surrounded by a party of officers: on the broad chest of one of these I counted seven decorations.

The orchestra was very respectably filled, and one violin concerto excellent. Madame Milden sung three or four songs in good style, and with a powerful voice, which had, however, seen better days; but she was enthusiastically applauded; and, when not singing, placed herself among the company, many of whom, particularly the *elite*, conversed with her with an air of great affability and kindness.

Of course, no public meeting can take place at Bonn, in which the young students do not make a distinguished figure. On this occasion they did not appear to mix much with the company, but stood almost entirely apart in groups of three or four, and forming pictures, which made me fancy myself in a saloon with Vandyke and Rubens; for certainly such must have been their models.

I suppose it is in the nature of all young gentlemen, particularly when congregated together, to mix a little fancy, and perhaps *tant soit peu* of affectation in their outward seeming. Something of this may assuredly be seen both at Oxford and Cambridge, despite the gown and cap which so greatly curb the display of individual whim: but at Bonn, where no academic dress is worn, the costume of the young men is sometimes marvellously imaginative.

Whenever a set of European youths assemble to receive the last finish of their education, it is probable that some will always be found among them upon whom the stamp which marks the gentleman is too strongly impressed to permit any vagary of dress to conceal it: and of such many are to be seen among the students of Bonn; but the majority are much more picturesque.

Hair, long and exquisitely dishevelled,; throats bare, with collars turned back almost to the shoulders; with here a miniature beard, curiously trimmed into a perfect triangle; and there moustaches, long, thin, and carefully curled, might be seen repeated in one knot aft r another, through the whole length of the room. Some presented a fair young forehead bared à la Byron, and others looked about them with a wild eye rolling à la Juan. One had the pale cheek and deep-set eye of a premature philosopher; while another looked with such a dashing, reckless sauciness upon all around, that I felt inclined to watch him, half from fear, and half from fun, to

see what mad-cap frolic would deliver him of the load of merry mischief that lay laughing in his eye.

Not the slightest indecorum, however, to the amount even of a too audible whisper, disturbed the entertainment: and notwithstanding all we hear of the boisterous licence assumed by the students of Germany, I question if so large a party of young men could often be seen assembled, and remain as long together, so entirely without noise or disturbance of any kind.

L' hôtel de Cologne, where we had taken up our abode, was far from uncomfortable, though situated in a street so extremely narrow as to render a sitting-room, which was exactly opposite the one we occupied, rather nearer than we might have wished. It was inhabited by a young officer, upon whose retirement I would certainly not have permitted my eyes to intrude, had his mode of passing his morning permitted me to avoid it: but his two large windows being opened from the top to the bottom of the room, he took his coffee as much in public as if he had been on a stage; and by no device, except sitting in total darkness, could we avoid seeing him. Such being the case, we submitted to the necessity; and certainly were not a little amused by the scene that passed before our eyes. On one side of his room hung a row of splendid pipes, amounting, I should think, to nearly a dozen: having dismissed his coffee, he selected one of these, and placing himself at the window, soon became enveloped in an atmosphere, the mysterious charm of which none, I suppose, but a German can fully understand. The countenance of our military neighbour expressed all that tranquil serenity which one is sure to find on all features seen athwart a cloud of tobacco-smoke: but after a time the ample bowl became exhausted, and something like weariness seemed to mix itself with the supine beatitude he was enjoying. He placed his prodigious hookah against the window-frame, stretched his legs, and yawned.

Ere long, however, the door opened, and a gentleman entered, whom he welcomed with the most cordial satisfaction: but the next moment, nay, the very same in which he grasped his hand in friendly greeting, he flew to his collection of pipes, and selecting the largest among them, put

it into the hands of his friend. He then hastened to replenish his own, which being done, they both sat down together at the open window with every appearance of enjoyment, and in a few moments the mutual vapour hid them from our sight. This is a species of social pleasure which it is very difficult for the uninitiated to appreciate: we can only darkly guess its value, by weighing all that is sacrificed to obtain it.

CHAPTER VII.

Godesberg.—The Seven Hills—Drachenfels—Friesdorf—Stromberg—Catholic Devotion—Kreutzberg—Buried Monks—Table-d'hôte—German Manners—Unkle—Laacher-see.

HAVING given as much time as we could spare to Bonn, we left it in one of the pleasant, but queer-looking open carriages of the country, and proceeded to Godesberg, a small village at the distance of a league and a half, where several of my Rhine traveller friends had desired us to halt, for the purpose of enjoying at leisure the first perfect specimen of Rhenish scenery.

We have every reason to thank them for their counsel, for the week we passed there was delightful: yet I doubt if, merely considering the locality, Godesberg be as favourable a position, as head-quarters for the tourist, as some other places farther up the river. It has, however, many advantages, which perhaps no other village can boast: the accommodations are everything that the most fastidious traveller could desire; and it rarely happens during the summer months that he fails to meet with agreeable society, who, coming there, like himself, for the purpose of enjoyment, are just in the frame of mind to seek amusement from every source within their reach; and the conversation at the table-d'hôte is more like that of a private party than of chance-met stranger wanderers.

There are two excellent hotels in the village. We had been directed to Blinkers, which is much the largest establishment; but here not an inch of room could be obtained, and we then addressed ourselves to the Belle-vue, or, as it is translated on the cards, the "Beautiful Sight;" and this we found so exceedingly commodious, and the party assembled there so very agreeable, that we ceased not to rejoice at the chance which had thrown us into such excellent quarters.

I should write a volume upon Godesberg, were I to indulge myself in speaking at length of its walks, its donkey

rides, its ruins, it dilapidated nunnery, its mineral spring, and its easy, amiable sociability. But it might, perhaps, be pleasanter to write than to read: and as people will drive up the Rhine as fast as steam can carry them, and down again with all the swiftness of the stream to boot, it matters little for them to hear of pleasures which it enters not into their projects to share.

The valley of the Rhine, which begins at Bingen, ends at Kœnigswinter, a pretty, rambling village lying at the feet of the Seven Mountains, and immediately opposite to Godsberg. One of our first excursions was to this place. We crossed the river in a little boat, which hardly seems to have business enough to entitle it to the name of ferry-boat, but which we always found ready to take us the moment we reached the bank. The greatest drawback to the delights of Godesberg is its distance from this bank: it is more than a mile; and when you pitch your tent expressly for the purpose of enjoying the Rhine, it is a serious evil to have a mile to traverse before you reach it.

At Kœnigswinter we readily found donkeys, and a guide to lead us to the summit of the Drachenfels. This seems to be the favourite of the seven mountains: at least it appeared to me that every one I conversed with respecting this region had scaled its rocky side; though very few had taken the trouble of mounting any of the others. This may partly be owing to its popular name, which is familiar to every one, while those of the Wolkenberg, Stromberg, Lowenberg, Niederberg, Oelberg, and Hemmerich, are only mentioned occasionally, to prove one's superior local knowledge. Another reason for undertaking the toilsome ascent of the Drachenfels is the ruin which stands so boldly on its very apex; and another still, is the legend of the Dragon, whose cavern is shown in its side. There are several stations on the road up this steep ascent, where my patient and well-tutored beast permitted us to pause, and look up and down the Rhine. The views *almost* realized all I had dreamed of its beauty. When we reached the top, I found the precipice, that fell directly from the foot of the ruined castle, so fearfully abrupt, that I hardly dared to stand upon its giddy edge while the guide pointed out the objects below. The front of this

precipitous rock has been worked into as a quarry; at least such is the tradition; though the hollow, pointed out as the spot from whence the stones were taken, is so high in air as to render the statement almost incredible to me, particularly as the same stone might have been obtained below: but my doubts are quite unsupported by any authority.

This bold attack upon Nature is said to have been made by Archbishop Conrad, in 1284, for the purpose of building the cathedral of Cologne; and this point of the mountain is called the Domquarry. Another object at which we were bid to look was a yawning cavern, which opened its black portal in a hollow on the opposite side of the little ravine, over which we hung. This mysterious-looking chasm is called the Dombruch; and the man very gravely assured us, that it was the home of the celebrated dragon who had given his name to the mountain on which we stood. Exactly overlooking the abode of this ominous neighbour, stands the castle, whose origin is so remote as to be lost in fable. Some portion of the beetling rock on which it stands has been rent away; and the ruin now literally hangs over the precipice, one corner of it projecting several feet beyond any support whatever. The view from this point is prodigiously grand; and all the features of the spot are wild and impressive in the extreme. On the very summit of the mountain, and there only, Henry discovered an enormous block of lava: which, in conjunction with the crater-like form of the Wolkenberg, just below it, made us feel that we were in a region which had been visited by some violent convulsion of Nature.

While we were enjoying all this in perfect silence, our guide suddenly thought proper to awaken the celebrated echo of the Siebengeberg by some of the most hideous noises that the voice of man ever produced. If such sounds be often heard, repeated from rock to rock, and from mountain to mountain, it is not wonderful that this castled peak has the reputation of being haunted; for never did more unearthly notes strike upon the ear than those our Caliban of a guide produced. He laughed, he shrieked, he bellowed, till the dragon himself might have trembled to hear him.

On descending from the mountain, which we did on the side farthest from the river, we had a singular and beautiful

view over the wavy tops of the innumerable hills, from among which the Siebengeberg rise. It was, I confess, in this direction only, that I could perceive any portion of that sublimity which I had heard so lavishly attributed to the region of the Drachenfels. The Oelberg, which, I believe, is the highest, rises only 1827 feet above the level of the river; and though they form altogether a very noble feature in a very beautiful landscape, I cannot think they merit the epithet of sublime. But this vast extent of vine-covered heights, with the dark and intricate valleys, which wind along them, the frequent bare masses of rock, protruding their capricious forms, and looking like the giant inhabitants of the woods, added to the seven bolder heights that raise their crested heads above them all, form together a scene so wild, so desolate, as may well justify the use of such a term.

It is only during a part of the descent, however, that this is enjoyed; the road winds round the side of the mountain, and ere long brought us in sight of a landscape, forming as perfect a contrast to it as it is well possible to imagine. The splendid river rolled its vast mass of waters at our feet: below us hung terrace after terrace of vines, just swelling with the promise of an abundant vintage: while, on the opposite bank, such fields of yellow corn were spread out before us, as might have made Ceres herself laugh to look upon them. Never, I think, did so short a space divide scenes so utterly discordant.

After recrossing the river, we took a path through the fields, which led us by a short cut to Godesberg. The fine ruins of its castle were exactly before us, and we saw the sun set behind them in a style of unusual splendour. The whole mass seemed on fire; for the rich red light streamed through every crevice of the ruined wall, and appeared to wrap round the base of the isolated tower, making it look much smaller at bottom than at top: the effect of this delusion was most singular.

How keenly we enjoyed our delicious coffee after this long expedition! The fair hands of Mademoiselle (for thus only was our active little landlady ever designated) prepared it; and the assiduous attention with which she performed every service of the kind, most assuredly deserves to be recorded in recommendation of the "Beautiful Sight." Notwithstand-

ing there were waiters and chambermaids in abundance, this kind-hearted little lady seemed to mix her own thoughtful care with every service they performed; and one felt certain that it was only necessary to make "*Mademoiselle*" acquainted with a wish or want, to have it supplied promptly, cheerfully, and effectually.

The next day we set out upon an exploring walk, Mr. H. with his pencil, and Henry with his hammer. After lingering for awhile among the beautiful ruins of Godesberg, we turned to the left, and passed through fields profuse in their promises of bread and wine, till we reached the wood that covers the whole range of hills from Godesberg to Bonn. Here we soon fell into a gravel path, so pleasant to the feet, and so abounding in pretty points from which to look out upon the river below, that we were led on by the mere pleasure of walking, without any definite object in view, for a distance that we afterwards learned was nearly four miles.

At length we reached an open space, where the wood, and indeed every trace of vegetation, suddenly ceased; and we saw an enormous mine before us, in and about which a vast number of workmen were employed. We soon found that we had blindly stumbled upon a most interesting spot—no other than the extensive brown-coal deposit of Friesdorf. Even the most ignorant eye cannot examine this singular formation with indifference; and I am tempted to transcribe a note from my son's journal, which, I think, describes it more intelligibly than I can do.

"The stratum contains large masses of wood in every stage, from simple wood, to stone, or iron ore, which still retain all the marks of organization. The superior stratum of this range of hills is gravel: under this there is a stiff, blue, sandy clay, which is used in a neighbouring pottery. This has thin layers of the brown coal in it, and likewise detached masses of wood, together with sulphuret of iron mineralizing the smaller branches. Beneath this is the first stratum of brown coal, about five feet thick, or rather more in some places; under this is the alum earth, sufficient in quantity to employ some considerable alum works erected close to the excavation. I have collected several good specimens of the fossil wood, in all its different stages—one of them, a stem imbedded in the iron ore, is extremely beautiful. The fossil remains of

several kinds of fishes, and a very few fresh-water shells, have also been found here, from which there is great reason to believe this brown coal formation to be a lacustrine deposit. I am told that some trunks of trees have been found of thirty feet in circumference, and that all lie in an east and west direction.

"The stratum of alum earth, beneath the brown coal, is of a dark purple or almost black colour, and very unctuous to the touch: there are crystals of the alum in the small fissures of the clay, of a very pure white, but exceedingly minute. This stratum is also about five feet thick, and beneath it is another of the brown coal of nine feet. Under this is white clay, which, I am told, has been bored to the depth of sixty feet, without coming to its termination."

After passing above an hour in examining what looked like the relics of a buried forest, we proceeded to visit the alum works and the pottery. A great number of men were employed in each; and both here, and among the much larger number engaged in the different processes of the brown-coal works, we were struck with the respectful and unobtrusive civility of the labourers. When they observed us engaged in examining the fragments of disinterred wood which were lying about, many of them came around us with specimens; but the moment they had put them into our hands they retired, without showing the least indication of expecting to be paid for them.

The following morning we again crossed the Rhine to Kœnigswinter, when I once more mounted the obedient donkey who had done me such good service on my former expedition, and, attended by my two squires, prepared to mount the Stromberg. Nothing can be much less interesting than the road which leads to its summit, for it is cut through a wood so thickly grown, that a high, dark vegetable wall is all you can see on either side. The ascent is not so steep as that of the Drachenfels, but much longer, and I was heartily tired before I reached the top. Here we hoped to be rewarded for our tedious climbing; but found the trees too high in every direction to permit our seeing anything on earth but themselves, and the singular little church dedicated to St. Peter, which crowns the very summit of the mountain. It is said that this almost inaccessible chapel was

built by a knight, named Diether, in consequence of a vow made in Palestine. This story is rendered probable by the impossibility of supposing that any, not bound by a vow, would have selected such a spot for the purpose. A small shanty for the sale of *schnaps*, (milk and black bread) to restore the strength of any pious pilgrims who may reach it, is now the only human habitation on the Stromberg.

It is recorded, however, that in days of yore sundry holy hermits made it their abode: if so, these self-denying anchorites might truly be said to have been above temptation; and, as they proved themselves *quite unfit* for earth and its blessings, by choosing the dank hollows of this dismal mountain to dwell in, instead of the rich and smiling valley at its foot, let us hope they were *more fit* for heaven.

We descended by a different path from that which led us up, and again enjoyed a view over the dark, dreamy region which we saw when coming down the Drachenfels. Nevertheless, mounting the Stromberg, or Petersberg, as it is often called, is an exploit, which I would recommend to no traveller, who has not a positive pleasure in the art of climbing, independently of any object to be attained by it. It is certain, however, that this mountain, uninteresting as it appears at present, must have been held in much religious reverence; for we counted no less than fifty-six crosses, or stations, as they are called, on its side. Many of these have evidently been lately repaired, and still more have the marks of recent devotion; for we saw many flowers, not yet completely faded, either lying at the feet of the Saviour, or adorning the brows of his mother.

A proof of this feeling was given by the lad who acted as our guide. As I preferred walking to riding down the descent, I dismissed him with the donkey soon after we reached the top. As we returned, following in the path he had taken, we observed a bright fresh wreath of beech-leaves twisted round the bust of a wooden Virgin, while evident traces of my donkey's hoofs were visible upon the side of the little hillock, on which she was stationed.

There is something to me extremely pleasing in these outward and visible signs of religious feeling, especially when demonstrated where no human eye is expected to approve it: nor can they, I think, be classed with those

superstitious observances with which the Roman Catholic religion has been so reasonably reproached.

Another day of our stay at Godesberg, or, at least, the morning of it, was spent in visiting Kreutzberg, a high and very singular hill near Bonn. The road which led to it passed through Poppelsdorf, where some handsome buildings connected with the University of Bonn are situated. Every feature in the scenery of this village is beautiful, and the road that leads to the top of Mount Calvary, or Kreutzberg, magnificent.

The isolated building that stands on the summit of this hill, was formerly a convent of Servites; it is surrounded by an ample garden, and commands one of the finest views in the neighbourhood. At present it appears to be occupied solely by peasants; and the only trace left of this once celebrated establishment is the church, which is still considered as an edifice of peculiar sanctity. All travellers are sent to this spot, both to see the wondrous chapel, and to look upon the long-interred, but still undecayed bodies of the monks, which lie in a vault beneath it.

We met here, as indeed happened to us in many other points of our wanderings, a very agreeable party of Dutch travellers, who, like ourselves, were come to look at the wonders of the place. The rencontre was particularly fortunate upon this occasion, as we had long to wait before the guardian of the tomb returned from an excursion he was making in the neighbourhood. Meantime, however, we had the church to see. Having sufficiently examined its various altars and antique monuments, we were led, by a narrow staircase behind the high altar, to a small chamber above. As there was nothing whatever in this room to gratify curiosity, its only decorations being a few copes and surplices, hanging upon the walls, we were at a loss to guess why we were brought there; but, after a few moments' delay, our conductor opened a door, and led us from the dark obscure room in which we stood into a chapel, extremely rich in its decoration, but of most singular form and arrangement. The entire width of the building (between thirty and forty feet) is occupied by a magnificent flight of stairs, divided into three compartments. The centre one, which occupies about half the entire space, is of superb Italian marble; this

is fenced on each side by a handsome double balustrade, dividing it from the inferior staircases which flank it, and which reach to the outer wall of the building: at the top of the marble stair at an altar, with a large figure of the Saviour suspended over it.

The door by which we entered was on a level with this altar; and having stepped to the front of it, I was about to descend the marble flight, when our conductor seized my arm, and exclaimed in French, with much vehemence, "These stairs are sacred!"

I apologized for my indecorous attempt, by stating my ignorance of their history: the offence, I imagine, is not an uncommon one among the numerous heretic travellers who visit the shrine, for he readily accepted the excuse; and proceeded to inform us, that three drops of the Saviour's blood rest upon these holy stones. "They fell," he said, "from the wounds the thorns had made, and dropped on the steps which led to the judgment-seat of Pilate." The morsels of stone which received them are inserted on three of the marble stairs, and are covered by thin plates of gold. This relic, together with the sumptuous marble in which it is lodged, was a gift from one of the Archbishops of Cologne to the monastery of Kreutzberg; accompanied by a bull from the Pope, which hangs near the entrance to the chapel, announcing to all pilgrims, who may visit the holy spot, that it is sacrilege to place a foot upon the centre stairs (except for an armed knight, whose armour would prevent him from using his knees); but that to mount them kneeling, insures plenary indulgence for a year.

The form of the ceiling is very graceful, and ornamented with fresco painting. On the floor of the building, immediately at the foot of the stairs, are a pair of enormous folding doors, which open upon the forest; through these, in more Catholic times, vast numbers of pilgrims used to pour at particular seasons of the year to perform this act of devotion.

Beneath this chapel is a subterranean chamber, representing the stable, and all the accompaniments of the nativity. Among the numerous plaster figures which occupy the scene, we recognized our friends Casper, Melchior, and Balthasar, in the act of presenting their gifts. Everything about this

singular place seems to mark the very extremity of superstitious devotion.

The examination of all this took more than an hour; but still the sacristan had not returned. The Dutch party, as well as ourselves, were desirous to wait for him; for it was, in fact, the sight he had to show which had brought us there: so we walked in the garden, we climbed the tower, we ate cherries, we read every inscription in the church, yet still he came not. At length, much fatigued, but, nevertheless, stedfast in our determination to wait for him, we all assembled round the high altar, near which was a large trap-door that opened upon the vault; and having seated ourselves upon the steps and benches round it, endeavoured to beguile by conversation the still prolonged absence of the sacristan.

I remarked on this occasion, and, in truth, on every other that gave me an opportunity of conversing with them, that the Dutch are not only extremely courteous in their manner to strangers, but that they are particularly well-informed and intelligent. After this observation, it will appear like national vanity if I say that they resemble the English: but they certainly do so, in their passion for travelling; and in the active perseverance of their researches for information. I do not, however, claim these remarks as my own: they were made to me by a German of high rank, who knew both countries well. He added, that the English and Dutch were often mistaken for each other at the German inns: "but this," said he, "probably arises from the wealth and indifference to expense so remarkable in both."

At length the person we were all so anxiously awaiting entered the church. I hardly know what we had expected from this sepulchral examination; but it certainly must have been something very different from the reality; for we were jesting and laughing when the man arrived: and even when we saw the two lads, who accompanied him, raise the massy door, I believe not one of us felt any portion of the awe which the scene it opened to us was calculated to inspire. The sacristan, with a lighted candle in his hand, descended a dark and narrow flight of steps, desiring us to follow him: I was the first that did so; and I shall not soon forget the spectacle that met my eyes. On each side of us, as we entered the vault, was ranged a row of open coffins, each con-

taining the dry and shrivelled body of a monk, in his robe and cowl. They are so placed as to be exposed to the closest examination both of touch and sight; and the remembrance of my walk through them still makes me shudder.

The wonderful state of preservation in which these bodies remain, though constantly exposed to the atmosphere by being thus exhibited, is attributed by good Catholics to the peculiar sanctity of the place: but to those who do not receive this solution of the mystery, it is one of great difficulty. The dates of their interment vary from 1400 to 1713; and the oldest is quite as fresh as the most recent. There are twenty-six, fully exposed to view; and apparently many more beneath them. From the older ones, the coffins have either crumbled away, or the bodies were buried without them. In some of these ghastly objects the flesh is still full, and almost shapely upon the legs; in others it appears to be drying gradually away, and the bones are here and there becoming visible. The condition of the face also varies very greatly, though by no means in proportion to the antiquity of each. In many, the nose, lips, and beard remain; and in one, the features were so little disturbed, that

> "All unruffled was his face,
> We trusted his soul had gotten grace."

Round others, the dust lies where it had fallen, as it dropped, grain by grain, from the mouldering cheeks; and the head grins from beneath the cowl nearly in the state of a skeleton. The garments are almost in the same unequal degree of preservation: for in many the white material is still firm, though discoloured; while in others it is dropping away in fragments. The shoes of all are wonderfully perfect.

The last person buried in this vault was one who acted as gardener to the community. His head is crowned with a wreath of flowers, which still preserves its general form: nay, the larger blossoms may yet be distinguished from the smaller ones; but the withered leaves lie mixed with his fallen hair on either side.

Altogether the scene is well calculated to produce a cold shiver in the beholder; and yet we all lingered over it.

There is certainly some nerve within us, that thrills with strange pleasure at the touch of horror.

Our long delay at Kreutzberg prevented our return to the hotel in time for the table-d'hôte; and though sufficiently fatigued to render a lazy, lounging meal very agreeable, we had begun to find so much charm in the society, that we much regretted losing it on this occasion; and the more so, as the time drew near when we must lose it probably for ever. While recalling the party, which we found on arriving at Godesberg, and which continued together as long as we remained, I am tempted to give a slight sketch of the principal members of it; chiefly for the benefit of such of my countrymen, and countrywomen, as may be fearful of speaking at a public table when travelling, lest their words should fall on ears not sufficiently refined to be worthy of receiving them. This shrinking kind of aristocracy is worse than needless when travelling in Germany; and I believe it occasions to those who yield to it the loss of half the pleasure their travels might afford.

Should these pages reach any of the party to whom I allude, and should they recognize the portraits, I trust they will forgive the freedom, as it goes not the length of affixing names; and will accept the record as a proof of the pleasing remembrance I cherish of them.

At the head of the table was the Dowager Baroness ——, of one of the noblest houses in Germany. Short as was my acquaintance with this lady, I could not fail to perceive that she was a person of no common endowments; full of spirited and original observation, and gifted with that enviable species of wit which makes even an ordinary thought seem striking. She never spoke without winning all within reach of her to listen.

On her left hand sat Count ——; a very distinguished Belgian officer, of the old regime, who was on the Duke of Wellington's staff at Waterloo: on her right, his lovely, graceful, and most fascinating Countess. This charming woman was more like the *beau ideal* of a fabled heroine, than any person I ever saw. Were I to follow such a being as Madame d'Arblay's Cecilia into married life, I should fancy her just such another. I have often watched the Countess —— in the garden before our hotel, surrounded

by her four children; almost too beautiful and light in figure to be supposed their mother; yet too watchful of their sports, and too tender in her caresses, to be mistaken for any other. It is a real benefit to have one's path crossed by such a vision. The recollections of her voice, her look, and her manner, form a portrait which will hang for ever in that division of memory where we turn to look for what is beautiful and good.

Near the Countess sat a young lady, to whose conversation I listened during the first day with much attention, in order to discover of what country she might be; but I totally failed, having left the table with the persuasion that she was a very clever Englishwoman. She spoke French, German, and English with equal facility; and conversed, with the greatest vivacity, in each with different members of the party. She was unmarried, but a baroness in rank; and, to my great surprise, I found that, instead of being English, she was Dutch.

Near her were placed an English officer of rank, and his wife. Were I to draw their portraits, it would be done with all the partiality of friendship, and I might get reproached for being *too English;* for we had afterwards the happiness of meeting them again more than once in the course of our journey; and the acquaintance thus casually begun will prove, I trust, as lasting as it was delightful.

Several other ladies, and one or two gentlemen, were occasionally added to the party, but they passed off too quickly to become much known to any of us. I must not, however, omit to mention two very young ladies, who remained all the time we stayed; one of them was an invalid, and came there to take the mineral waters of Draitsch. I never saw anything more sweetly refined and delicate than the demeanour of these young girls. They were quite by themselves; and the simple, unaffected, gentle reserve of their manner was quite beautiful. It was perhaps partly to avoid the attention, which it was evidently their wish to shun, that their dress was so very simple, as to make it impossible to judge their station by it. Had not a very handsome equipage frequently awaited their orders, I confess that, in my insular barbarism, I might have doubted their claims to the rank they really held. It is certain, I believe, that the Ger-

mans do not measure their own importance, or that of their neighbours and friends, by the style and value of their garments, so much as most other people do. They are often extremely well-dressed, but the general simplicity of their toilet is remarkable; and at the churches, the theatres, the public walks, or any other place of general resort, it is by the graceful salute, the delicate hand, or the softly modulated voice, that the noble lady is distinguished ; and not by her lawns and her lace.

My inquiries respecting these two young persons elicited another trait of national manners strikingly peculiar. One of them was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, and the other her friend. They had neither of them a mother ; and as it was thought that the health of one of them would be benefited by the waters of Draitsch, no more idea of difficulty or indecorum was attached to their taking up their abode at Godesberg for the purpose of drinking them, than if they had been young men instead of young women. I cannot pretend to judge what the morality of Germany may be ; but I had frequent opportunities of remarking that the delicacy of female manners is preserved in the greatest perfection.

I have seldom witnessed a prettier gala scene than Godesberg offered on the Sunday that we passed there. The two hotels stand side by side, though not close together; and on the opposite side of the road are large gardens which belong to them. These are not very carefully cultivated, being without any fence from the road ; but they have shady walks and abundance of chairs and benches, whereon lovers of the open air may indulge in reading, meditating, or looking at the cheerful moving scene in front of the hotels. Large groups of donkeys, gay in their scarlet housings, stand ever ready to be mounted before the doors; and large parties of pedestrians often make a promenade there. But on Sunday all this is multiplied tenfold. Carriages from Bonn, and many of the neighbouring villages, come thronging in, filled with happy beings, intent upon a summer day's enjoyment ; while gigs and sociables of every possible variety, crammed with the students of Poppelsdorf and Bonn, rattle past through them with all the desperate gaiety of boyish frolic.

On these occasions the tables d'hôte are doubled and trebled; and the enjoyment of conversation is exchanged for that of seeing a very large party very particularly jovial. But the most pleasing scene is in the evening; when tables are placed in the open air for the coffee, wine, and fruit, which concludes the feasting of the day. The ladies throw their bonnets aside, leaving their fair faces no other protection, but their beautiful and abundant hair. The gentlemen, many of them military, sit near, if a chair can be found: or if not, stand behind them, like courteous cavaliers as they are; excepting when (oh, horror of horrors!) they turn aside from the lovely group and smoke! Were it not for this most hateful practice, I should say that everything I saw of the social habits of Germany was delightful; but this is a stain which sadly disfigures the brightness of the picture. The deplorable habit is nowhere more lamentably conspicuous than at the Universities. It is truly sad to see these fine intelligent-looking young men, with the stupifying pipe continually in their hands, and the tobacco bag slung to their button-hole. Would it were possible to awaken their vanity to the effect which this nauseous practice produces on their appearance! At their age it would be so easy to break the habit! I really have sometimes almost wished, in pity, that the women smoked too. The contrast—the injustice, I may call it—is really too glaring. To expose these delicate, sweet-looking females to the real suffering, which the vicinity of breath infected by tobacco occasions, is positive cruelty.

How strange are the anomalies of the human mind! In the same country where the enthusiasm of sentiment is carried to the highest pitch, and cherished with the fondest reverence, the young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs, which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust.

But I have forgotten the Sunday evening at Godesberg; and must return to it, from the only circumstance which has left a disagreeable impression on my mind during my stay in Germany. I shall never forget the delight which four young students afforded us, after all the rattle of departing carriages was over, and a cool quiet evening had succeeded

to a hot and bustling day. Seated at a little table near the door, they laid their pipes aside; and sung a quartette, of which the mere recollection gives a thrill of pleasure. What voices! what science! yet, this latter term can hardly, I think, be applied to them in the sense we generally use it when speaking of music: for we apply it only to those who have made harmony a long and elaborate study; and this can hardly be the case with these young men, or with the many others, whom we continually heard singing in parts, with such delicate perfection of time and tone, as we rarely find even in the most successful of our professors. "It comes by nature" to a German, and is certainly not the least among the many agreeable reminiscences which a sojourn among them enables one to lay up.

Before leaving Godesberg, we made an excursion to Bonn, by the river. This is a little voyage that should by no means be omitted. I doubt if any point of the Rhine, even between Coblentz and Mayence, offers scenery more lovely than that of the lake effects, produced by the turn of the river, which opens the view of the seven hills on one side, and the beautiful ruin of Godesberg Castle on the other.

My son found time, also, for a long ramble to the Eifel mountains; in the course of which he met with a very agreeable adventure. While inquiring his way to some point he was desirous to reach, he was addressed by a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood; and after a short conversation accepted an invitation to his house.

This gentleman, an officer in the Prussian Lancers, is now on half-pay; and married to a very charming Englishwoman. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality with which Henry was received into their house: and in addition to this, Captain —— had the kindness to accompany him to the Laacher See, a large and very remarkable lake in the neighbourhood. A. this singular spot is quite out of the beat of most of our tourists, I will transcribe the account of it which I find in my son's journal; and also of the walk leading to it from the Rhine, as a guide to any who may have the will and power to visit it. The place at which he and his kind companion commenced their walk, was Linkel, a beautiful village on the eastern bank of the Rhine; and though this be a more distant point than any Rhenish

traveller need start from, whose only object is to visit the Laacher See, I will give the whole of the long day's excursion, as it passes through a very interesting district.

"Leaving Linkel, we proceeded along the eastern bank of the Rhine; after an hour's walk we reached Erpel, an extensive village of poor *vignerons;* and a little beyond this is the celebrated basalt rock, called the Erpel Sei. It is of the columnar basalt; and is reckoned a very fine specimen; and so it certainly is in respect to its size; but for the beauty of the columns, I prefer the quarries opposite Linkel, or Roland Seck; where there is a fine collection of bare columns heaped together in confused masses. From Erpel we continued our walk through the old city of Lintz, and under the interesting chateau of Argentfels, and passed through several small hamlets whose names have escaped me. Having reached Rheinbrohl, we crossed the Rhine, and entered the beautiful valley of the Brohl-thal, which runs nearly at right angles to the Rhine, and leads towards the Eifel mountains. We wound along this deep and narrow valley, till we reached the mineral spring of Soenstein, which, I believe, is a contraction for Antoenstein, or Anthony's stone. The spring contains much fixed air, and tastes very much like soda water. We went into a little inn near the spring; and mixing wine and sugar with some of the water, it effervesced strongly, and made a very refreshing draught. A great quantity of this water is exported, and near the source is a manufactory of stone bottles for the purpose. Here we began to mount the steep hills to the left of the valley. My companion was highly agreeable and entertaining; and when the interest of the surrounding objects flagged, beguiled the way with amusing anecdotes of his military life, and by giving me much valuable information respecting the country. He spoke very highly of the Prussian system of making every man in the kingdom, of whatever rank, to bear arms for three years. Even the king's sons are not exempt from this universal law: they wear the uniform, and do the duty of common soldiers, and stand guard before the palace of Berlin, with a musket on the shoulder. When in society, they wear the same dress as to form and colour; but are then permitted to have it made of a finer material. Captain —— told me that he had had the sons of princes in his troop; who

did all the duty as privates, cleaned their own horses and arms, and stood the usual time on guard.

"As we mounted the hill, we began to see large masses of lava lying in all directions; and the crosses and crucifixes which stood thick upon the road-side, are all carved from the same material. The soil here is not very good; and the farms are small and poor. Another hour's walking, the road rising steeply before us the whole way, brought us to Wapanach, a village not far from the lake we had come to see. Here we ordered our dinner at an inn, which was formerly the castle of a knight, who is said to have committed many black and fearful crimes, and afterwards to have taken refuge in the beautiful monastery, which is still to be seen in admirable preservation on the south-western corner of the lake—and here, *dit-on* he ended his days.

"Leaving Wapanach behind us, we again toiled up to a great height through woods and corn-fields. The woods which surround the Laacher See are royal forest lands, and are of very great extent: they contain much game; deer and wild boars are very abundant in them. When we reached the skirts of this forest, we turned round, and resting on our staffs, enjoyed the magnificent view which this elevated spot commanded. In the distance was the high chain of the Westerwald, to which we looked across the charming valley of the Rhine. To the north were the towering tops of the Seven Mountains, with the singular basalt-capped hills of the Hochwald, speaking plainly of their violent and igneous birth; behind us were the Eifel mountains, on a small branch of which we stood; at our feet wound a little valley, deep sunk between the richly wooded and precipitous hills we had ascended.

"Having gazed on this landscape for a few minutes, we entered the wood; and descending for a short distance, came upon the Laacher See. It would be impossible for me to describe the astonishment I felt, even though prepared for the scene that opened upon me. I had just climbed to a great height, and but a few moments before had been gazing upon distant valleys far beneath me, yet here I stood beside the blue expanse of an inland sea. It appeared to be the effect of magic, and I felt utterly confounded.

"The lake is a mile and half long, and a mile wide; it is

surrounded on all sides by hills, without any visible outlet. To the north and east these hilly banks are very steep, and beautifully wooded to the water's edge, and the pendant boughs dip themselves in the lake. To the west the bank rises more gradually, and pastures border the water, reaching upward to the noble forest, which here also crowns the summit with a most luxuriant growth. To the south are bare, uncultivated peaks, which proclaim a volcanic origin; and their sterile nakedness contrasts finely with the rich foliage and smiling meadows which surround the lake on the other sides. Vast masses of lava lie scattered round; and I have no doubt that they are right, who in this mountain lake think they discover the crater of an extinct volcano.

"The accounts given respecting its waters differ: while some assert that neither the heaviest rains nor the longest droughts ever cause them to rise or fall an inch; others relate, that the inhabitants of the monastery on its edge were once nearly overwhelmed by their sudden swell. This lake is of great depth,—some say it has never been fathomed; and the peasants all declare that bottom it has none. The waters are quite clear, and as blue as in the middle of the Atlantic."

CHAPTER VIII.

Rolandseck—Orlando Furioso—Nonnenworth—Unkel—Neuwied—Coblentz—The Moselle—Steam-boat Passengers—Mayence.

We were not sorry to hear that the delightful party at our table d'hôte was to be broken up by the departure of some of its chief ornaments, on the same day that we had determined upon leaving Godesberg. Had it been otherwise, I think we should have looked behind us with too much regret to have permitted our fully enjoying the journeying forward. As it was, we said adieu as well as we might; and set off on the 17th July in *Mademoiselle's* rattling sociable for Rolandseck. This is a little hamlet of a few houses only, situated at the foot of a basaltic rock, on the summit of which stands the lonely tower of Roland.

Having been assured that this scathed and crumbling fragment was built by no less a wight than the luckless, but magnificent hero of Ariosto, I could not resist my inclination to halt beneath it.

The situation, indeed, is attractive enough to justify the loitering of a day, even to those who felt no interest in the ruin. Exactly opposite to Rolandseck is the pretty island of Nonnenworth, on which stands a very noble mansion, formerly a nunnery, but now a most delightful hotel. Here we decided upon passing the night; after devoting an hour or two to climbing the hill, examining the wonderful formation of basalt of which it is composed, and peering into every nook and cranny of Orlando's Castle. It cannot be denied, I fear, that this idol of romancers was a very faithless and fickle lover; and, questionless, the departure of his wits to the moon was a punishment for his infidelities.

It was one of his numerous love affairs which led to the construction of this most desolate dwelling-place upon the rock above Rolandseck. Its legend tells us of a noble maiden, who, having won the love of the hot-brained Paladin, preferred the sheltering cloister of Nonneworth to all the worldly pleasures he could offer. Whereupon he built this lonely

tower, that he might look upon the roof which sheltered her. But even this sad consolation was not long enjoyed; for one evening, as he stood before his tower, he saw the whole train of nuns issue from the principal gate of the building, and wind round to the entrance of the vaults beneath the chapel. Here they stopped; and a coffin was borne forward from among them, under the low arch of the tomb. The plaintive notes of a funereal chaunt reached his ear,—his heart told him it was the requiem for his love; and, darting from the place where he stood, he dashed down the face of the precipice, springing from rock to rock till he reached the bottom; on arriving there he mounted his war-horse, which ever stood ready, and galloped off to King Charlemagne's court at Aix.

Those who recall this tale while the Rolandseck' rock rises before their eyes, will allow it to be in keeping with many of the feats recorded by Ariosto of this same fiery hero.

As we mounted the zigzag terraces of the vine-covered hill, on which the ruin stands, the notes of a duet of Mozart's, most deliciously sung, reached us by snatches from two young men, who came bounding down the declivity towards us. They politely stood aside, and ceased their song as we passed. I would rather have been rudely jostled, had they but continued it. But we stopped to listen, after they had passed the next turning; and again we heard their rich young voices, like the music of Ariel, floating about us.

It is difficult to give an idea of the sort of magical effect produced by hearing sounds so sweet, and so perfect in their artist-like harmony, from among trees and rocks and desert wildernesses. Often as this happened during our journey, I never ceased to experience from it all the delight produced by pleasure when completely unexpected.

Having been told to see the sun set from Roland's tower, we contrived that so it should be; and I beg to transmit the same recommendation to all who may chance to follow in our track. It must have been from some such spot, and at such an hour, that Claude studied those effects of light and darkness which "enchant the world."

On descending from Rolandseck, we crossed to the island of Nonnenworth, with just light enough left to show us the most perfect reflections on the water that I ever saw.

As it is my especial ambition that these volumes should become a profitable guide-book to all who may travel by the route they describe, I will venture, even at the risk of being tedious, to dwell a little upon the charms of this beautiful island, and on the peculiar interest of its solitary mansion. I am principally led to do so by the statement of our host at the hotel; who told me that before steamboats were established on the Rhine, all travellers, especially the English, used to come in crowds to his house, and pass a week or fortnight there, exploring the country on both sides, in every direction: "But now," he added piteously, "they drive past, as fast as they can go, and never set foot on shore, except at night, from Amsterdam to Mayence."

Though not so deeply interested in the affair as the innkeeper, I really lament this alteration in the mode of travelling; for I am convinced that the expressions of disappointment, which we must all have occasionally heard of late from our touring friends, respecting the scenery of this celebrated river, arise chiefly from the earlier pictures of it having been given by such as have loitered through every "dingle and bushy dell" upon its banks. Those who have watched its majestic waters, not from the crowded stern of a steamboat, but while luxuriating in the shelter of some deep cool valley, winding upward from its banks; or have looked down upon them from the dark shade of a ruined watch-tower, perched so high as to make the broad stream itself but a small feature in the landscape; or indulged themselves, perhaps, for hours in gazing, when lovelier still, its bosom gave back the bright image of a moon-lit sky, while rocks and ruins hung their black shadows over it,—may well paint it differently from the tourist of later days; who knows it only by standing on the deck of a vessel, with a panoramic view of the Rhine in his hand, turning his head this side to see one ruin, and that side to see another;—his finger placed with nervous eagerness upon some famous promontory, and his thumb on a first-rate castle,—while kept in a state of feverish agitation, lest the panting engine should bear him out of reach before he can get a peep at either.

Before this mode of seeing the Rhine became the fashion, Nonnenworth was one of the favourite points at which travellers took up their rest; and there are a multitude of rea-

sons, both real and fanciful, that render it a spot of peculiar attraction. The real reasons must of course rank first; and these are,—its possessing the very best accommodation in every way; excellent rooms, excellent cuisine, excellent wines; and, though last not least, its being in a neighbourhood abounding with objects of every kind that can most interest an intelligent traveller. For its fanciful advantages—it might perhaps be wiser to keep them to myself; and so I would, did I not believe that many others would feel as much gratification as I did, in exploring every part of this magnificent nunnery, with all its distinctive features carefully preserved, and the traces of its late holy tenants still legible on every part of it.

Nonnenworth was a very rich establishment for a numerous society of noble recluses, when Napoleon took possession of the country. He signified his will that it should share the fate of all the similar institutions which had fallen into his hands. But, by some means or other, the holy ladies got access to Josephine; and received her promise, that she would use all her influence to obtain permission from the Emperor for them to keep possession of their island and their fane, as long as any of them should survive. This was granted, but on express condition that no new sisters were to be received. For several years the society continued to exist, though gradually decreasing. Nothing, as my informant told me, and she knew them well, could be more mournful than the meeting of this lessening band at the hours of re-union. The stately gallery of the chapel, which formerly was hardly large enough to hold them, seemed, as the melancholy remnant entered it, to stretch over the tombs below, only to show the graves that waited for them.

While the abbess lived, the remaining sisters dreamed not of the possibility of leaving her: but when they lost her, the survivors, then reduced to six, had not courage to watch further the work of death within their little circle; each perhaps hoping, yet fearing, to be the last. It was too much even for the disciplined spirits of nuns to bear: so they disposed of their remaining interest in the island, and each retired to such relations and friends as their long seclusion had left them.

I heard this history from one who had resided in the convent during its last sad years; and though neither old nor ugly, it was evident that she did not consider the destruction of a convent as a jubilee for its inmates.

It has been probably with a view of increasing the attractions of his establishment to foreigners, that the present proprietor of Nonnenworth has suffered the monastery to remain so nearly in the same state as when inhabited by its nuns. The building is very extensive, and in many respects extremely handsome. Several noble flights of stairs lead from the chambers below to a magnificent corridor, which runs round the whole edifice; and though its vast extent receives no light, except from the large high windows at each corner, it is rather solemn than dark. A row of low doors, very low in proportion to the great height of the galleries, open on either side; and mark the cells, which, at no very distant period, were the abode of some of the noblest ladies in Germany. Many of these remain exactly as they were, and make very comfortable sleeping rooms; those on one side looking into a large quadrangle, surrounded by the venerable cloister, and now laid out as a flower-garden; and those on the other commanding some of the finest views on the Rhine.

As we were led through this echoing gallery to the apartments destined for us, we passed before a door, which, instead of being low like the others, was lofty and folding. It stood partly open, and the attendant, who preceded us, pushed it together, but not so as completely to close it. Being a few steps behind my companions, and feeling curious to know to what this stately door-way could lead, I put my hand upon the heavy lock, pulled it open, and entered; when I was startled to find myself in a wide gallery, which overhung the chapel. It was very nearly dark; and the little light left just served to make every object look like something it was not. Monumental figures had the air of kneeling nuns; and the very altars seemed full of shapeless mystery. I quickly retreated and overtook my companions, who were passing before another lofty door, which, on being opened, discovered an interior staircase; and beyond it still, another high and handsome folding door, leading into a very noble saloon. This chamber, and another still grander

room, that was shown us next day, were formerly used on state occasions, when the Elector of Cologne held a court at Nonnenworth.

Having signified our approbation of this apartment, the attendant led the way to a *ci-devant* cell beside it; and asked, if that sleeping chamber would please Madame ! Nothing could be more comfortable than its appearance. The window looked upon Rolandseck, now visible by the moonlight ; and after admiring this for a moment, I turned to examine another window over which a curtain was drawn. On removing it, I perceived that the casement it covered was open ; and that I again looked down upon the gloomy chapel. As I do not profess a belief in supernatural visitations, I am rather at a loss to account for the sudden distaste I conceived for this pretty little cell, as a sleeping apartment. Certain it is, however, that I chose another.

When going over the house on the following morning, I asked my conductor to show me the late abbess's room : but this, she said, she could not do, as it was occupied by an English clergyman ; who had been some weeks in the house; together with two or three young men, whom she believed to be his pupils. She added, that he read English prayers in the gallery of the chapel ; and that one or two English families in the neighbourhood joined his little congregation every Sunday. I could not learn his name from her, though she tried to recall it ; which I regretted, as I should have been happy to have learned who the gentleman was who showed so excellent a taste in his choice of a retreat for the purposes of study.

Before leaving the island, we carefully explored every part of it. The undertaking was not one of much fatigue; for the extent of this pretty territory does not exceed one hundred and sixty acres; but the views from the different parts of it are very beautiful. To the north is the "castled crag of Drachenfels," infinitely finer when seen from thence than in any other direction. To the east is the opening of the wavy valley of the Rhine; on one of whose sunny slopes a brother of Lord Portarlington has made for himself a little paradise. To the west stands the melancholy, but most picturesque tower of Rolandseck, with the octagon

columns of its basaltic rock; and to the south the Rhine loses itself among mountains that shut it in like a lake.

The chief part of the island is occupied by a large wheat-field; but near the house are ample gardens and orchards; and the whole extent of its shores have a growth of under-wood, affording innumerable pretty nooks for the sketchers or gazers who wish to study, in shade and at ease, the lovely scenes that present themselves in all directions.

At eleven o'clock we took a reluctant leave of this sweet and quiet spot; and having hired a little skiff for the purpose, were towed up the river to Unkel. I had here the pleasure of being introduced to my son's agreeable new friends, and found them all he had described. There are some incidents in life that make a deep impression, more from the manner in which they occur than from their real importance. Such, perhaps, was the case as to my short, but delightful, visit at Unkel. The frank, gentlemanly cordiality of Captain ——; the bright, glowing animation of his charming dark-eyed wife, as she welcomed a countrywoman; their lovely children; their elegant yet perfectly rustic dwelling, with its books and its music, its flowers and its vines; had altogether something so very delightful to the heart and the fancy, that, after it was all over, and we had got on board the steam-boat for Coblentz—after we had seen them wave their last adieu from the shore, and finally lost sight of Unkel and them—I could hardly persuade myself that the last hour had not been passed in a delightful dream.

The waking, however, was not so painful as one sometimes feels it, when obliged to give up all the bright nothings of a morning vision: for a sober and certain recollection remained of having met a group of just such beings as one should like to see the world peopled withal. Nothing tends more to put one in good humour with oneself and everything else, than such an advent· re; and I am certain that the *bergs* and the *steins*, the *fels* and the *thals*, by which we flew along on our way to Coblentz, appeared vastly more beautiful than they would have done without it. Nevertheless, the river is "an exulting and abounding river;" and dash through it as rapidly as you may, it has beauty which will make itself felt.

The appearance of the flourishing town of Neuwied is

striking, from its great dissimilarity to all others on the Rhine. It is not a hundred years since it was founded, 1737 being the date of its oldest edifice. It has been the pleasure, or the policy of its prince, not only to tolerate, but to encourage the residence of every denomination of religionists; and the consequence is that the population of Neuwied more resembles that of an American than of a German town. Its present prince has a very pretty chateau and park on the hills which inclose the vast amphitheatre in which the town is situated. To this he has given the name of "Mon Repos;" but it is rarely, it seems, that he permits himself to enjoy it. He is a great naturalist; and his love of science has led him rather to an enterprising than a luxurious existence. He is now residing, we were told, for the second time, among the native tribes of South America.

The approach to Coblentz is very grand. The commanding fortress of Ehrenbreistein, showing no longer a "shattered wall," but magnificent in its extent of splendid masonry, spreads far and wide over the rock that fronts the city, on the opposite side of the river. The Moselle and the Rhine unite at the point at which the city of Coblentz is built; and all the elevated points on the banks of either are covered with fortifications.

As soon as we had secured apartments, we set off to wander through the town; and to see as much of the Moselle as a walk of two hours would show us. On our way we passed the monument erected in the market-place; which has perhaps caused as much strong feeling as any that ever was constructed. The inscription is as follows:—

Anno 1812.
Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes, sous le Préfecture de Jules Douzan.

Vu, et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblentz, le 1re Janvier, 1814.

This presumptuous and ill-advised monument was erected by Napoleon, when on his route to Russia; and the biting addition to the inscription was subjoined, after his discomfiture, in a spirit easily understood, and easily to be justified.

Yet I almost started as I read it; and thought the wit something in the style of the jokes indulged in by Petit André, when hanging up his merry play-fellows on the gallows-tree. I should have liked it better, had I heard of it as uttered at a mess-table, than seeing it as thus inscribed on brass.

We crossed the bridge over the Moselle, which is here certainly less "blue" than brown; but ere we returned from our excursion, we saw it enter a defile of wooded hills, which made us long to follow it.

The bridge itself, as well as every avenue leading to it, appear to be as powerfully protected by fortifications, as the art of the engineer can make them; and there is no part of the city more picturesque and interesting. The buildings, particularly the more ancient ones, are of that strange incomprehensible shape which sets the imagination at work to discover what such mysterious turrets could be intended for; and why such depth and height of walls should ever have been fabricated without a window. It is very certain, that if there be infinite delight in seeing and understanding clearly on some occasions, there is almost equal pleasure, at others, in losing oneself in wild conjecture; and permitting the mind to wander as far as possible from well-established facts, and the sober certainty of every-day life.

Yet, with all this, I did not greatly admire the appearance of the city. But this might be owing solely to my finding no fine churches in it. To a peaceable Christian, like myself, the sight of a magnificent fortress is certainly less attractive than that of a magnificent cathedral.

The next morning, at five o'clock, we were again afloat; and had not left Coblentz many hours before it was decided among us, that such a country, as we were then passing, must not be so looked at for the last time. A short consultation of the map, joined to the flying glances we were able to take of all that was flitting by, soon decided how, when, and where we should fix ourselves for the purpose of seeing with pleasure the objects which almost put us out of breath to enumerate as we shot past them. This resolution once taken, I relaxed in some degree from the labour of twisting my neck this way and that way to look at the banks; and ventured to give some portion of my attention to the scene on board. It must be confessed that there is something very amusing in

the humours of a steam-boat, when one takes leisure to observe them. Our "Princess Marianne," however, had none of the vulgar features of a Margate packet. Nothing vulgar, in the ordinary sense of the word, met the eye in any direction; but there was a good deal of *genteel comedy*, which it was the more agreeable to watch, as all the actors in it appeared extremely happy.

My first study was a newly married pair. That they were such could not admit of a doubt. They were English, and came on board at Coblentz, with a handsome carriage, a smart man and maid-servant, but no companion save each other. It was evident that he wanted no other; she was very pretty, and he was decidedly very much in love. Had she possessed but two grains more intelligence, the little scenes that passed between them would have been sacred, rather than ridiculous: but who could resist a smile at seeing the frequent yawn hid in the embroidered handkerchief, as the enamoured young man sought to raise some of the delightful sensations he felt himself, by reading in her ear from a beautiful pocket Byron? I doubt not but the lines—

> "Could thy dear eyes in following mine
> Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine,"

were among his selections. But it would not do: her eyes did not follow—nay, they did not even meet his. He was so really amiable and animated in his endeavours to amuse this fair automaton, that I sat musing as to what could be passing in her mind to render her so completely callous to all he could say or do: and at last I unravelled the mystery. It was not that she had given her hand without her heart—it was not that her fancy wandered back to some one more beloved—it was simply—that she was hungry.

After a long silence on her part, she whispered something in his ear; he darted from her side, gave a look forward, as I fancied, for his servant, but not seeing him, ran down the cabin stairs himself with dangerous velocity, and, after a short interval, returned with tidings which seemed greatly to cheer his companion. Again he sought to amuse her by reading—in vain. "To beguile the time," he should have "looked like the time," which was of luncheon. At

length a waiter appeared with a tray of smoking cutlets. I could hardly wonder that the young man was anxious to please his pretty bride; for I never saw smile more bright and beautiful than the one she gave him, as he prepared her plate, and arranged her feet upon a footstool, so as to make it steady on her lap. I only wished, for his sake, that it had been born of a more sentimental cause, than the apparition of a mutton steak. Yet after all it was hardly fair to quiz her for it. She had probably breakfasted at a miserably early hour; and who, under such circumstances, but would have smiled as sweetly as they could?

Another group, forming perhaps a fairer subject for pleasantry, consisted of a handsome woman, but not quite young, and a magnificent *militaire*, not quite old. They were certainly not married, nor were they English. It was one of those vehement flirtations, which, if carried on at all, should find a less public scene of action than the deck of a steamboat.

Close by these, but quite unheeded by them, stood a pair of young ladies, sketching in two little books, à l'envie l'une de l'autre. It seemed to be a match against time, as well as against each other; and the odds were a hundred to one against their finishing the first turret of their castle, before it was half a mile behind them.

Then there were bustling young men, of more nations than one, twisting about, guide-book in hand, and occasionally enjoying the landscape through an eye-glass. Some of these I observed to be great linguists, who would probably have found little difficulty in pursuing their labours even in the tower of Babel. I heard one of them address a boatman on coming on board as follows:—"Woolen sie put cela avec the baggage?" But the man seemed used to the style, and testified neither surprise nor merriment.

The multitude of "chiefless castles," with which this part of the river is studded, is prodigious; and as old records speak not much of the peaceable temper of their former lords, the neighbourhood must, in days of yore, have been a rough one to dwell in. Every little town, too, by the water's side, is fenced about with towers and battlements; and tell sad tales of the rude visitings they expected to receive.

Travelling upon the Rhine is like reading a romance in

hieroglyphics. Not a mile, often not half a one, is passed without coming upon some object, which, to the very dullest fancy, must suggest ideas of power, of pomp, of struggle and renown, of danger and of death. The very act of building these eagles' nests, on pinnacles which few tame animals would venture to climb, speaks a sort of daring hardihood, somewhat difficult to be understood in these days of peaceful comfort. As to the lonely ladies, of whom chronicles say that every castle made its boast, they must have been drawn up by windlasses; for in no other way, I think, could they have ever reached some of the strongholds which stand so grimly alone upon the mountain-tops.

Unfortunately, these interesting remains came thicker and faster upon us as the hour of dinner approached : and, when we were actually seated at table, notice was given, by such as caught a passing glance through the windows, of such wondrous congregations of fortified towns, mouldering monasteries, and castled crags, that half the company started upon their feet, and the other half nearly choked themselves in the hope of getting their dinner despatched before all the ruins were out of sight. Had the ruthless spirits of the barons themselves animated these towers, over which they once held cruel sway, even they could hardly have desired to produce upon us, by their aspect, more distressing effects. The seats of one half the company being fixed to the sides of the vessel, those who occupied them had to creep under the table every time a fresh burst of enthusiasm arose. This happened no less than three times, during the dinner of this day, to a French gentleman, who sat immediately opposite to me. Had I or my neighbours been forociously disposed, it would have been easy to have "whipped the offending Adam out of Him," for he grovelled in so extraordinary a manner among the feet of the company before he could extricate himself, that the visual organs he was so anxious to indulge ran great risk of being severely damaged, if not destroyed for ever.

Though I had previously decided upon indulging myself with another and more tranquil survey of the objects we were passing, I at last left the table in utter despair of being permitted to sit at it with any degree of comfort, and went upon deck, not so much for the sake of seeing what was in-

deed very beautiful, as to escape suffering from the fitful fever of my opposite neighbour, who ceased not to crawl forth when castles came; yet, whenever we passed a few yards without one, never failed to return, with renewed appetite, to his chicken-bones and Moselle.

Those who choose to see the Rhine from a steamboat, should decidedly make up their minds not to eat dinners between Cologne and Mayence; or, if this exceed their power, they should content themselves with eating, like my fair bride, with their plate upon their knees, without quitting the deck; and so placed as to enable them to look on either side with as little dislocation of the neck as possible.

It must not be thought, however, that because I sometimes withdrew my eyes from the landscape to look at my neighbours I was insensible to the great beauty, nay, sublimity, of the scenery between Coblentz and Mayence. This part of the river is by far the most beautiful; and there are some points which rather exceeded than fell short of the expectations I had formed.

While remarking the inconvenience which a too rapid mode of travelling through scenes so beautiful occasions, I remembered that nearly all I had seen of the Hudson was while running up and down it in a steamboat :—and, though the movement was at least as rapid, or even more so, I could not recall anything like the same vexation from the circumstance. The reason of this, certainly, is not that the Hudson is less beautiful ;—on the contrary, I think the scenery near West Point, and, generally speaking, the whole of that portion called the Highlands, decidedly superior to any part of the Rhine : but it arises from the infinite variety of interest which the combinations of history and romance throw over every inch of the European stream.

I well remember that I thought we passed too quickly by the tree under which poor André was made prisoner ; and that I gazed upon the spot till I could see it no longer. But when this was over, the banks of the Hudson had nothing but their own loveliness to fill the mind ; and though this be much, the spirit enjoys it more tranquilly than when a thousand associations rouse up as many different springs of feeling in the heart.

Before reaching Mayence the banks of the river become

comparatively tame; soon after Bingen the rocks close altogether; and hanging slopes, covered with vineyards, take their place. The far-famed hill of Johannisberg, with the mansion of Prince Metternich on its summit, is seen rising in terraces from the plain which skirts the water's edge, rich in its precious growth of unequalled wine.

The almost unvaried continuance of the vineyards is certainly a great defect in the scenery of the Rhine; but here again association helps to make us regard with pleasure what is neither beautiful nor sublime. For who can look upon the promise of so much wealth and enjoyment, and wish it other than it is? The delicious Stein wine is cause of least offence in this respect; for the grape from which it is made grows almost from the fissures of the rocks, and in little patches of such wild irregularity, as rather to increase than diminish the charm of the prospect.

Bieberich, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Nassau, is a splendid ornament to the scenery on the eastern bank, a few miles below Mayence; and the fortresses of Castel and Kostheim, with the bridge of boats, and the picturesque towers of the cathedral, all contribute to make the approach to the city, by water, a scene of great beauty and interest.

CHAPTER IX.

Mayence—Cathedral—Francfort—Theatre—Cathedral—St. Catharine's—Cemetery—Jewish Synagogue—Luther—Hesse-Homboarg.

MAYENCE is another very interesting old city, as I think everybody must allow; but I believe the report of its claims to beauty will depend greatly upon the temper of the traveller, according to the principle laid down in Franklin's story of the man with one handsome and one ugly leg. The good-tempered traveller will remember its handsomest streets and public buildings, its beautiful gardens, and the picturesque effect of its multitude of Asiatic-looking domes and minarets; but the cross and melancholy traveller will not easily forget its narrower streets, its dirty pavement, or its villanous smells. Its beautiful situation, however, none can fail to acknowledge; and it has the great advantage of being situated within easy reach of many places of first-rate attraction. Francfort, Wiesbaden, Inglehcim, and all the beauties of the lovely Rhingau, are within a morning's ride of Mayence.

This city is one of those which severally claim the glory of having witnessed the invention of printing within their walls; and it stoutly vindicates its pretensions, in spite of all that Strasburg or Haarlem can adduce to the contrary.—The house where Gutenberg first used his moveable types, is shown as one of the proudest boasts of the city.

The cathedral is large and splendid, but by no means beautiful. It has, in fact, been so battered and bruised by the eternal wars of which Mayence has been the victim, that it is now little more than a vast and costly mass of reparations. The monuments, which have been wonderfully preserved, are highly curious:—that of Fastrada, one of the wives of Charlemagne, bearing date 794, and another of the old troubadour Frauenlob, 1218, cannot be seen with indifference.

Archbishops and Electors lie here in great magnificence. Among the latter are some who assisted at the coronation of

more than one Emperor ;—a piece of good fortune quaintly commemorated on their tombs. There is one monument of great antiquity, on which the effigies of the entombed Elector is represented as putting crowns on the brows of two imperial personages, whose figures kneeling before him seem to knock their heads together in order to place them conveniently for receiving the symbols of empire.

There are two high altars in this church; one at the east, the other at the west end : the same thing, I am told, is to be seen at Spires and at Worms, but nowhere else. The effect is very strange. The font of bronze, of the year 1325, is superb ; and the brass doors, which open from the market-place, and which are of a still earlier date, are wonderfully ingenious and elaborate.

But the object which pleased me most, in this strange collection of old and new curiosities, was a fine antique head of Jupiter, in white marble. It is placed beneath a monument fixed in a wall, at the north-east corner of the church, near the door which leads out to the cloisters; but how it came there we could by no means learn. The head is set between wings; the finish of these, the graceful flow of the beard, with the noble expression of the imperial countenance, are all admirable.

Mayence is garrisoned by Prussians and Austrians ;—I believe, in equal numbers. It is considered as one of the most important fortresses of the Germanic Confederation. The civil department belongs to the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt; and a few soldiers of that state are seen mixed among the Austrians and Prussians, who do the military duties of the garrison.

On the following day we started for Francfort by the diligence, and were nearly four hours on the road. We passed by the little village of Hockheim, and looked with great respect towards the vineyards which we were told produced the genuine Hockheimer.

On our way we saw a village funeral, and it appeared as though the whole of the rustic population had left their labour, to do honour to the dead ; for above two hundred peasants followed the corpse. The females walked first, all dressed in decent black gowns and white hoods; the men following in their ordinary Sunday attire.

Almost as soon as you enter Francfort, you become aware of its neatness, its beauty, its venerable antiquity, and its modern splendour. Francfort has no "ugly leg" to remark upon, and the most splenetic traveller must, I think, allow himself to be pleased by the numerous *agrémens* it has to offer.

We fixed ourselves in the *Hôtel de Paris*, where we found excellent accommodation; and, after a breakfast *a la fourchette*, set forth to perambulate the town. However impatient we felt to see the streets and examine the buildings, it was quite impossible to resist the trees and flowers which drew us aside, ere we had proceeded a hundred yards, into the beautiful public garden that entirely surrounds the city. The beauty, salubrity, and luxury of this arrangement, cannot be fully appreciated without visiting this delightful place. I never saw such a profusion of flowers, and flowering shrubs, in any other garden; and the manner in which the walks are planned, sometimes running through narrow and shady alleys, and sometimes opening into broad and handsome promenades, leaves nothing to be wished for.

It was not without difficulty that I was at last persuaded to turn from this beautiful garden towards the streets of the town;—nor did I leave it till I had walked for nearly a mile through roses, carnations, lilies, honeysuckles, and everything else of the sweetest and best which a garden can present.

Why is it impossible to teach my dear countrymen and countrywomen that flowers may be enjoyed without the assistance of the fingers? Had the gardens of Francfort been inclosed by a wall as high as that of Babylon, the preservation of the flowers could not have been more perfect:—yet groups of children were playing in every direction, and the benches were occupied by people of all degrees. It must, however, be confessed, that at Francfort, this expression includes nothing either disorderly or sordid—at least I saw no such persons.

Having at length re-entered the town, we wandered on through handsome streets and noble squares, till I was too tired to do more than return by the shortest cut we could find, to our hotel.

We had previously decided upon passing our evening at

the theatre, and found it necessary to hurry through our dinner, as the performance was to begin at six. Mrs. K., the lady of the British consul, had obligingly offered us places in her box.

The first impression on entering the Francfort theatre is made by the extreme plainness of the house. I never saw any so little ornamented, and it can hardly be doubted that a little more decoration would be an improvement.

The play was "The Brothers,"—a very close translation of "The Woman never Vexed." The acting was excellent; and, in spite of our imperfect German, we had no difficulty in following the fable throughout.

Though, I fear, it would be impossible for us, or, perhaps, any other people than Germans, to follow the example, I must still say a few words upon some peculiarities of the Francfort theatre; as it is, in my judgment, more completely what a place of this kind ought to be, than any I ever saw or heard of. The absence of ornament in the part occupied by the audience, is its only defect, and is, perhaps, of no great importance; nay, it probably adds to the splendid effect of the scene. But the first indisputable excellence I shall mention, is its size. A more just medium could hardly be imagined, between the vastness which obliges the performer to distort, if I may so express it, both features and voice, and the diminutiveness, which would not permit even full houses to furnish funds sufficient to supply the expenses of a first-rate performance. Its next advantage consists in giving one piece only:—the entertainment continues just long enough to amuse without fatiguing. But the last, and infinitely the greatest excellence, consists in the manners of the audience, in which there is such an entire absence of every species of indecorum, as to render the theatre as safe as the drawing-room. The consequence is, that females of all ranks enter it, with as much modest, unembarrassed freedom, as they would their homes; and they are equally secure there from insult or alarm as they would be at home.

Nearly all the boxes are let by the year; and the ladies enter them alone, without fuss or parade of any kind. I saw several ladies (who, as I happened to know, had come there in their carriages) take off their bonnets, and hang them on the pins with which the back of every box is fur-

nished, with a degree of unembarrassed ease and comfort which was quite delightful.

The evening parties take place after the play or opera; and as the dinner hour is generally early, the performances interfere with nothing. In a word, the theatre of Francfort is so arranged, as to add a great intellectual pleasure to life, without any one drawback whatsoever.

The following day was Sunday. We first attended mass in the Catholic cathedral, and the Lutheran service afterwards in the new oval church of St. Paul's. In the afternoon we heard another Lutheran service performed at St. Catherine's. The Catholic cathedral is said to be the latest specimen of genuine old German architecture; it was completed in 1509; and is built in the form of a cross. It has little beauty of any kind to recommend it; but as it has been neither injured nor embellished by any alterations, it forms an interesting specimen. The machinery of a huge clock, curious from the extreme complexity of its movements, is shown among other "lions" of the edifice. No stately monuments of Archbishops and Electors are to be seen here, but there are tombs of Burgomasters innumerable. There are, moreover, some Knights Templars buried in this cathedral, whose martial trophies adorn the walls with very picturesque effect. The chancel, which is very large, was most completely crowded in every part. One priest alone officiated at the altar, and he had not the tonsure:—we counted thirteen at the celebration of high mass at Cologne. This difference is very remarkable, and would seem to indicate that the wealth, which flows so liberally into Francfort, does not find its way into the hands of the Catholics. The congregation consisted evidently of the lower classes; and the crowd which filled the aisles so closely, as to render it impossible to pass through them, had chiefly the air of peasants of the neighbourhood. The female head-dress among them was extremely neat and pretty; particularly for matrons. It consisted of a small silk cap, generally black, with a ribbon bound over the neatly braided hair, and hanging in long bows and streamers behind. But I thought it less becoming to the young; as it concealed too much of the luxuriant hair, which is so beautiful a feature in German girls.

The new Lutheran church is a magnificent temple. It is

an immense oval, with a vaulted roof of great height and boldness. Three light and elegant galleries run round the lofty walls. The lowest of these is supported by twenty noble pillars of marble. This church, also, was completely full, and offered a most brilliant *coup-d'œil;* the ladies filling the entire floor, and the gentlemen the galleries, or the space immediately under them. Of the multitude who filled this vast church, there was not a single individual who was not perfectly well-dressed. It was decidedly the most elegant-looking assembly I ever saw in a church. That at the Catholic cathedral at Baltimore approached the nearest to it; but the company there was neither so numerous nor so well displayed. This beautiful edifice was just completed; and I thought it a piece of good fortune not to have arrived till it was so.

The old church of St. Catherine's, founded by a Knight Templar, is well worth visiting. It is now Lutheran; and we there heard one of those glorious universal hymns, which, when they rise from a congregation of German voices, produce an effect so indescribably solemn and affecting, as never to be forgotten.

This reformed old church looks as if it had resigned the ancient faith reluctantly, at least as to outward appearance; for the symbols of Catholicism are still visible in every part of it. Pictures, crosses, and carved representations of the Passion abound. The only conspicuous change is at the altar, from which the ark for the elements of the Eucharist, and the great candlesticks, have been removed, and the whole covered with plain velvet. It has a fine altar-piece by Boos. The walls of this church are literally covered from top to bottom with monuments.

In the evening we went to the Opera, and were again kindly admitted to Mrs. K——'s box. The performance was the Bestalin of Spontini. It is a delightful opera, and was most gloriously performed. The chorusses have an effect, at least when performed by Germans, which I am at a loss how to describe:—they are sounds of feeling, of passion, and of eloquence. The indignation I have experienced from seeing the plays of Shakspeare turned into operas, would have been spared, I think, had I heard them performed

here. Never was music so lawfully "married to immortal verse" as in this country.

Mademoiselle Gned, who played the part of Julia, has a voice of great power; but as yet it seems almost more than she can manage. She has great merit also as an actress, and showed much animation and feeling;—but she should study the perfect harmony of Pasta's movements. It is no trifling addition to the pleasure of an opera, when we can say of the prima donna—

"Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay;"

and, as a lady's raised arms must either "float upon the air," or pierce through it, it is well worth some study to acquire the power of choosing which it shall be. Mademoiselle Gned is, however, a young actress of great promise, and two or three years will probably bring her into general notice.

How delightful it is to come away from such an entertainment as this with the spirits perfectly fresh and unwearied! Instead of dragging to bed, with the head aching, the heart asleep, and the imagination utterly extinguished, we leave the theatres of Germany exactly in a state to feel, or fancy, ourselves above all mortal cares and discomforts; and, I think, the evening parties which succeed them must see the very best of our social faculties in activity.

I had the pleasure, on this evening, of being introduced to Madame Göethe, the daughter-in-law of the immortal poet and philosopher. She is a lady of very pleasing manners, and has an air of great intelligence and animation; she speaks English of the most perfect purity and elegance. It seemed to me no small privilege to hold converse with a person bearing a name so illustrious.

After the opera we went to the public gardens near the river; we were told that they had been extremely full, but the company were then departing rapidly. The orchestra, chiefly of wind instruments, performed some pieces of Mozart very beautifully; but, as about two men out of every three we met (let the companion beside each be as lovely as she might) were armed with that instrument of torture a tobacco-pipe, these gardens, when most brilliantly filled, could not be agreeable to me. Happily, smoking is not allowed in theatres or drawing-rooms; and as long as this

continues to be the case, it is very possible, by a little skill and good management, to confine one's sufferings from this source, to sorrow arising from the sight of so glaring a defect, in a people so admirable in other respects.

I was surprised at being told, in answer to an inquiry on the subject, which I addressed to a Protestant, that the Calvinists and Lutherans frequent the Sunday opera, quite as much as any other people. The only difference, indeed, which I perceived at Francfort, from towns entirely Catholic, was, that no shops were open on a Sunday; and this I was assured arose from no religious restraint, but solely from such a degree of ease in the general circumstances of the citizens, as rendered attention to business on the seventh day quite unnecessary. The same reason causes all the shops in the town to be closed at seven o'clock every evening, as no one will suffer business to interfere with his hours of recreation.

There certainly is, however, something very remarkable in the religious aspect of Francfort. I believe there is no denomination of Christians, which cannot be found there; each of them having one or more places of worship. These are uniformly filled twice every Sunday with devout and observant congregations. But, at about six o'clock, every church and chapel is closed; and from that hour, there is scarcely an individual to be found who is not actively engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Lutheran, all join in the universal jubilee. The wide circuit of the public walks is gaily filled in every part; the theatre overflows; the cafés and guinguettes are thronged; and I was assured that dancing, music, and feasting, are universally, and equally, enjoyed by all sects and denominations throughout the city.

It should seem from this, that the lawgivers of this *Friestadt* act much upon the same principles as did our first King Charles, of pious memory, and his martyred Protestant Archbishop Laud, when they put forth "The Book of Sport;" which not only legalized, but enjoined diversions for the people on the Sunday.

Another circumstance, which is remarkable, when viewed together with this manner of passing the Christian Sabbath, is, that on Friday evenings, after the Jewish Sabbath has

begun, the theatre is always closed. Why this is thought necessary no one could tell me; though all allowed that it was done "because it was the Jews' Sabbath." At the same hour on Saturday, when this rigid Jewish observance ends, Jews and Christians are again permitted to amuse themselves. The proportion of Jews to Protestant Christians, is stated to be about one to ten.

Whether anything like poverty, or real want, is to be found at Francfort, I know not; but certainly nothing approaching it ever meets the eye; nor did I ever see any place so perfectly well ordered, and free from nuisances of all kinds.

I had a great deal of conversation on the politics of this fair and free city, with a gentleman who has long resided there. He told me, that no people could be better satisfied with the laws that governed them, than the citizens of Francfort; and stated, as a proof of it, their having witnessed, with so much approbation, the arrival of Prussian and Austrian troops, when some political disturbances appeared to threaten the stability of their institutions. He spoke with great indignation of the injustice of foreign newspapers, and particularly of the English, for representing the riotous frolic of a few noisy young men, as affording indications of a general revolutionary spirit.

I will transcribe his words, as I find them in my notes, having set them down immediately after the conversation took place.

"C'était une bonne plaisanterie de voir courir de journal en journal l'effrayante annonce d'une mouvement révolutionnaire à Francfort.—Voulez-vous savoir, Madame, l'histoire de cette émeute redoubtable? Cela ne vous prendra pas long tems, car la révolution était terminée précisément trois heures et demi après sa commencement. C'était assez pour remplir les journaux, effrayer les honnêtes gens, et faire chanter les vauriens. Cependant, tout cela n'était qu'un fracas dans la rue."

We had the pleasure of dining with the British Minister: the party was quite a small one, and I had reason to feel particularly gratified, by the invitation being sent as soon as my card was received, for we were so much birds of passage, that I must otherwise have lost the pleasure of making the

acquaintance of one of the most charming women I ever met. Lady C., who is of a German family of high rank, has the appearance, though she has been some years married, of extreme youth ; and her graceful animated manner is that of a young person highly born, and highly educated, full of intelligence and information, but simple and unaffected to perfection. Another charm, which greatly increased my pleasure in conversing with her, was the peculiar and chosen elegance of her English.

She took us a delightful drive to a pretty woodland scene near the town; where, in seasons of peculiar gaity, and particularly at Easter, the population of Francfort resort, to amuse themselves by smoking, drinking, and dancing in the shade. The *beau monde* on these occasions make it their fashionable drive, and often leave their carriages, to mix with the joyous crowd.

The banks of the Maine have no very noble features here; but they are thickly studded with pretty villas, belonging to the wealthy merchants ; and the whole neighbourhood has an air of affluence and comfort. I was amused by the mode of towing vessels up the stream : the horses employed to perform this service are ridden into the middle of the river, where they proceed to draw the flat-bottomed craft after them ; sometimes, as it appeared to me, at the risk of drowning both horse and rider.

The public gallery of pictures and casts is a delightful lounge. This institution owes its origin to a splendid bequest from a citizen of the name of Stadel ; and the collection has been since greatly augmented at the expense of the town. The building, prepared to receive it, is so elegantly decorated, that it is itself a beautiful exhibition ; and the only fault, if fault it may be called, is, that the beauty of the rooms divides the attention of the spectator, and withdraws the eye too much from the objects they contain. This museum has some very valuable old Flemish pictures, many curious original drawings, and a fine collection of casts from the antique. The picture that pleased me best was the portrait of a burgomaster, by Matsys, bearing date 1482. The finish and life of the head are wonderful. There is also, by Rubens, a child amusing herself with some toy. She is dressed in all the quaint stiffness of Flemish *bon ton*, but

certainly looks as nearly alive as it is possible for canvass to do.

It was not till our second visit to this city, on our return from Baden, that I saw its magnificent Burial-Ground. I mention it, however, here, as well as some other objects examined at the same time, that I may not write a chapter upon Francfort with such very glaring omissions.

The British Consul, Mr. K——, who has been a most active and efficient patron of this noble undertaking, had the kindness to show me the plans, and to explain the nature of the establishment, which greatly increased the interest I felt in seeing it.

If my eye does not greatly deceive me, the new Cemetery of London is very much larger than that of Francfort; but their relative forms are so different, that it is very possible I may be mistaken, at least, as to the degree of their difference in size. Like every other public work of Francfort, its Cemetery is planned upon a noble scale, and handsomely executed ; and there are some regulations, which have been enacted respecting the interments in it, which I should rejoice to see adopted with us. But, as I have not the documents before me, I am unwilling to enter too minutely into detail respecting them, from the fear of inaccuracy. The leading principle being, however, as simple as it is admirable, I may state it without any danger of blundering.

Either the company, by whom this noble work has been projected, or the constituted authorities of the city, (it matters not which,) have taken upon themselves the entire charge of all interments, and the regulation of all the melancholy business connected with the performance of the last offices for the dead. When a citizen expires, notice is given by the family in the proper quarter :—from that moment, every attendance becomes a public instead of a private duty ; and all is performed with that undeviating propriety and exactitude, which can be insured only by the systematic operation of the law. The body is immediately removed to a building erected within the gates of the cemetery, where it is watched in such a manner, that the slightest indication of returning animation could be instantly perceived ;—and, should such a circumstance occur, every contrivance that science has discovered, or art imagined, to assist resuscitation,

is at hand to foster it. In a house, also within the gates of the cemetery, a physician resides to direct the application of the means employed, and to watch their result. The interment which follows, when every hope of the return of life has passed, is performed with all the reverence and solemnity which the feelings of the surviving friends can desire;—and the expense is fixed at a sum never exceeding *five pounds sterling*, but often falling below it. Not only does this admirable regulation insure to all the solemn performance of a sacred rite, but the last clinging tenderness of human love to the object it has lost is not made, as elsewhere, to watch, with sickening agony, the hideous approach of the moment that is to part them for ever—nor is it permitted to drain the purse of the poor reckless mourner, who, at such a moment, will rather forget his duty to the living, than omit even the shadow of respect for the dead. I doubt whether the costliest ceremonial that ever was devised, for the interment of the most honoured relics, could produce an effect of so much solemn dignity, as this civic care for the dead.

The vaults in which the bodies are deposited, as well as the monuments erected over them, are private property; and they are as simple, or as superb, as individual wealth and taste can dictate. The enclosure is already adorned by many handsome tombs. One splendid mausoleum, belonging to the family of Bethman, has some very beautiful Italian sculpture, commemorating the loss of a son, who died at Rome.

Close to this Christian burying-ground is another large area, which has recently been enclosed as a cemetery for the Jews. I did not enter it, but the gateway appeared extremely handsome.

There are so many beautiful and interesting things to be seen at Francfort, that it is very difficult to enumerate them all.—It is a positive *embarras de richesses;* but it would be treason to good taste not to mention the beautiful statue of Ariadne, in the museum of Mr. Bethman. It is said to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Dennecker, and it is a figure of inconceivable attraction and loveliness. There is, perhaps, rather too much trick in the manner in which it is exhibited; —the light being thrown upon it through a screen of rose-coloured silk:—and yet it is quarrelling with part of one's

pleasure to find fault with this, for it certainly gives a tint of life that increases the beauty. Still, I remembered, as I looked at it, the severe simplicity of the little cabinet containing Somariva's matchless Magdalen, by Canova, and could not but allow that the purer taste was there.

As I had never chanced to enter a Jewish synagogue, I thought I could find no place more favourable for the gratification of the curiosity I felt respecting such an assembly than Francfort. We therefore agreed to join some pleasant friends, who were staying at the Hôtel de Russie, and to proceed together, at six o'clock on a Friday afternoon, to witness the ceremonies, of which I had heard so much, and knew so little. To describe the place we entered would be very difficult. There was a variety and confusion of objects, perfectly defying detail. The building is by no means large, but very lofty. What first strikes the eye, on entering, is the immense multitude of lights—innumerable gilt chandeliers, each one with innumerable branches, were suspended from the roof by richly-wrought iron chains. There was no corner of the building without them: besides these, sconces are thrust into every cranny that can be found to hold them; and enormous candlesticks, exactly in the form in which we see them represented in old Bible engravings, are placed upon the altar. In the midst of the temple is a large, heavy, square elevation, capable of containing about a dozen persons, which was also surrounded on all sides with enormous candlesticks. This illuminated tribune was approached by two flights of steps; and contained seats on three sides of it; the Book of the Law opened upon a desk on the fourth; but no one approached these seats, apparently so distinguished, except some little boys, who amused themselves by running up and down the steps incessantly. In the midst of the ceremonies, a man mounted this tribune, and chanted a few sentences from the open volume. The ladies of our party were shown into an open gallery, but the gentlemen remained below, and obtained seats very near the altar. The gallery had glass windows, which we easily opened, and looked down upon the blaze of light below.

The first ceremony we witnessed was that of a man's changing his round hat for a flat cap. This done, he twisted a white blanket, edged with blue, around him, and chanted

from a large volume, in a most inconceivable variety of tones; bowing his head as he did so, almost incessantly.

At intervals the congregation burst forth into a response:— so loud, so wild, so startling, as almost to cause an emotion of terror.

This response varied in tone, from something approaching a shrill cry to a plaintive wail, the dying cadence of which was occasionally very sweet. The ladies who sat near us in the galleries sometimes appeared earnestly engaged in their devotional exercises; bowing continually and uttering a low chant; and sometimes they chatted together with perfect ease, without even affecting to whisper. Several times during the service, the blanket was laid aside by one and taken by another; and once by a lad, apparently about fourteen, who retained his little *casquette* on his head while he read, or rather chanted, some portion of the Scriptures, which lay upon the altar. There is one feature, so peculiar and so prominent, that I cannot avoid mentioning it; this is the uncleansed state of the building. If I might make such a distinction, I should say that it was not dirty; I mean that no objects of accidental disgust contributed to its extraordinary condition: but it seemed as if the dust of the temple were held sacred; for there is no part of the building, walls, ceiling, floor, steps, nor any object within it, that is not covered, nay, loaded, with a mass of heavy, accumulated, long-settled dust. The vast number of handsome gilt chandeliers and candlesticks would have a splendid appearance, were they not thus veiled in this universal drapery of black, stifling dust and cobweb.

I was disappointed at hearing no music,—for certainly none of the sounds I heard deserve the name—and I had entered with ideas of Hebrew melodies floating in my fancy. I asked a lady near me, if music made no part of their service, and I almost expected she would answer—"As for our harps, we have hung them up upon the trees;" but she only replied, "Quelquefois nous avons encore des meilleures voix."

I must by no means forget to mention the very courteous civility which was shown to us by every one we approached. Each lady, as she entered the gallery, smiled and bowed to us, as if we had been her especial guests; and the gentlemen told us they were treated with the same politeness below.

Baron Rothschild was present there; and I afterwards learnt from a gentleman of the city, who knew him well, that his religious observances were peculiarly severe. He said, that, at particular seasons, long fastings were enjoined in the synagogue; and that, on these occasions, this gentleman had been known to remain in the temple for eighteen hours together, and had more than once been carried home in a state of complete exhaustion.

We obtained permission to see the Baron's pretty villa, which is about a mile from the town;— or rather the gardens belonging to it, for the house is not shown. These gardens are not at all superb; but they are nicely kept, and show an abundance of fine flowers. As we approached the entrance, we met a very gentleman-like looking personage leaving the gates in a handsome carriage; and our coachman informed us, this was the Baron's *Master of the Horse.*

At our second visit, we again passed a Sunday at Francfort, and once more visited the beautiful new church. I thought, as I looked at its majestic simplicity of style, and listened to the glorious hymn ringing round its dome, that Luther himself might look down upon it with complacency! This great reformer's name is still spoken of among the people, as freshly as if the benefits he had conferred on them were of yesterday.

"Luther was a greater man than Napoleon," said a citizen of Francfort, who sat by me at the table d'hôte, "and his new rule will be longer felt than the famous code of the other though that was worth something too."

I heard another German remark, that, in travelling through the country, he would undertake to tell, on entering a village, whether it were Protestant or Catholic. "The Protestants," said he, "are always *better off*—they have not so many fêtes and festivals to make them idle."

We enjoyed another Sunday opera on our return, and on this occasion were so fortunate as to hear Madame Fischer Achten. She is by far the most accomplished singer I have heard in this country. The performance was Sargino, by Paer, and much of the music is delightful. I hope to hear Madame Fischer again at the Haymarket.

Among the many proofs of obliging hospitality afforded to strangers, is that of admission to the Cassino. A stranger's

ticket is easily obtained; and the bearer of it has the full privileges of a subscriber for one month. I availed myself of the permission granted me to walk into the reading-rooms, which are very commodious, and well furnished with books, pamphlets, &c. The large table was covered with a polyglot collection of newspapers. In casting my eyes upon a French one amongst them, I was amused by the following literal translation of a modern political phrase:—"Il y a tout lieu de croire que le Roi d'Angleterre refusera la démission des Ministres, et consentira à une FOURNEE de pairs."

Before leaving Francfort, I took the liberty of requesting permission to wait upon her Royal Highness the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg, which was most kindly granted. Her Highness's beautiful residence is about two hours' drive from the city; and, even if it had not the interest of being the abode of a Princess of England, it well deserves to be visited.

The town of Francfort is situated on a plain, the extent of which, at least in the direction of Hombourg, almost marks its territory; for, after passing by one of the old towers, which stand like sentinels round its limits, the country gradually rises; and the town of Hombourg is situated on a beautiful elevation, which seems to rise on purpose to look out upon the noble line of the Taunus hills, and down upon the lovely valley which stretches towards them.

The residence of our amiable Princess is just what a loyal English subject would wish to see it;—noble in style and dimension, beautiful as to its site and the country which surrounds it, and adorned throughout with that exquisite finish of perfect comfort, which perhaps only an English princess would require, and which certainly no other could so well succeed in bringing about her.

The Princess had returned only a few days before from Hanover, and spoke with great enthusiasm of the beauty of the scenery through which she had travelled. "I can never forget Windsor and Richmond," said her Royal Highness, "but Germany is a glorious country!" With the condescending good-humour for which she has always been distinguished, she herself led us through the noble suite of rooms that look towards the richly-wooded ridge of the Taunus hills, or mountains, as we should certainly call them in England. The view from these rooms is superb.

The road leading to the castle, though very steep, had not prepared me for the bold declivity on the other side, over which this range of apartments looks. The gardens of the palace lie at his feet, and the whole scene is one of great beauty and magnificence. It was with true English spirit that her Royal Highness showed us her noble library. "I brought these volumes from England with me," she said; adding, with a smile, "I am proud of my library"—and she might well be so, for not only does it contain a very large and excellent collection of books, but everything in the room announces it to be the favourite retreat of a person of literary habits and refined taste. It is the only room, that I saw in Germany, at all in the same style. There are many in which books are found in abundance, but I saw none so calculated for the elegant indulgence of literary leisure. Yet it appeared that all the hours of reading were not spent here, for I think there was scarcely one of the apartments, in the fine suite which we saw, that had not books in it by some contrivance or other. Sometimes there was an elegant little table with a row of volumes forming the back of it—sometimes a small portable case, just large enough to contain a set of miniature favourites; and in one room, filled with all kinds of pretty things, the whole space below the hangings is lined with a wainscoting of books.

In many of the rooms are portraits, some of them very fine ones, of the Royal Family of England. I stopped before one of George the Third, being struck by the powerful likeness: "You know that portrait?" said the Princess; "it is my father—it is quite perfect."

After this gratifying visit, we drove to a hotel at Hombourg, where we ordered dinner; and, both before and after this repast, amused ourselves by exploring the beautiful environs of the town.

As the gentlemen were disposed after dinner to take a longer walk up the hills than I liked to venture upon, I returned alone to the hotel, scribbled in my note-book, and took coffee while they proceeded. I will therefore give my son's account of this walk, as being much more satisfactory than my own.

"A road, as straight as the flight of an arrow, leads from Hombourg to the top of one of the Taunus range, and the

view from this point is very fine, looking over the whole of the Francfort plain, or valley of the Maine, to where the hills of the Black Forest close it in on the opposite side. The greatest part of the Taunus is lime, with large and frequent veins of quartz, sometimes very white and pure, and sometimes containing iron. The summits are a chaos of broken rocks, without any soil between them; some of the blocks are of an enormous size, and it can hardly be doubted that the state in which they lie is the consequence of some violent commotion of the earth. If I might be allowed a theory, I would say that, at the time the volcanic matter at the Siebengeberg, Rolandseck, and Unkel burst through the slate stratum, these rocks were dashed by the same convulsion into the fragments which we here find scattered around in all directions. The dip of the slate stratum, always from north to south, certainly seems to favour this wild hypothesis.

"I would advise every one who visits Francfort to spend a day or two,—a week would not be too much,—at Hombourg. I know no place where there are so many delightful excursions in the environs, and so many enchanting views within reach of a lady's walk or ride—such forests to wander in, such hills to climb. On the side by which we quitted the town, the woods have been most tastefully laid out in walks and drives, so as to make the forest both safe and easy of access; and yet it has been done without at all injuring the romantic beauty of the scene. The singular part of the arrangement is, that the different kinds of scenery are made to blend; or rather to follow each other, so artfully, that it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. On leaving the town we came to 'gardens trim' and well laid out with gravel walks and terraces; from gardens we came to groves, from groves to woods, still getting wilder and wilder, as we advanced; the paths becoming narrower and less frequent, the shade thicker and darker, till here and there a mass of rock appears, and the woodland scene becomes a forest. What seemed the gentle slope of a hill, now grew to be the steep side of a mountain, till at length we found ourselves in the midst of crags and leaping waterfalls, in a mountainous wilderness, wild enough for the

most romantic spirit to revel in, and this without being conscious where the different changes had taken place.

"We had not long entered the forest when we roused a fine doe from a thicket close by. We saw a variety of game here,—deer, hares, and pheasants. On one side of the straight road I have mentioned, there is a beautiful well-fenced park, belonging, I presume, to the Landgravine, which seemed to be well stocked with deer. Just as we came to the palace gardens, on our return, we met the Princess going out on an evening drive among her lovely groves and noble hills."

CHAPTER X.

Darmstadt—Heppenheim—Storkenberg—Bergstrosse—Weinheim—Peasantry—Crops—Mannheim—The Palace—Ducal Gardens—Ball—Observatory—Church of the Jesuits—Theatre—Schwetzingen Gardens.

From Francfort we proceeded to Darmstadt,—a little capital which, not long ago, was as celebrated as that of good King René for music, dance, and song; but it lost much in losing its late Grand Duke. His garden of pleasancè, his stately manège, his delightful Opera, are all, if not fallen to decay, at least fallen into disuse; and the place, notwithstanding the noble air of its spacious mansions, with their ample gardens and gay verandahs, looks like a city whose glory has passed away. The late sovereign appears to have been the centre around which all that was gay and courtly moved; and the mourning draperies put up to honour his obsequies, seem still to hang about the objects he loved best. His darling Opera is hushed and silent; weeds contest the soil with the flowers of his garden;—and in the streets of his pretty capital too much grass is growing to permit it to look either gay or flourishing.

Nevertheless, I advise all travellers to proceed from Francfort to Mannheim by the way of Darmstadt, instead of turning back to Mayence, and going on by the river. Having tried both routes, I feel privileged to give counsel in the case, and can testify, not only that there is very little interest or beauty in the voyage between Mayence and Mannheim, but that the drive from Darmstadt is through some of the loveliest scenery of the country. It is true, indeed, that the steamboat passes by the venerable city of Worms, but all which can be seen of it from the deck is not enough to induce a change of route.

We made this delightful little journey in an open carriage: but even so, I could by no means see as much as I wished, and therefore determined, though at the risk of arriving late at the place of our destination, to climb one of the castled

hills, at the feet of which we were passing. For this purpose we left the carriage for an hour or two at Heppenheim, and indulged in one of those delightful rambles, of which I enjoyed many during our tour, and which showed more of the characteristic features of the country, and of its wild and peculiar beauty, than can be conceived by merely looking at the various celebrated spots seen from the high road of the Rhine.

The little town of Heppenheim itself has much that is interesting: its high antiquity is proved by a stone in the church bearing date 805; it has, moreover, considerable claims to picturesque beauty, from the bright ripple of its pretty brook, its uncouth bridges, and its ruinous walls. We hardly took a step after leaving the inn that did not bring us to a picture. Little urchins, with one scanty garment as the only covering to their rosy limbs, were dabbling under the shade of one green bridge; and a beautiful girl, with golden hair and bare legs, was carrying flowery fodder to her cow, over another; and at the low, wicketed door of many a Teniers-like cottage, were groups which would have made an admirable study for Wilkie.

After a lingering walk through the town, we mounted, mounted, mounted, by a long, sinuous path among the vines, till we reached the majestic ruins of Storkenberg. I wish that the barons who built, and dwelt in, these glorious old castles, had not left such reputations for tyranny, cruelty, and all that is hateful, behind them; for there is something so noble in the choice of their commanding sites, that it is difficult not to feel respect for the daring spirits who, planting a foot upon these towering heights, exclaimed, "Here shall be my stronghold and my home!"

Having conquered this steep ascent, spite of a flinty path beneath our feet, and a scorching sun above our heads, we sat down in the shade of a mighty wall, and fully enjoyed the recompense of our toil. The view from the Storkenberg is made up of all that the eye best loves to look upon. Hill and valley, forest and fertile plain, rocks, ruins, lowly hamlets, and knightly castles, all are spread out before the sight, with such lavish prodigality of beauty, as might well suffice to furnish forth a dozen landscapes. Behind us the hill sunk but a little, ere it rose again into a mountain forest;—so dark

and wild, and yet so lovely, in the contrast its shade offered to the sunny hill we were about to descend, that it was only by an effort of great prudence that I was enabled to refuse my consent to plunging into it. The spot on which we reposed was, however, well calculated to make us forget our fatigue. The shade was perfect, and a delightful breeze seemed to ascend to us from the valley. It is really a woful thing to turn from such a spot, and know that it is resigned for ever; for who can hope a second time to be favoured by all the little intricate contingencies which must be strung together, all in the right order, before one can find oneself on the rocky summit of the distant Storkenberg? But the day was waning fast, and reluctantly leaving our delightful lair, we traced back our way, peeping over the luxuriant growth of the vines, till we again found ourselves beside the brook of Heppenheim.

We got some excellent coffee at the little inn, and then proceeded along the Bergstrosse, as the magnificent range of hills is called, among which this fine road passes. Every moment of our progress showed us new and increasing splendour of scenery, till we reached the wondrous little town of Weinheim.

I shall make no attempt to describe the situation of this place, as singular as it is beautiful, for I am quite sure I could not make myself intelligible. We saw it, too, when the setting sun gives that breadth of shadow and power of light to a bold and hilly landscape, which is so utterly beyond the power of words to record. We here again left the carriage, and spent more time than our driver willingly allowed, in running from point to point, to gaze upon the plain below us, through which the broad Rhine swept along; and then upon the wild peaks of the Bergstrosse on the other side, which, lovelier far in the near distinctness of their dark forests, and their granite crags, seemed to make the distant Vosges look like a thin mass of vapour on the horizon.

Let no one, who has time to spare, content himself with seeing the country between Darmstadt and Manheim, merely in the course of a long day's short journey, as we did; but, let him, after taking up his quarters at the latter place, devote one entire day to Weinheim. The high antiquity and bold position of its walls and towers, as well as the exceeding

beauty of the landscape over which they hang, render it a spot of very peculiar interest.

It was not till after our cautious driver had repeatedly told us we should be very late at Mannheim, that we at length remounted the carriage to follow the road, which we saw, but too plainly, must immediately take us out of sight of all that had so greatly delighted us. A rapid descent soon brought us to the plain on which Mannheim is situated, and the coming darkness appeared likely to hide nothing from us, more than a continuation of rich and ripening crops. This valley is cultivated in long narrow strips, without any enclosures. We saw wheat, hops, potatoes, flax, hemp, oats, rye, clover, Indian corn, and tobacco. There are also some patches of vines, but these are in small quantity here, being chiefly cultivated on the southren sides of the steepest hills; —a situation which at once shelters them from the biting north, and gives all the sunshine of the climate, doubled by reflection. I was surprised to find such fine crops of Indian corn. Though it does not grow quite so high as I have seen it in America, it appears to flourish, and bears a large and heavy ear.

Independent of the beautiful scenery of the Bergstrosse, the road we had this day travelled was more than commonly interesting from the picturesque dress of the numerous peasantry scattered in and about it. It was the last week of July, and harvest of every kind, except that of the vineyards, was near at hand. All the rustic population seemed in activity, and there really appeared no end to the pretty variety of figures that peopled the landscape. Old men and women, young men and maidens, frolicsome boys and laughing girls, all in the strange, fantastic dresses of the country, thronged the fields. The costume of the women was very pretty—large white sleeves, pushed high above the elbow, coloured bodices, and full, short petticoats, with the hair sometimes fastened up in a net, and sometimes plaited in long braids, as the girls of Switzerland wear it. A few among them had enormously large straw hats, but these were much less frequent here, than we found them afterwards towards Baden. The men, too, all looked like pictures out of a book of fancy dresses; with their large cocked hats, long straight-breasted coats, and showy waistcoats. The general effect was very

much that of the *corps de ballet* in a rustic dance at the French Opera.

According to the prediction of our driver, we did not reach Mannheim till long after night-fall. The streets appeared long and wide, but very dark; an occasional candle on the counter of a druggist's shop, or from the yet open window of a private dwelling, being all the light we saw.

On reaching the principal hotel, however, every window of its wide extent seemed illuminated; and we received, in answer to our application for apartments, the reply that might have been expected, " Every room in the house is occupied."

These are unpleasant sounds to hear at eleven o'clock at night;—and, as we had received no direction to any second inn, we remained for a moment quite at a loss to determine what we were to do next. On perceiving this, a waiter again stepped forward, and begged to recommend us to the Weinberg. We gladly followed the direction, and in a few minutes found ourselves as perfectly comfortable, and as completely at home, as it was possible for a hotel to make us.

I have seldom seen so large a town as Mannheim with so few people moving about it; and yet there is no appearance of desolation either. Everything looks handsome, neat, and cheerful. There are well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking in the streets; and pretty *soubrettes*, with hair as nicely arranged as if they were going to a ball, tripping with dainty baskets on their arms, to do their ladies' bidding. Then there are soldiers enough to make it look military, and music enough to make it seem gay; but all is so orderly and quiet, and has an air of such *point-device* neatness, that it seems as if there were some officer in the town whose duty it was to go through the streets every morning, to see that all things were put in order; the nice little fruit-stalls in their proper places; and all the tidy little boys, whipping their tops just in the right corner, and nowhere else. The whole appearance of the town points it out as a princely residence; but the present Grand Duke of Baden has fixed his residence at Carlsruhe; and some apartments, only, in the magnificent palace at Mannheim, are inhabited by the Dowager Grand Duchess Stephanie.

In elegance of arrangement and decoration, I have seen

nothing to compare with the Prince of Orange's palace at Brussels; but, in size, it is a plaything compared to that of Mannheim. One wing of this immense fabric was destroyed by fire, when in possession of the French in 1795, by the bombardment of the Austrians; and, till informed that it had contained the theatre, I felt quite at a loss to imagine to what purpose it could have been applied; every requisite for a princely residence being so amply furnished by the other parts. Besides rooms for state, and rooms for comfort, almost innumerable, this vast pile contains a very extensive suite of apartments fitted up as a picture gallery, another for antiques, and another for books. In addition to all this, there appear to be numerous suites, appropriated as residences for persons of distinction holding places about the court; and very charming residences they must be, many of them looking over the superb gardens to the Rhine, and the fine chain of mountains beyond it.

There is also a large and handsome chapel making part of the remaining wing; and more colonnades, galleries, corridors, and staircases, than would suffice for half-a-dozen palaces in these degenerate days. That part of the residence, which has been recently fitted up for the Dowager Grand Duchess, is rich and elegant in its furniture and hangings; but it bears about the same proportion to the entire edifice, that the private apartments of the Queen of England do to the whole of Windsor Castle. The fine gardens, which reach from the palace to the Rhine, are admirably laid out *a l'Anglaise*; and, like those of all the other sovereign princes of Germany, are open to the public. This indulgence is repaid by the most cautious and respectful forbearance from all injury, on the part of the people; all the beautiful variety of shrubs and forest trees, so profusely scattered over the grounds, still sweep the lawns with their luxuriant branches, and evidently can never have been touched by any wanton or mischievous hand.

These noble grounds are bounded towards the river by a terrace, affording one of the finest walks imaginable. The Rhine, and the fertile valley beyond it, with the wavy outline of the Bergstrosse, are on one side; the gardens, the palace, the towers of the church and observatory, with Mont Tonnerre for a background, on the other.

The unfettered privilege of entering at all hours among such groves and lawns, such shrubs and flowers, would be delightful to any people; but must, I think, be very peculiarly so to the Germans, whose passion for flowers is as universal, and as evident, as their love of music. Not a cottage but has its sweet-scented *parterre;* not a hut but can show some little morsel of earth, if it be only a yard square, fenced about with broken platters, and fragments of old tubs, yet containing delicious blossoms, cultivated with a degree of care, and science too, that would not disgrace the King's Road between Chelsea and Fulham. This love of flowers is equally perceptible in town and country; and I think it would be difficult to find a house in which some balcony or window did not give a proof of it.

There are so many pleasant excursions within a morning's drive of Mannheim, that I should have much liked to have passed a week there; but unfortunately we had not the advantage of knowing a single person in the town. I brought a letter of introduction, which would have been sufficient to do all I wished for us, in the way of presentation, but, *par malheur*, the individual to whom it was addressed had left Mannheim for the summer; and nothing remained for us, but to see what was most interesting in the place, and depart. Having decided that less than two days could not suffice, even for this, we inquired of our host what public amusements were going on, that might occupy the two evenings we proposed to stay. "There is a ball to-night, and a play to-morrow," was the answer received; and we rejoiced at our good fortune, for neither of these was of daily occurrence.

I was rather surprised, however, upon making inquiries respecting a carriage to convey us to this ball, at being assured that I should have no need of one, for that all the world walked to the Muhlau, and that it was "*une promenade enchanteresse.*"

The weather was, indeed, such as to make an evening walk far from disagreeable. The heat throughout the day had been oppressive, but we had now a cool breeze and a bright moon; and we set off, nothing loath, for the Muhlau. The room is very plain, but of good size and shape for waltzing. It was already nearly full; but with the civility

or rather kindness, which is so remarkable a feature in the manners of this country, we were ushered, as strangers, to the top of the room, and obtained good places for seeing the dancing.

But, though beauty was abundant, and though nothing was to be found fault with in the general neatness of dress and appearance, it was immediately evident that this was not the sort of meeting we had expected; and, on making subsequent inquiries we found that two balls in the week were held throughout the season:—the one being for the noblesse, and the other for the bourgeoisie:—we were at the latter.

Though we might, perhaps, have preferred seeing how noble ladies performed the dance which is native to them, and which is engrafting itself slowly, but surely, on our own manners, we had, nevertheless, much to console us for the disappointment; for never did I see two hundred people met together, who had more completely the air of enjoying themselves.

For my own particular share of the amusement, I found a study that would have lasted me longer than the time we stayed, without any danger that I should grow weary of it. Close to the place where we had stationed ourselves was a group of females; consisting, I think, of two families, for there were two matronly women seated together, and four young girls, who, when not dancing, constantly returned to stand near them. Three of these were certainly sisters; the other was perhaps a cousin, or a friend, or an acquaintance; but it was clear that they had joined parties for the evening. The three sisters might have served as models, if not for the Graces, at least for Hebe; or any other goddess or nymph that should be represented as the personification of prettiness, health, and gaiety—fresh, fair, light-haired, bright-eyed beings, who looked as if they had nothing to do but to dance through life, throwing flowers and smiles about them as they went on. The solitary girl was a little yellow creature, with an undeniable pug nose; and, if her teeth were white, she had certainly no business with so extremely wide a mouth to display them. But this yellow little creature had a pair of eyes—such eyes! I might be able to describe them better had it been possible to look at them steadily for two minutes together;—but they sparkled, and shot, and

darted about their glances at such a rate, that nobody could look full at them without winking. All, therefore, that I can positively say respecting these marvellous eyes is, that they were black, with lashes which, when she was merciful enough to look down, seemed to throw her face into shade. Her hair was black, too, parted upon her forehead, and just put behind her ears without any care or skill whatever; while one large knot collected the remainder of her neglected tresses at the back of her head. Her dress, too, was far unlike that of her fair companions. They were habited in delicate white muslin; while this strange little creature chose to show off her tawny complexion by wearing a plain, dark frock, of very ordinary materials, and without the slightest attempt at ornament of any kind.

Such was the party placed next to us; and they were surrounded by the smartest-looking young men in the room;—one, two, three,—I reckoned seven;—who approached in succession before the dancing began. The blue-eyed beauties knew them all, for they smiled and nodded. The yellow girl knew them, too; but instead of smiling, she poked up her brown shoulder at most of them, and talked assiduously to her mother; nevertheless, every one of them asked her to dance. Having promised the first, she shook her head without speaking, in reply to all the others, and appeared to take very little notice of any of them.

At length the waltz began. The three beauties got partners, too, and all darted off into the whirling circle together. When they came back again, the same scene was repeated, nay, worse, for even the partners of the fair girls would only talk to the brown one. I never watched such witchery. It was a single word, a single syllable, perhaps, that she carelessly bestowed on each; but the gipsy had some fascination about her that seemed to be irresistible;—and she knew it; for she played her tricks and threw her glances with so much wilful mischief, that her pretty companions looked vexed, and their mother enraged, at her monopolizing proceedings.

How much longer I could have found amusement from watching her vivacities I know not; for we were chased away by the performance of an operation which might, perhaps, when completed, conduce to the comfort of the dancers;

if they lost not all inclination for the exercise, while it was going on. A considerable portion of dust having been disengaged from the floor by an hour's incessant beating, returned to it again, while the two hundred waltzers reposed for a short space. During this interval, two stout women made their appearance, bearing between them a huge, heavy carpet or rug, dripping with water, which, on reaching the top of the room, they let fall on the floor; each of them still retaining a corner of it, and separating from each other as far as its size would permit them. In this fashion they ran the whole length of the ball-room, dragging the wet rug after them to the bottom of it, when they immersed it afresh in a pail of water, and prepared to repeat the operation.

Both the performance and the performers were too uncouth to be agreeable; and moreover, the union of the dust and the water produced so very disagreeable an effect upon the air, that we left the room directly.

The banks of the Necker near Mannheim, where it joins the Rhine, have no very striking features; but the gradual approaching of the two rivers, as seen from the observatory, is very interesting. The entire view from this point is indeed magnificent, extending over the whole country between the Bergstrosse and the Vosges;—but, if it commanded no other prospect than the various roofs of the palace, it would be worth mounting to the top, for the sole purpose of seeing their whole extent at a glance.

Near that wing of the building which has been destroyed by fire is a large convent, formerly occupied by a powerful community of Jesuits. On one side it is connected with the palace, by means of a chamber of communication still existing over a gateway leading into the gardens; and on the other with the magnificent church built by the community, assisted, however, by many noble donations from the princes of Baden. We entered this old convent, the painted staircase of which still retains some traces of its former dignity; but the building is now chiefly occupied by schools, and has little left in its appearance that tells of the splendour for which it was once distinguished. The church, however, is unchanged; and it is not difficult to trace in its gorgeous ornaments both the taste and the wealth of its founders. The altar in particular is well worthy a close examination;—it is

constructed of the most costly marbles, and the pillars of the ark that stands upon it are of fine agate. The whole aspect of this church, though immeasurably inferior in all respects to the glorious cathedrals of former ages, has that about it which strongly awakens interest. Its peculiar arrangement, as connected with the palace and the convent, vividly recalls the days when princes and priests felt mutual dependence and mutual reverence. The abbot passed from his convent to the presence of his sovereign through a private room, unchallenged and unannounced, to be consulted on the prince's political anxieties, and to afford him the comfort and assistance of his advice. The sovereign, by the same route, could enter the cell of his confessor, and pass thence with the sacred privacy of devotion into the chamber, which is still to be seen, enclosed by windows, above the altar.

That for purposes such as these the palace, convent, and church were constructed in the manner we now see them cannot be doubted. Such intimate communion is now no longer needed; but, perhaps, it requires the test of longer experience than has yet been given it, before the advantages to be derived from withdrawing the voices of churchmen from the councils of the state shall be clearly ascertained.

Our second evening was spent at the theatre, which is large and handsome. It was extremely well filled, and the company had the same air of feeling themselves at home as at Francfort. The alley in the pit, immediately below the boxes, was filled by very gentlemanlike-looking men, most of whom were officers. They remained standing during the whole performance; and between the acts took advantage of their position to converse with the ladies in the boxes. Here we saw two pieces performed; but both were so short, that the curtain dropped upon the lamps before daylight had quite disappeared.

The least agreeable features in Mannheim are its waterless fountains. These are, I think, six in number: they are built of marble, and very nobly conceived; but it seems that the Grand Duke, who projected this beautiful and useful embellishment of the city, died before the water was conveyed to them, and in this abortive state they have remained ever since.

From Mannheim we drove to Schwetzingen, for the pur-

pose of seeing the celebrated gardens there; second only, it is said, to those of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, at Wilhelmshohe. They are, indeed, truly magnificent; and on so much more vast a scale than anything of the kind in England, that I know not to what I may compare them.

Were I to enumerate the terraces, fountains, aviaries, temples, waterfalls, grottoes, groves, parterres, lawns, lakes, statues, mosques, baths, boats, and bridges, with which they are studded, I should delude the reader into a belief that it was a crowded collection of incongruous objects; but this is very far from being the case. The space they occupy is a hundred and seventy acres; and this, by the skilful arrangement of the artist who laid them out, is made amply sufficient to present all these pretty things in succession, without unpleasantly interfering with each other.

Some of the sculptured groups are sufficiently good to produce an excellent effect, and the magnificence of the trees among which they are seen, the stately length of the noble avenues, the judicious mixture of water in the landscape, and the wonderful variety and extent of the walks leading through it, altogether make these ducal gardens an exhibition that no one should neglect to visit.

Among the gratifications offered by this now forsaken residence, is a theatre for private performances, which, some years ago, were carried on with great spirit by the court. It has pit, boxes, orchestra, scenes, and so on, in very good style; with the additional advantage of opening at the extremity of the stage upon a grove of trees, whenever the piece performed would admit such a decoration. At another spot in the grounds there was a prettier theatre still, in which a raised terrace of turf made the boxes, a well-shorn lawn the pit, a bright cascade, surrounded by statues, the back scene; while roses and honeysuckles, trained upon trellis-work, constituted the side scenes. Here, as the gardener informed us, plays were frequently performed by noble lords and ladies during the summer, as well as at the less airy theatre; and to both the public were freely admitted, some of the best places being courteously reserved for strangers. There is something exceedingly noble in the arrangements of these German princes, as to their places of recreation: everything is upon a scale of great magnificence, and the

public are admitted to so large a share of the enjoyment, that it may well be supposed every amusement prepared for the prince must increase his popularity with the people.

A large suite of banqueting and withdrawing-rooms show a fine façade to the gardens on one side of the palace; and an orangery and conservatory, ending in the theatre, answer to it on the other. The flowers retain possession of their noble habitation, but all the rest of the dwelling, including the chapel, has a most desolate aspect.

There are, in truth, so many splendid palaces belonging to the Grand Dude of Baden, that it would be equally useless and troublesome to keep them all up as residences. To maintain their extensive gardens in the style in which they are always kept, must require a very considerable revenue; yet this appears to be done at all of them; the motive for which may be, that the neighbourhood of each should suffer as little as possible from the absence of the sovereign.

We dined, not too well, at one of the little inns in the village of Schwetzingen, and then proceeded to Heidelberg.

CHAPTER XI.

Heidelberg—Neuenheim—Heidelberg Castle—The Necker—Neckersteinach—Tilsberg—Steinach—Tun of Heidelberg—Broken Tower—English Antiquaries.

Heidelberg is placed at the point where the Necker emerges from the narrow valley through which it has run from its source, and whence it flows through a flat rich plain, till it joins the Rhine at Mannheim. At the entrance of this narrow valley, hills, or rather mountains, covered with dark forests, rise suddenly from the water's edge on either side, and you are again in the midst of the wild heights of the Bergstrosse. Between these, after passing the town of Heidelberg, there is just room enough for the stream to pass, with a road on each side of it. Here and there, indeed, a hollow recess gives space for a little villa, with its hanging garden; and on the left, as you ascend the river, a few vines find room to grow; but these often give place to rocks with their frequent quarries.

It is on the right-hand height that the majestic ruins of Heidelberg Castle hang in mid-air. These are opened to the eye, on entering the town from Schwetzingen, with a degree of splendour quite unequalled by any other view in the country. The evening was closing as we drove up to our hotel, but we all agreed that it was impossible to sleep till we had penetrated to the centre of this enormous pile. Having given a hasty glance at the apartments, and ordered coffee to be ready in an hour, we set off. But more than two elapsed ere we returned; and, even then, da kness had driven us from the walls before one-half of this extraordinary fabric had been even looked at.

I would I had power to describe all we saw through those hours of twilight, but there is a two-fold difficulty in the attempt. On the one hand, I might disgust the reader by a high-flown rhapsody of admiration; and on the other, I

should be sure to vex myself by the tame and flat insufficiency of any praise I could bestow.

Though the ascent is steep, the road has been made almost easy, by the care bestowed upon it. The first steep, straight portion of it, however, has no beauty; but, having mastered this, your reward awaits you. From this point, there are two approaches to the castle; one, by a fair, smooth path, sheltered by noble trees, and gradually leading above the tops of those which grow on the hill-side, till at length the level space behind the castle and in front of the great gateway is reached; the other is by a steep flight of steps into the very heart of the fortress, through a vast, subterranean, vaulted hall, which conducts you to a small interior court, and thence by another flight to the level of the court-yard. Take which route you will, there is no danger of the highest-wrought expectations being disappointed. By the first, you will wind round the base of towers, which look as if a giant architect had reared them for a giant prince;—by the last, you will be led under arches which, even in ruin, seem to speak of eternal duration:—and both lead to a terrace, from whence a view is seen, so much beyond what the power of words can paint, that all the most faithful traveller can say, to any purpose, on the subject, is, "Go, all, with as little delay as possible, and look at it."

On our first visit, we followed the more circuitous route under the trees. Had we not done so, we should have been quickly involved in almost total darkness; for, even at mid-day, but little light finds its way into the subterranean hall.

On reaching the esplanade, before the chief entrance, you have no very extended view; for the lofty summit of the Geissberg is on one side, and the wide-spreading castle on the other; but, on passing under this portal, and crossing the court-yard, you reach another archway, which leads to the grand north terrace, acknowledged to be one of the finest points of view in Europe. The very last glories of sunset were fading from the summit of the Vosges, as we reached it; and all below this gigantic terrace was already in the deepest shade. The Necker, alone, still reflected the faint remnant of daylight; but, on the opposite side, the towering Heiligenberg was as black as night. On the terrace, however, we remained—not planet-struck, but prospect-struck—till we

could see no longer; and then we found our way back as we could, through the darkness of the arched gateways, and under the scarcely lighter shadow of the fine trees, which hung over the walk leading down to the town.

The following morning it was decided, that, before mounting again to the castle, we should cross the bridge over the Necker, and look at it from a distance. The view from the opposite side of the river is very beautiful; but the castle itself loses somewhat of its magical effect, by being seen completely against the hill which rises behind it. Unlike all the other ruins I have seen, Heidelberg owes not its greatest beauty to decay. There are many parts of it, in which the architectural splendour of the building still remains sufficiently entire to render it an object of universal admiration; independently of its superb position and great historical interest. In fact, the most valuable drawings that have been made of it, are by no means picturesque, but entirely architectural. The scenery around it, of a style the most grand and wild, is hardly within reach of the pencil. If attempted from the heights, all the enchantment vanishes; for a map-like sort of bird's-eye view is all which can be hoped for. If taken from below, the great object of the attempt, the glorious castle, is seen flat against the dark uniform background of the Geissberg hill; and neither light, air, nor effect can be hoped for. In short, Heidelberg is a place calculated to put a landscape painter in a fever; for, while it surrounds him with all he must most wish to have, it shows him, at the same time, that little of it is within his reach.

The village of Neuenheim, on this side of the river, has many interesting features. We were shown a roof,—a very humble one,—which is said to have sheltered Luther, on his retreat from Worms, after meeting the Convocation assembled there in 1521, by order of Charles V. Two windows are pointed out as being those of the chamber which he occupied. There is a very tempting walk, called the "*Sentier des Philosophes*," that leads from the village to the top of the Heiligenberg; and, had such a path, to such a mountain, met me anywhere else, I should certainly have followed it,—whatever the risk of fatigue might have been;—but, now, the great magnet drew us back again across the bridge; and once more we prepared to mount the castle. We were ac-

costed, on our route, by numberless little boys, who petitioned for the honour of serving us as guides amid the ruins. Their mode of address was very engaging; for they uniformly prefaced the request by presenting to each of us a pretty nosegay of freshly-gathered flowers, out of the little baskets with which they were furnished, apparently as a sort of professional property. We selected a fine bright-looking little fellow, who performed the office admirably; and, under his guidance, we now traversed the whole of this amazing fabric. I will not venture to inflict upon my readers any attempt of mine to recount its vast, complicated, intricate, and most splendid varieties. All I can do is to record our delight, our wonder, our intense feeling of astonishment at the marvels, both of art and nature, so lavishly spread before us. This enormous pile, the work of successive princes, through many ages, is a relic of what was most gorgeous and most noble in each.

Towers and battlements, statues and columns, with "storied architrave," and sculptured frieze,—the banqueting-hall, and the chapel,—all stood before us, almost appalling in their stateliness—yet all slowly crumbling into irretrievable decay. On turning from this scene to the still fresh beauty of the landscape below,—to the town, the river, the valley,—over which the lordly dwelling had so long towered, pre-eminent in dignity, as in place, the whole effect is so magnificent, that it is impossible to contemplate it without strange emotion.

I heartily wish to avoid, if possible, the writing descriptions in *issimo*, as Lord Orford calls it, but sometimes it is very difficult to do this; and, spite of all the caution I have endeavoured to use, I almost fear whether I may not already have offended against the modesty of common sense, whilst speaking of this extraordinary scene.

The remainder of a long morning was spent upon the Geissberg. After visiting every part of the ruins, and deciding that we should pass one entire day amongst them, before we left Heidelberg, we proceeded to the fine gardens, the lawns and terraces of which cling to the side of the mountain all round the castle. To the summit of this mountain we then ascended, and sought, in vain, for some traces of the original tower, said to have existed before the present magnificent

edifice was built upon the lower elevation of the Jettenbuhl. There are many wild legends circulated respecting it; some of which speak of a beautiful sorceress, named Jetta, who was its inhabitant; and who, before a stone of the present castle was laid, prophesied its foundation, its greatness, its long-increasing splendour, the glories of its founder's race, (now on the throne of Bavaria,) its awful trembling, when repeatedly struck by thunderbolts from heaven, and its subsequent slow and lingering decay into the elements, from which her voice had called it. But, though we failed to find the fragments of moss-covered stones, which they told us still remained in the depth of the woods, we came upon the Wolfsbrun,—a small stream, on the brink of which the sorceress Jetta was slain by a wolf, immediately after she had uttered the prophecy above-mentioned. It is a spot which a poet might draw upon for ever, for his woodland imagery.

In the evening, we took a circuit of the town; which derives great beauty from the castled hill adorning it on one side, and the bright stream, with the still loftier eminence which skirts it on the other. The streets were perfectly crowded by the students, who, but for their eternal pipes, would be a very fine looking set of young men. There are some handsome buildings belonging to the University; but I am almost ashamed to confess, that the picturesque fever was so strong upon us at this time, that we made no attempt to see any of the literary and scientific treasures they contain. I think, indeed, that in this town nothing, however pre-eminent in excellence, if it be quite unconnected with the locality, can hope for a due share of notice and admiration. Were I, for instance, a very distinguished personage, and fond of being recognized as such, I would rather seek my honours where I had to contend with all the great ones of the earth, than with the attractions of the crumbling stones, the rugged hills, and shallow stream of Heidelberg.

The next day was devoted to following the Necker, as far as a summer's day and a pair of horses could take us. On quitting the town, by the southren side of the river, we passed under a gateway of some pretension, but no great elegance. The drive, through this narrow valley, to Neckergemund, is as full of beauty as any two or three leagues which any of us remembered. One pretty feature of it is the working of

the red-stone quarries, on the opposite side. This continues, at intervals, the whole way; each quarry being divided from its neighbour by jutting crags, too beetling, perhaps to be worked; but diversified by a beautiful sprinkling of dwarf oak and beech, that contrive to push forth almost horizontally from their fissures. Nothing can be more picturesque than the numerous groups of labourers, employed in blasting, raising, and launching the stones down to the river's edge. this last operation adds no trifling charm to the scene. The continual masses sent from a great height, rolling, bounding, springing, and rattling as they descend, till they finally dash into the water, create a sort of fearful interest by no means unpleasing, when watched from the opposite side of the Necker; but, wo to the unwary wanderer who may chance to take a fancy for rambling on the northern bank! The encountering a train, on the Manchester railroad, would hardly produce more certain destruction, than would a contact with one of these falling rocks.

The pretty village of Neckergemund hangs, most trinket-like, upon the chain of hills we had followed from Heidelberg. A bright little mountain brook comes dancing down, among its cottages, to join the Necker; and it seems probable, that this brook is sometimes sufficiently copious to occasion a very inconvenient augmentation of the latter stream; for we read, on several houses, inscriptions, recording the height of the water at different periods, in some of which all the lower part of the village must have been submerged.

We here crossed the river,—carriage, horses, and all,—in a flat-bottomed boat, just large enough, and not an inch to spare. The Necker makes a turn at this place, almost at right angles; and, when we were in the middle of the stream, and could command both reaches at once, the view almost suggested the idea of fairy land; so much did the bold, unexpected objects, which became visible, exceed all we had seen, or hoped to see. In looking towards the country we had passed, we observed that the river assumed the appearance of a lovely lake, surrounded on all sides by towering cliffs; and, on turning the eye forward, a lofty, conical, forest-covered hill presented itself, crowned by a circular town, which covers its summit completely. A ruinous, embattled wall surrounds the whole; and a mighty

tower, of size most disproportioned to the town it guards, rises magnificently against the sky.

On reaching the left-hand shore, the road continues close to the water's edge; till, at the distance of two miles, the ancient town of Neckersteinach, unquestionably one of the loveliest spots in this most lovely land, appears in sight.

From this point, to the little hotel, to which we had been directed, a distance of about half a mile, we drove through some scenery which really looks as if the objects had been brought together purposely to enchant the eye. The marvellous Tilsberg, with the circular town and lofty tower on its brow, rises steep and abrupt, on the opposite side of the river, from the midst of a little, bright, green, level meadow on its bank. Before us was the rambling town of Neckersteinach, scattered up and down the little hill on which it stands, with about a score of light craft moored before it; and, above our heads, towering rocks and dark forests rose steep and high, with the ruins of two stately castles looking down upon us from among them. On another rising knoll, quite distant from all the hills around it, stood the dismantled, but less ruinous, remains of two other *bergs;* which seemed to have their strength linked together by walled terraces erected between them. The Necker makes a sudden, but beautiful, sweep round the little meadow at the foot of the Tilsberg; and the curving shore opposite, the boats, the houses, and their hanging gardens, the ruined castles, and the forest-covered height on which they stand, altogether form a picture seldom equalled. It was just such scenery as one longed to revel in, without the incumbrance of carriage and horses, or anything else to prevent one's turning first this way, and then the other, without any restraint whatever.

We wasted but little time in bespeaking dinner, giving orders to the driver about our return, and such other ordinary matters, ere we found ourselves climbing the isolated knoll, towards the most curious, though the least ruined, castle of the four. But, before we reached it, another pleasure awaited us; for, on attaining the summit of the little ridge, and looking down upon the side of it, farthest from the Necker, instead of seeing the undulating ground, which generally connects such an elevation with the loftier heights in its vicinity, we beheld a little valley deep sunk below us;

so bright in verdure, and so tempting from its cool and quiet shade, that nothing prevented my immediately descending into it but the timely recollection of the labour of returning. Through this emerald valley flowed a stream, rapid, deep, and clear, called the Steinach; which a guide-book describes as "le ruisseau le plus anciennement cité loin à la ronde." If it were *cité* for its exceeding beauty, I can well understand this; for it is just such a stream as an errant knight might wish to reach, when longing to slake his thirst, after a fierce and fiery combat, or to repose his limbs on a velvet turf, under the eternal shade of lofty hills and umbrageous oaks.

After gazing at this miniature valley, till we had sufficiently refreshed ourselves by the sight of its coldness, we proceeded to the castle; which, old records say, was the residence of a powerful baron:—lord, not only of the valley and the stream, but also of the knights, who inhabited the three other strongholds in its neighbourhood, and who held them as his vassals, and for his security. One of these subject knights acquired the name of Landschaden, signifying "curse of the country," or something very like it; which amiable appellation remained with his race, till a few years ago, when the last male died childless. The castle of his chief, though the oldest of the four, and known to have existed in the year 1140, is still in part habitable. The Rittersaal has, probably, been little changed; being still a large handsome room, commanding most lovely views by two large windows, one looking across the Necker towards the Tilsberg, the other to the little valley of the Steinach. In this hall of the knights was seated a person, whom we imagined to be some public functionary, as he had various papers, and implements for writing, before him. He was very civil; and, had he been not quite so old, or not quite so young, I doubt not that the romance, which, from the moment I came in sight of the place, had been gathering before me, like the *mirage* of the desert, would have enabled me to imagine him some very distinguished personage; taking refuge from the malice of fortune, in a spot where nature alone seemed capable of atoning for all the sorrows that the world could bring. But, alas! a middle-aged personage at once puts to sleep, extinguishes, and annihilates

all sublime inquiries; so, after obtaining what local information he could give us, we left the Rittersaal, and climbed and dived into every part of the half-ruinous edifice—save one. That defied us; and the girl, who padded about after us with bare feet and staring eyes, assured my son, who was the best German of the party, that no one, in the memory of man, had ever found the way to enter *that tower*.

This was by no means the only instance we met with, in our pertinacious examinations of towers, placed in the midst of mysterious old bergs, where the entrance must have been either by excavated passages from below, or by communications from above; but now so completely removed, as to leave no trace whatever as to where or how they could have been used. I decidedly lean to the subterranean hypothesis; as being not only the most mysterious, but the most reasonable: for I cannot believe that any Landschaden of them all would have contrived his castle in such a sort, as to have rendered scaling-ladders necessary, for his own entrances and exits to and from his tower of strength.

There were several other particulars, in this wild old fortalice, that strangely awakened our curiosity; and more still in its situation, that excited our admiration. Had I time and money, *ad libitum*, I should like to enter into a negotiation with the present lord of the land, for the purchase of this sight, and the old stones which stand upon it; for I could make, I think, so rarely sweet a dwelling of it, that no English friend, wandering between Heidelberg and Stuttgard, but would like to pay me a visit there.

Wishing to pursue our way to the woods, we contented ourselves with a distant glance of the smaller castle, which stands nearer the town, and immediately followed the upward path leading into the forest, which overhangs the road to Neckersteinach. When seen from below, this forest appears too thick to enter; and the ruins, which look out from amidst it, seem to be perched upon unapproachable cliffs; but the beautiful zigzag track we now took led us gradually higher and higher; till, at length, we found ourselves, not only on a level with, but above, the first ruin. It was, however, only from thence we could approach it; and, even so, the way, if not dangerous, was difficult. Thorns and brambles were to be braved; and the last descent upon it could

only be performed by scrambling down three or four feet. This done, we came upon a bit of close-shorn turf;—kept thus neatly, either by the scythe, or cropped by the wild animals of the forest. This had been the fortress of the redoubtable Landschaden, and we were therefore determined to enter it; but, from the point we had reached, there were no means of getting into the only chamber that remained entire, except by crawling, on all-fours, through a breach in the wall. This we performed, with the proper degree of antiquarian enthusiasm, and found ourselves in a very interesting dungeon, from whence there was no exit, save by the self-same hole through which we had entered.

So far, we had gained but little by our noble daring; but, having crawled out again, we found one or two spots among the heaps of fallen stones, which had once formed the bulwark of the knight of Landschaden, so singularly well placed for commanding a look-out up the river, and down the river, and across to the old frowning Tilsberg, that we understood why this one, at least, of the three independent bergs was necessary for the protection of their chief.

Here, again, we found a tower not to be entered but by scaling or undermining—and a solid tower it is. We were told that the stones, of which it was constructed, were coveted by some person in the neighbourhood for the purposes of building; but it was found that the labour of separating them from each other would be greater than that of hewing materials from one of the neighbouring quarries. From these dark fragments, we scrambled our way up again to the mountain-path, which now led, by nearly a level terrace, to the fourth castle. This, too, is utterly in decay; but the platform before it, looking down a tremendous precipice, is occupied as a garden by a poor man, who has made his dwelling among the ruins.

At this point, we decided that our party should separate for an hour before dinner; that none might interfere with the occupation of the others. Mr. H——, having spied out some spot, which he thought more beautiful still, to sketch from, set off in that direction. My son mounted up, hammer in hand, to the summit of the rocky heights above our head. And I turned back, to scribble in my note-book, at a point where I thought I could rest greatly to my satisfac-

tion; and where my companions promised to join me. I was not, however, quite alone. My little guide sat on a neighbouring stone, with his elbow resting on his knee; looking down upon the river, and its boats, the town, and its castles, with an air of most happy idleness. A little adventure occurred, while securing his services, which made me look on his contented face with peculiar pleasure. On setting off from the inn, this little fellow stepped up, cap in hand, to make an offer of himself, as our guide to the various ruins. I have constantly found that these little local urchins are excellent in that capacity. They know every mysterious hole and cranny; and have a marvellous talent of helping out their words, in answer to our imperfect German inquiries, with most amusing and expressive grimaces;—so we set off without asking for any other. The young rogue testified his satisfaction, by every imaginable demonstration of glee. He smiled, he laughed, he bowed, as he scampered on before us; but, ere we had gone fifty yards, a boy, more than twice his age, presented himself, and, pushing aside the little one, began to chatter forth his own information, with an air of great importance. We wished to get rid of him, but it was impossible, and we proceeded with our double escort. On reaching the top of the ridge, from whence the Steinach becomes visible, the little fellow stepped eagerly forward to point out the beautiful valley, and its bright clear brook. This was more than the senior could bear; and seizing upon his rival, with no gentle gripe, he thrust him rudely back. The gay smiles of the poor boy gave place to a burst of tears; whereupon I instantly found German enough to make my election clearly understood: "Nein geld für sie," was sufficient to make the elder stalk off, and my little man remained master of the field. I never witnessed a prettier ebullition of happiness than this triumph produced. He has bowed his merry head every time I have looked at him; gathered every flower in our path to present to me; and, in short, made me feel exceedingly well pleased with myself, for having protected the weak against the strong.

After enjoying, for about an hour, the beautiful seat I had chosen, our man of science, and our man of art returned, and we all repaired together to our inn. What the little, remote town of Neckersteinach can have to do with a ball-

room, I cannot imagine ; but our very good dinner was set forth in a *saal*, of excellent dimensions for a waltz of fifty couple, with a fine, glittering, glass chandelier, suspended in the middle of it. It required some resolution to leave this airy room, with its double range of beautiful windows, to plunge again into the sunshine ; and still more, to decide upon climbing the almost perpendicular side of the Tilsberg, in order to examine the singular buildings on its top. I mustered courage, however, for the undertaking ; and crossed the Necker, to the bright green meadow on its opposite shore. Had I been quite aware how very long this walk up the Tilsberg would have been, I should probably have requested my companions to undertake it without me ; yet I gloried in the enterprise, when it was achieved ; both from the satisfaction of having performed a difficult task, and for the strange, wild, desolate aspect of the curious place we had reached. The view was most magnificent. We looked down upon the ruined castles, and their little heights, as if they had been toys ; and the valley of the Necker spread itself, like a map, for several miles, on both sides. As to the town itself, and the ruins of its immense castle, it would be very difficult to give any idea of either. Their form and position are very singular. The town is so nearly in ruins, and the few hovels, which continue to be inhabited, are so extremely wretched in appearance, that I should think they would, at no very distant period, be as utterly forsaken by the peasants, who still cling to them, as the castle has been by the knight who held it. Yet, few and poor as the inhabitants are, they have still a decent little Catholic church ; and their piety shows itself by many tiny offerings to the Virgin, pinned about her shrine. A few inches of narrow ribbon, or a scrap of muslin, or silk, had not been thought too paltry to offer, or too worthless to accept ; and, though flowers could not be found round their desolate dwellings, they had plucked green branches from the forest which clothes the isolated hill, and with these the altar was decorated. The only dwelling in the place, which appeared calculated to be a shelter for man, was a small tenement, close to the church : it was in no respect superior to the cottages which poor men inhabit in the world below ; but, amidst the ruins of Tilsberg, it had an air of superiority, which

led us to imagine, that, if there were a priest in the place, he must dwell there. We judged rightly. On applying at the door, for permission to enter the church, it was the curé himself who answered us; and who had the politeness to unlock the door, and show us the little all it contained. He informed us, however, that this lonely spot was not his dwelling-place; but that he came once or twice a week to perform mass, and to administer to the spiritual wants of the poor people.

On the whole, though I am certainly pleased to have seen this very remarkable village, I do not recommend the expedition to my travelling readers; particularly if they be ladies, for it is a most fatiguing one. Let them contemplate Tilsberg from the lovely woods of Neckersteinach; and they will see enough of its singular position to gratify their curiosity, without paying the penalty of so much weariness.

When preparing for our return, we got outside the walls, and were obliged to cling round them, almost as cautiously as if walking on the parapet of a house; so completely does the exterior of the town reach the edge of the small table-land on which it is built. In one direction only is there an approach less precipitous, and this is on the side farthest from the Necker.

While recrossing the river on our return, we were much struck by the beautiful appearance of the Steinach brook, where it runs into the Necker. I have seen the clear Ohio join the muddy Mississippi; and, still more to the purpose, I have seen that turbid stream rush among the bright blue waves of the Mexican gulf; and, in both instances, there is a very tardy mixture of their waters;—but the pertinacious purity of the sparkling little Steinach is more remarkable than either. It flows gaily and swiftly through the gentle descent of its own valley; but, just where it joins the Necker, it comes down with a vehemence which carries it pure and pellucid, for a longer distance than I could have believed possible, before it is stained and lost in the stronger and coarser stream.

We greatly enjoyed the cool evening drive back to Heidelberg. It had all that beautiful variety of light and shade which a brilliant sunset gives, in a region of high cliffs and deep valleys.

We passed, on our return, two or three of the rafts by which timber of the black forest is conveyed to the Rhine. These were small, and had only two or three men on each of them; but, when they reach the Rhine, so prodigious a number of them are linked together, that they proceed to Rotterdam, rather like mighty floating islands, thickly peopled, than a paltry combination of logs

The following day, which was to be the last of our stay at Heidelberg, was devoted to a deliberate examination of its ruins, and to the quiet enjoyment of the matchless terraces and gardens around them.

I have already said so much about these ruins, that I almost fear to give any account of this day; but, recollecting how easy a matter it is to turn over a few pages at once, I shall venture to transcribe, verbatim, from my note-book what I wrote at the time; in the hope that it may recall to some, who love every tower and staircase of the old place as well as I do, recollections that may have escaped their memory.

Ruins of Heidelberg, July 3rd, 1833.

We are here to pass the whole day. The valet de place has brought a basket of provisions from the hotel; and we have found German enough to persuade a young damsel to take charge of it, who resides with her father, the *tonnelier* of the castle, under shelter of one of the various roofs which still remain of this palace of wonders. They have contrived to give an air of comfort to a part of the offices, divided off into three or four snug little rooms. What the exact meaning of the good man's title may be, I do not well understand; for all the *cooperage* of the castle, at this time, consists in preserving the celebrated "*Tun of Heidelberg*" from premature decay. But, whatever be his office, it appears to support him in very comfortable style;—and his "neat-handed" daughter is a model of good-humoured notability. With true German kindness, she has received our basket, and furnished us with chairs, to carry with us to any part of the castle in which we may choose to station ourselves.

Henry has just been fortunate enough to meet one of the most distinguished geologists of the day, who has had the kindness to tell him of some object of peculiar interest, at the

distance of a mile; and for this, he and his hammer are about to depart. Mr. H. is already seated, pencil in hand, before the Rittersaal; with the ambitious project of conveying on paper some idea of its elaborate splendour:—and I shall convey my note-book about with me into every quarter of this extraordinary place:—not, certainly, with any expectation of being able to describe what I may see, but for the purpose of making a memorandum from time to time of my enjoyment; in the hope that I may induce others to adopt the same satisfactory mode of proceeding.

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My first perambulation has brought me to a grove of stately forest trees, growing on the old ramparts of the castle. Through this grove walks are cut, and still kept with the nicest care.

On one side is the castle ditch,—deep, dark, and filled with trees, whose tops are on a level with me. On the other, the wall of the bastion sinks perpendicularly, for a hundred feet; and the bold hill, on which it rests, continues the precipice in a line not much more practicable. At its foot lies the town of Heidelberg, with its busy market; where the crowds, whom I saw buying and selling as I passed through it, now look like so many bustling ants carrying their tiny loads. Luckily for me there is a stout iron rail, fixed in the massy stone-work, or I could not thus stand on its edge to watch them. The Necker stretches far away along the rich valley which conducts it to the Rhine; and the blue line of the Vosges, extending to Mount Tonnerre, finishes the distance.

All this may, I think, be easily imagined; for mountains often have castles on their sides, and rivers and towns at their base. But only those who have been here—here, on the very spot where I now stand—can form a just idea of the actual scene. Close beside me rise the walls of an immense tower, whose span is so ample, that its four windows, overlooking this terrace, seem but slightly bowed. Below these windows, and standing forth from the ivy which has crept round their projecting niches, are the highly-finished, full-length statues of the two founders of the tower:—the Elector Lewis V., and his brother Frederick V. Their embroidered cloaks, their stiff ruffs, and all the minutiæ of their stately toilet, are so accurately given, and so well preserved, that a

very little fancy might enable one to believe in their having been petrified, lace and all, as they were stepping down from the balcony above. The ivy around these figures has been very skilfully cut; and they appear to be pushing it aside to enable them to look down upon the terrace.

This part of the structure is called *par excellence* "the Great Tower;" and in it was the famous banqueting-hall of Frederick V. On a tablet of stone placed between the two Electors is an inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"Lewis, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Elector and Duke of Bavaria, erected this tower, and finished it in 1583.

"Frederick V., Count Palatine of the Rhine, Elector, Vicar of the Holy Roman Empire, and Duke of Bavaria, pulled down the upper part of this tower, rebuilt, and vaulted it; and added thirty-three feet to the height of the banqueting-hall, after having removed the column which supported the roof, without any damage or derangement whatever. Finished in the year 1619." This magnificent tower is connected with the building, which contains the chapel, by a simple, but very noble range of apartments, called "the English Buildings." These were erected in 1612, by Frederick V., for the especial use of his wife, the Princess Elizabeth of England, daughter of James I. The windows of two lofty stories are still remaining; and this enormous wall, seen together with the mighty tower, which flanks it, against the clear, blue sky of Germany, conveys an idea of immensity and grandeur which cannot be described. Nature and art both appear gigantic here; for, turning to the right, a hill of such sudden steepness rises to the clouds, while the trees which cover it are so noble, and the masses of rock starting forth from among them so enormous, that the style of the building seems chosen on purpose to be in keeping with the stupendous features of the landscape.

Many parts of the castle, have reference, by their history, or by inscriptions, to the Princess Elizabeth of England. Over the arch of what must have been a very noble gateway, leading to this terrace, is the following inscription:—

"Frederick the Fifth to his dear wife Elizabeth,
in the year 1615."

I have now got into the very deepest recesses of the ruin. I have climbed up one very long spiral staircase, and sounded my way down another. After this, I had the good fortune to find a third, darker and narrower than either; and, having mastered it, I found myself amidst a labyrinth of paths, running along the tops of the walls of Otho Henry's palace. Fortunately they are, one and all, broad enough to make a very respectable promenade. Moreover, many of them are guarded by bushes springing from the mortar; and along others a slight *garde-fou* has been placed, that curiosity might not lead to danger, nor fear to disappointment. After threading these paths till, spite of the rails and the bushes, I found myself sufficiently giddy, and perfectly bewildered, I at length found my way to what my map tells me is the "Tour de la Bibliothèque:"—and here I write, seated on what seems the hearthstone of Frederick the Second, who is said to have built this splendid chamber to contain the famous library of the Palatinate;—one of the most valuable collections then existing. The room must, I think, have been half a circle. It has eight large windows, among which it is difficult to select that which commands the most enchanting view. Some look down the side of the hill, over terraces and covered ways, orchards, and forest trees, to the river, the town, and its pigmy population. Others open upon the towering Geeisberg:—and it is not without an effort that you can get sight of the blue sky above it. From one of them are seen the noble range of windows at the back of Otho Henry's palace, behind the famous Rittersaal; and beyond these again, is the octagon tower, which is the highest fragment left; and which is visible at many points where no other part of the ruins can be seen. The floor of this room is now, perhaps, more softly carpeted than in the days of its greatness; for a well-kept, green, grass turf covers it. A stunted, leafless shrub stands in the centre; just on the spot where, formerly, some massy oaken table probably supported the precious manuscripts and illuminated missals, when they were brought forth to regale the eyes of the learned visitants to this princely library. The noble Elector himself must have intended to use this room as a favourite apartment; for the building is so arranged as to communicate, by a small vaulted closet, with the chamber of Otho's palace, called "the Elector's Bed-

room;" and from this closet a little spiral staircase leads to the ground-floor. A subterranean passage communicates, from a point near this tower, with an entrance at a very considerable distance in the side of the Jettenbuhl.

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Henry has found out my retreat; he assures me that the hour of dinner is fully come, and that we must find some spot of transcendent beauty, whereat to assemble for the purpose of making our repast. The only difficulty will be in choosing among such vast variety. I think, at least, an hundred different parties might find spots of first-rate attraction, where they might place themselves, without interfering with each other.

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After due consideration, we have decided upon the matchless northern terrace, outside the chapel, for our dinner station. It overhangs the town and river, and looks over them to the Heiligenberg; as one good neighbour does to another, across a narrow street. Here, in the deep shade of Frederick the Fourth's lofty palace,—with one stone bench for our table, and another for our seat,—we have spread our repast. It is a banqueting-hall which might content the most fastidious prince on earth.

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Having eaten, and looked about us for at least one long, but not unsatisfactory hour, we went in search of the person who keeps the keys of the chapel, the picture gallery, the chamber of the *Great Tun*, and various other curiosities, by the exhibition of which she contrives to get a living. The chapel of St. Udalrich is the part of the castle which has undergone the latest reparation ; and it was used as late as the year 1803. It makes part of Frederick the Fourth's palace, and is large enough to have assorted well with the dignity of the entire building ; but now it has only its bare walls and naked altar to show, and possesses little other interest than what is derived from its being part of the ruins of Heidelberg.

There is, however, one strange object there,—wherefore, or by whom placed, I know not,—but it deserves mention, were it only for the startling effect it produced on us all. On entering the chapel we passed by the side of an old con-

fessional, placed near the door;—it had neither dignity nor beauty of any kind to attract the eye, and it was quite unheeded. On reaching the altar, we turned to examine the extent of the building; and, at the same moment, the eyes of each of us were drawn to the figure of a pale old man, who, dressed in the habit of a monk, sat in the confessional we had passed. There was something so desolate in the look of the place, and so unearthly in the livid hue of his complexion, that I almost shuddered as I looked at him. He seemed to bend his head meekly towards us, as in salutation; and a strong feeling of interest and compassion was excited in us all; for it appeared as if he alone had survived the universal wreck in which all around him had perished, and that, faithful to his duty even to the last—for his hollow eye and sunken cheek showed that life was fast ebbing—he still held his post, to minister comfort to the repentant spirits who might yet hover near to confess their sins. The woman, who had led us into the chapel, watched us earnestly as we continued to gaze upon him; and, after the silence of a moment, said, "Go up to him."

We all obeyed her; and it was not till we found ourselves close to the confessional that we discovered this excellent mockery to be of wax.

From the chapel, we passed on to a building which has the honour of containing the Great Tun of Heidelberg. This celebrated cask is certainly very large; and the idea, that it was wont in days of yore to be filled with Rhine wine, approaches to the sublime;—but, before I could fully appreciate its dignity, Henry quite destroyed the effect of all its greatness, by exclaiming,—"A dozen of them might dance in Meux's great vat."

We next visited a queer collection of pictures, kept in a room over the great gateway. It consists, almost entirely, of portraits of the princes and princesses of the Palatinate, to whom the castle has at different periods belonged. After we had sufficiently examined these, Mr. H—— returned to his drawing, and Henry and I set off in search of vaulted dungeons, and subterranean passages. Of these we found many more than we could follow, or even enter. The particular spot which, more than any other, possesses this kind of interest, is, perhaps, that beneath the stupendous ruin of

the circular tower which fronts the Geissberg. The manner in which the upper half of this tower now lies extended on the ground,—the solid mass of its enormous walls still preserving their circular form, while the lower half yawns beside it,—presents one of the greatest charms of the whole ruin; and the vaults beneath are in the very highest style of dark and dreary mystery. It was quite impossible, however, even for Henry, to penetrate quite as far as might have been wished for the gratification of that curiosity, which on such occasions, grows by what it feeds on; but, on the whole, we were well satisfied with the result of the accuracy of our researches, so far as they had proceeded; and, when the failing light admonished us to desist, we congratulated each other upon having dived farther into the hidden recesses of Heidelberg than it was likely any other travellers had done before us.

When we returned to the front of the Rittersaal, where we had left Mr. H——, we found him in conversation with a French artist, who has devoted the last twenty-three years of his life to making drawings, and superintending engravings, of all the most interesting parts of the ruin. Some of these, especially such as give the detail of Otho Henry's superb façade, are admirable.

This gentleman, by name M. Charles de Graimberg, gave us many amusing anecdotes of occurrences which had passed under his notice, during his long residence among these noble relics. He has had the opportunity of witnessing the impressions produced by them on a great variety of travellers of all nations; and this, I think, must have left on his memory a sort of patchwork recollection of high and low feeling—of extravagant enthusiasm and cold indifference—which may enable him to judge of the average taste of mankind better than most people.

I believe it was this gentleman who told me that a set of learned and most energetic English antiquaries, having worshipped these remains of German magnificence, during the day, returned to them, in the darkness of night, armed with sledge hammers, and testified their love of art by severing sundry fragments of stone from the beautiful ornaments of the Rittersaal.

Notwithstanding the pleasure they had given us, our af-

fection for the caryatides, the corbels, and the cornices, did not lead us to go this length; and we left the ruin of Heidelberg, carrying away with us nothing, save the remembrance of its surpassing beauty.

When we returned to our inn we were too tired to do anything but sit still and drink coffee; but the evening was beautiful, and, till a late hour, the streets were thronged with students, who gave us in passing many delightful specimens of their skill in singing. One large party, who perhaps had been quaffing some few flasks of Rhenish, in honour of the belles of Heidelberg, came carolling down the street, with such a preponderating force of lungs that all weaker strains gave way before them; and then we had a very beautiful example of one of the most characteristic features of Germany. All those, who met this long array of wassailers stretching across the street and suffering nobody to be heard but themselves, instead of breaking their harmony, as they broke their line in passing through it, joined the joyous chorus; with tune, time, and taste so admirable as to produce an effect inconceivably delightful. This did not happen once only, or twice or thrice; but, as they pursued their walk through the street, every party they met joined voices, in most sweet and skilful accord, to the strain they were singing.

CHAPTER XII.

Route to Carlsrhue—Seats for Travellers—Wiesloch—Lutheran Hymn—Avenue of Poplars—Carlsruhe—Palace Garden—Opera—Baden—Chabert's—Old and New Castles—Promenade—Gambling Rooms.

The road from Heidelberg to Carlsruhe has little beauty, beyond what a mountainous outline in the distance can give it. For many miles in this direction all the attraction is behind you; and, in truth, when turning from the Bergstrasse and the Neckar, it would be hardly possible for any road to appear beautiful.

There is one feature remarkable in all the roads of Germany which I do not remember in any other country. On every great route that we travelled, we observed benches placed by the road-side for such as journey on foot. These are generally found under the shade of a large tree; and, in many instances, they are furnished with the additional luxury of a bowery shelter of branches, carefully twisted into an alcove. This may appear to be a matter of very little consequence, and hardly worth mentioning; but it is strongly indicative of the *temper* of the country, if I may so express myself: and, as I know not by whose hand, or at whose cost, they are reared, I am disposed to believe the feeling, that causes their formation, as universal as the accommodation they offer.

We baited ourselves and our horses at Weisloch, at the distance of two leagues and a half from Heidelberg, where we had a very excellent breakfast, at a very low price. While it was preparing we walked to the Church, which we entered on hearing from it the full and solemn notes of a Lutheran hymn. The little building was quite full, and I never beheld a congregation of such severe austerity of look and demeanour. The dress, both of men and women, was just such as the fanatics of Cromwell's day might have sanctioned; and the whole scene realized, not the *beau*, but the

triste ideal of a methodist assembly. Nothing could less resemble the reformed church at Francfort than this harsh-looking conventicle. There was no clergymen among them, nor any one whom we could suppose likely to fill the office. The men and women stood in separate rows, all singing with the whole strength of their lungs. I have no doubt but that our sudden and unauthorized intrusion might have somewhat increased the austere expression so remarkable on every face: but, in spite of the scowling brows that greeted us, I gave the poor people credit for real piety in thus assembling to chant their morning hymn; for as the day was not Sunday, nor marked for any religious observance that we could discover, this meeting, even without a minister to call them together, spoke plainly of a strong religious feeling, and had some wise and Christian-minded divine been among them, to soften the temper of their zeal, the effect would have been perfect.

We passed an hour at Bruchsal, which was formerly the abode of the Prince Bishop of Spires. There is a handsome castle of residence, which does not appear, however, to be in very good repair. The church of St. Peter has some handsome monuments of the last Bishops of Spires. But the thing that struck us as most remarkable in the little town of Bruchsal, was the number and abundance of its beautifully clear fountains.

Though I am not in general an admirer of poplars, it was impossible not to confess the dignity and beauty of the avenue composed of them, which forms the approach to Carlsruhe. It is a league in length; and the height, size, and regular growth of the trees render it magnificent and striking in no common degree.

Carlsruhe, from being the chief residence of the Grand Duke, is considered as the capital of Baden. It is a small, well-built, gay-looking town, and has all the attraction which the actual residence of a German prince is sure to give to the spot where he holds his court.

Though many of the grand ducal residences may nearly equal that of Carlsruhe in size, and the one at Manheim greatly exceeds it; yet this alone has that air of finished splendour and uniform elegance which indicates the presence of the prince. The town is on a plain, sheltered to the

northwest by the forest of Hartwold; and the castle is so placed as to form the centre of a circle, of which its beautiful groves and gardens occupy one half, and the town the other.

The *Place Royale* is a very splendid area. Innumerable orange-trees border the noble walks, that traverse it from the town to the palace in various directions; reservoirs and fountains adorn it; and the palace spreading its elegant semicircle on one side, with the church, and other handsome buildings flanking it on the other, produce a most brilliant coup d'œil.

On applying at the great gates of the palace for leave to see the apartments, the sentry entered one of the lodges, and returned with an officer, who appeared to be on guard there, and who very civilly gave us the permission we asked. A large party of English had entered just before us, and we all passed together through the state rooms. These are extremely elegant; and ample enough, without rivalling the endless succession of apartments at Manheim, to receive a very numerous society.

After seeing all the rooms that are opened to strangers, we mounted to the top of the central tower, which, I presume, must have been erected solely for the sake of the singular view it commands. The objects which form the horizon here, as throughout the whole of this extensive plain, are the Odenwald and the Bergstrasse to the east, the Vosges to the west, and the heights of the Black Forest in the southern distance. But the peculiar features of the landscape are those immediately below the eye. The small but handsome town, with its many noble buildings, occupying the space to the very verge of the woods, which stretch towards the eastern hills, is seen on one side; and the superb gardens of the palace, with their exquisite flowers, their shrubberies, and their lawns, losing themselves in the dark forest, that seems to form a line along the base of the Vosges, on the other. What renders this bird's-eye view so singularly pleasing is, that the whole landscape, noble as its features are, has the air of being arranged expressly to furnish forth the lovely panorama that surrounds this lordly tower. The Rhine seems to twist and wind on purpose to show its beauty to the lord of the land through which it

flows; and, like a shining snake in the hand of an enchanter, converts its vastness and its strength into grace and pleasantness. The forest spreads its inviting shade beyond the bright and sunny streets—and the distant hills bend round the picture as if to frame it in. Every object within sight contributes, in a greater or less degree, to the beauty of the whole; and nothing obtrudes itself, in any direction, that one could wish away.

Roads from every point of the compass concentrate, as at Versailles, making the palace the centre of a star. Some of these are seen stretching to a great distance over the plain, or cutting a narrow line through the trees.

Having walked again and again round the gallery that hangs over this splendid view, we wandered into the gardens, and passed the remainder of a long morning in examining the multitude of exquisite flowers and shrubs with which it abounds. All these are carefully and scientifically labelled; and the high perfection to which they grow, their profuse abundance, their beautiful arrangement, and the exquisite odour which they exhale, render the privilege of wandering among them one of no trifling value. Immediately under the windows of the palace, the assemblage of blossoms was the most brilliant I ever remember to have seen. I have before mentioned the passion for flowers, which appeared to me so remarkable throughout the country; and from their profuse abundance here, it should seem that the royal mistress of this prettiest of palaces, though not "native there or to the manner born," loves them as well as if she were. The pre-eminence of the Carlsruhe flower-gardens beyond those of her other palaces, seemed to mark her presence among them, as a silken banner, when floating from a kingly tower, shows that the monarch is within its walls;—and certainly no lovlier ensign ever gave its gay colours to the breeze. The tints are of heaven's own dyes.*

* A recent traveller, Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, in speaking of this residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, says, "The palace is not more imposing in appearance than a second-rate gentleman's villa in England." As this statement differs considerably from that of the text, which nevertheless was written on the spot, with the intention of describing it faithfully, the author must leave it to those, who may chance to read both, and also to have visited Carlsruhe, to decide between them.

On entering the gardens, we met the Grand Duke and his three sons, very fine boys; the youngest, not above five or six years old, is a most beautiful little creature. We recognized both the Duke and the Princes before we were informed of their rank, from our familiar acquaintance with their portraits, which are seen in almost every house, and I believe I might almost say in every hut, throughout his dominions, in an almost endless variety of style. This is only one proof among a thousand of his popularity.

In the evening we went to the opera. The interior of the theatre is very elegant; and the performance of the "Gazza Ladra" excellent; though the orchestra at Francfort will long prevent my feeling perfectly satisfied with any other.

Early on the following morning we started for Baden, and breakfasted at Rastatt; where we saw another grand ducal chateau. This little town is situated upon the Mourg; and the country around it begins to partake of the beautful features, for which this stream is celebrated.

We reached Baden at two; and though we had been repeatedly threatened, *en route,* with not finding rooms there, we were fortunate enough to descry an *affiche,* on entering the town, which directed us to some small, but very comfortable, private lodgings, where we immediately established ourselves: and having been previously well instructed in the manners of the place, we hastened to make our toilets, and set off for the far-famed establishment of Chabert.

Not all I had heard of the beauty and the brilliance of Baden, had prepared me for the exceeding loveliness of its situation, which seems to contain within itself every possible attraction that a watering-place can offer. The surpassing grandeur of the scenery has been so constantly dwelt upon, by all who have looked on it, that the hopeless task of description is rendered unnecessary; but should I be tempted to express some of the delight it afforded me, I beg to be forgiven, in behalf of my earnest desire to inspire all tourists with a wish to visit it, who can in any way contrive to bring it into their summer excursion. That they will thank me, if I succeed, I am very sure;—let their taste, their temper, their sex, their age, be what it may, they cannot fail to find Baden enchanting.

Should they love all that is awful, sombre, wild, and grand in scenery; let them wander but half a mile from the town, and they may be lost amid the dark valleys, that wind through the pine-covered mountains, which form the out-works of the Black Forest. If a scene of the most light and brilliant gaiety be what their fancy covets; they may turn aside into the gardens that lead to the suite of buildings called "*Le Salon de la Conversation*," and they will find there more light and laughing cheerfulness, a more brilliant air of dissipation, and a greater variety of objects to enchant the eye, and animate the spirits, than probably were ever brought together elsewhere. Yet is there neither noise, nor misrule, tumult, nor apparent excess of any kind.

On crossing a bridge from the town, a handsome carriage-road, looking like a drive through a gentleman's park, sheltered on each side, by shrubberies, leads to the *Saal*. Well-kept gravel walks wind through these shrubberies, on both sides, in the same direction, skirted to the left, by the little river, or rather brook, called the Oelbach, which was at one time the line of demarcation between France and Germany; and on the right, by a steep ascent, diversified with lawns and groves, and many a tempting path, that gradually rise, till they are lost in the dark forest of pine that covers one of the hills, which shut Baden in on all sides.

At any other hour of the day, the paths on this hill side would infallibly have led us higher and higher, till we had attained the happiness of being delightfully lost in the mountain forest, to which they tend; but thoughts of dinner led us onward, as steadily as the mariner's needle, to the magnificent façade, which we discovered through the trees, and among the various halls of which we were well assured we should find it.

Whatever judgment may be passed by the learned severity of classic taste upon the architectural varieties of this façade; its general effect is grand and imposing. First comes the theatre; then a low colonnade, within which is the circulating library and reading-rooms, and a range of pretty shops for music, drawings, and nicknackeries of all sorts. Then rises the centre building, which is extremely noble in its proportions, and faced by a portico supported by Corinthian columns, that by its own elegance, and still more by

the view it commands, may challenge competition with any spot in the world. Beyond this, and connected with it, is another range of buildings, containing the extensive establishment of Chabert's restaurant. When we reached these buildings, the beautiful esplanade, in front of them, was filled by a crowd of well-dressed people, whose every step, movement, and glance showed they were assembled for the one sole purpose of amusing themselves. It would be almost impossible to find one's-self in the midst of such an assembly, surrounded on all sides with incitements to pleasure, and antidotes to melancholy, without feeling inspired with a strong inclination to enter into the spirit of the scene; and, in truth, I can conceive no surer cure for an attack of the blue devils than the mere sight of it.

After a walk through this gay throng, which, despite our sharp appetites, was long and lingering, we entered Chabert's, acknowledged, I believe, to be the most perfectly well appointed restaurant to be found out of Paris. Three ranges of tables, varying in size from what would accommodate a sulky solitary, if such could be found at Baden, to spacious boards, that might have accommodated King Arthur and all his knights, occupy, but by no means fill, the noble saloon. To speak with anything like justice of the *cuisine* of this establishment, might incur the suspicion of gourmandise; and I will therefore only remark, en passant, that it is perfect. But the air, the style, the brilliant variety of the whole scene is better still. We entered the room at about half-past four, and from that time till six, different parties continued to come in, till every table was full. Those calculated to accommodate a large party, were all bespoken; and the delicacy of the linen, the superb abundance of plate, the brilliant profusion of cut glass, which these displayed, gave an elegance to the appearance of the whole apartment.

As soon as our gay and amusing repast was over, we repaired to the library to enter our names, and secure an entrée for the gentlemen to the reading-room. The scene in front of the buildings was still as gaily peopled as before; but with this difference, that the majority of the company, instead of walking about till their hour or their party had arrived, were now seated in the shade of the ample portico before the public rooms; the ladies eating ices, or sipping coffee, and the

gentlemen sometimes, but by no means generally, adding to the latter the incomprehensible delight of a cigar. Here, again, the scene was so new, and so attractive, that we could not pass through it without pausing: and having secured one of the numerous little tables placed for the purpose, we too indulged in the luxury of *cafe noir*, while we looked about us.

Immediately opposite to this point rises the almost stupendous hill, on which stands the ruins of the old castle, which, some seven centuries ago, was the stronghold of the Princes of Baden. Directly below it, and about two miles nearer the town, is the present *Residence*, spreading along the magnificent terrace that overhangs it. The first, an enormous, but almost shapeless mass of towering ruins, seems to look forth from its black cloak of pines, as if in scorn of the light and lively scene below, so far unlike the solemn stateliness of its own feudal glories. The other, young in comparison, though tracing its origin to Christopher, a Margrave of Baden in the 13th century, still remains entire.

The town reaches to a level with this edifice: and though no buildings are high enough to impede the view of it, the general effect of its lofty site, and noble extent, is lessened by their proximity. But history attaches an interest to this old fabric, far beyond what any outline of brick and stone could produce. At the first glance we remembered, that beneath the heavy pile lay the dungeons, which, perfect beyond any that have been discovered elsewhere, show in hideous hieroglyphics where and how the victims of the secret tribunal received their sentence, and expiated their real or imputed crimes. It was impossible to look at its gloomy roof without a shudder. But turn the head, and instead of the black mountain, and its two terrific castles, the brightest objects, and the lightest hilarity, meet the eye and ear.

In one direction, a long alley of acacias stretches almost as far as the eye can reach, flanked on each side by a row of gay booths; which, besides all the gaudy prettinesses they offer for sale, have the attraction of the French, Savoyard, and Tyrolese costumes of the picturesque merchants, both male and female, who occupy them. This alley itself, with the motley population that crowd it, is a most amusing sight. In one place a card-table, under the trees, attracts a circle of

loungers to watch the chances of a game at whist or *ecarte*—in another, the green vest, and pointed hat, of a Swiss vender of chamois gloves (hunted and sewed, as he tells you, by his own hand) draws some to purchase and many to stare. Here a girl from Western Switzerland, with her pretty ankles, short petticoat, and large straw hat, shows off her graces, and invites you to buy crucifixes, brooches, and Napoleon pins, at a penny a-piece;—there a juggler, mixing the costumes of all nations of the earth, to mystify each, gains hearers and cents without number.

Additional animation was now given to the lively spectacle by a band which began to play in front of the rooms. Every chair was occupied; every table engaged—French taking coffee and cognac—Germans smoking—English eating ices and quaffing wine, or whatever else was to be had at the highest price. As one party moved another took their place, offering fresh groups to study, the whole spectacle being uniformly gay, but uniform in nothing else.

Having subscribed to the library, the balls, the salle de conversation, and so on (all at very moderate prices), we entered the public rooms, and there a very different spectacle, and one perfectly new, greeted me. The first room you enter from the portico is a magnificent saloon of a hundred feet by forty. In the centre of this room is a roulette table. As we had left the portico and walks crowded with company, I was perfectly astonished to find this large room crowded also; but so it was, and with a throng not only more strangely mixed than that without, but infinitely more incongruous than any novice could believe from merely looking at it. Ladies of the highest rank and character stood or sat beside the desperate adventurer who was staking his last Napoleon on the game. But some days must be passed at Baden, and some acquaintance made among the company, before the strange anomalies of this scene can be fully understood.

Beyond this saloon on one side is the "Salle de Conversation;" a very handsome drawing-room, elegantly fitted up with sofas and couches in abundance, and a grand piano-forte, with which ladies may amuse both themselves and the company if they please. To this apartment subscribers *only* can be admitted; the others are open to all. In another direction is a handsome room, which was formerly the choir of the

Jesuits' church; who, at no very distant period, had a college on this spot. It is now—oh strange uncertainty of earthly things!—converted into a gaming-room. It is here that the rouge et noir table is placed; and, to my utter astonishment, I found ladies as well as gentlemen seated round it, in all the suppressed but ever-visible agitation of gamesters. This room also was very full: the play was deeper, and the company evidently of higher grade than those who crowded round the roulette table. The scene was to me one of such deep and novel interest, that, spite of the sweet air and innocent gaiety without, I had no power to leave it. It was the first time that I had ever seen the human countenance under circumstances so calculated to display all the variety of expression of which it is capable. I knew not how tremendous a study a human face might be; nor can I at all understand why I found so much interest, I could almost call it fascination, in watching the working muscles of beings that I so heartily despised. Be the cause, however, what it may, the fact is, that spite of the fatigue of standing (those who do not play are forbidden to sit down), and spite of the hateful passions so visibly at work before me, I remained in this desecrated church till darkness and stillness had taken place in the brilliant scene I had left on the walks.

The subscription-room was quite full as we looked into it on our way out, and a very good band was playing there; but I felt no inclination to enter, and we returned to our quiet lodgings, where we moralized over our tea till bedtime.

CHAPTER XIII.

Old Castle—Secret Tribunal—Roman Bath—Dress Ball—Baden Company—The Gaming Table—Sunday Evening—The Mourgthal—The Mummelsee—Gernsbach—The Klingel—Eberstein—The Mourg.

On the following day we resolutely turned our backs upon the public rooms, walks, gardens, and all their fascinations, determined to devote the morning to the two Castles, both so pregnant with historic interest, and one so wildly magnificent in its position. To enable me to achieve this enterprise, it was deemed necessary that I should mount one of the numerous train of donkeys, which constantly stand ready caparisoned at the beginning of the ascent.

The road is well cut, and made as easy as the nature of the ground will permit, but it was a full hour ere we reached the point where the wide-spreading ruin stands. Were it not for the tales that memory is sure to recall at such a spot, and the stirring scenes that fancy so readily suggests amid the mouldering, desolate chambers, that may still be traced there, the mere walls of the Alt Schloss itself would hardly repay the labour of reaching them; but the spot on which they stand is at once so terrible in its dark loneliness, and so magnificent from the immense landscape over which it hangs, that were it necessary to climb from crag to crag like chamois-hunters to reach it, none would shrink from the toil who were capable of performing it. I never before looked upon a view, at once so extensive and so beautiful. The rock on which the castle stands is many hundred feet above the level of the Rhine, and being almost a sugar-loaf, the panorama is perfect. Strasburg is seen in one direction, and Worms in the other, with many a winding of the Rhine between. This forms the distant view; but that immediately below the eye is lovelier far. Hills almost innumerable, of all varieties of form, rise around Baden, and beyond it, intersecting each other with such intricacy of outline, and such capricious variety of tint, as light and shade play upon

their black pine-covered sides, that the eye is almost bewildered in its enjoyment, and turns from height to height, and from valley to valley, utterly unable to decide which direction it loves best.

We were shown amid the ruins a low-browed archway, sloping downwards, blocked up by huge masses of stone; this our guide told us communicated with the subterranean chambers of the castle below. How mortifying it is upon these occasions, when inquiring if there be any means of exploring so delightful a mystery, to be answered, "Mais non, Madame, le souterrain est comblé."

There are some prodigiously grand masses of granite starting out from among the woods near the castle, which look almost like a continuation of its walls. Here my two companions found employment, one with his pencil, and the other with his hammer, while I placed myself in a shed where there was a bench and a table. By no possible chance, I think, can the beams of the sun ever find their way to that spot. Tall pines, enormous rocks, and lofty towers, all throw impenetrable shade upon it; but it was the third of August, and it never occurred to me that shade could be an evil, so I sat down to write, and continued to do so, till I found myself so cold that I could hardly hold my pen: I literally shook in every limb, and thought it prudent to quit my retreat, and summon my two friends. Having stated my sad condition, they accompanied me down the steep descent till we came to the great gateway. On one side of this, in a spot where rocks and ruins are so blended together as to make it almost doubtful which is which, is a sort of shed, or rather, a layer of slanting planks, projecting over a square stone, about three feet high. On this, much to my contentment, blazed a bright fire. An old woman and a girl were employed before it with sundry pots and pipkins; and in different corners of the rock were stowed away bottles, glasses, apples and plums, indicating, as we hoped, a sort of *sauvage restaurant* for such as might happen to turn their eyes to this strange nook, after labouring up the steep ascent, or coming shuddering down from the unsunned recesses of the ruins. Be this as it might, the fire was restoration enough, and at that moment looked as inviting as Chabert's gay saloon itself. We all welcomed it joyfully, and I crept

as close to its blaze as if Christmas had taken place of the dog-days.

The old woman gave us a smiling welcome, and I never remember to have enjoyed the sight and feel of "crackling fagots" more completely. On looking round I observed sundry leaders of donkeys, my own among the number, reposing in odd corners of this singular cabaret: their beasts stood at no great distance, and formed no bad addition to the picture. An old chair was drawn out from its hiding-place behind a ledge of rock to do me honour, and seated in this, I watched with exceeding satisfaction the process of boiling some water in a little brass skillet, that looked as if it came out of one of Ostade's pictures, as well as the kind old frau who watched it. At length she presented to me, the result of her exertions in my behalf in a steaming cup, which contained neither Rhine wine, nor any other species of nectar, but something which she called *ponch*, and which at that moment I thought infinitely better.

The two hours that remained of our morning were to be devoted to the Residence, and the chambers of the secret tribunal beneath it; yet we did not leave this grotesque but picturesque retreat, till Mr. H. had made a sketch of the old woman and her grand-daughter, her rocky shed, and her altar-like hearthstone. This done, I remounted my donkey; and in less than half the time it had taken us to crawl up, we reached the gates of the chateau. The only adventure that befell us on the way, was encountering two young military-looking Germans, both mounted on donkeys, and both smoking from pipes of such prodigious length, that they all but touched the ground under the feet of their lowly *monture*. They rode closely and lovingly side by side, one tube taking an angle to the east, and the other to the west. We met them at a point where the road was narrow; the rock, which had been cut through to make it, rising on one side, while something very like a precipice fell on the other; and my part of the adventure consisted in so choosing my path, and adjusting myself in the saddle, as not to run a-tilt against either meerschaum. My donkey-boy, perceiving the difficulty, seized my rein, and unceremoniously set the head of the animal in a line that appeared to lead very decidedly over the edge of the precipice. Some sign or

sound of disapprobation probably escaped me; for one of the gentlemen immediately dismounted, and disposed of himself, his pipe, and his donkey, in such a manner as to leave me room to proceed. And here, as I pass him, I must observe that the phlegmatic slowness, for which the Germans are so celebrated, can, I think, scarcely be attributed to them at the present day. Their long incorporation with their lively neighbours of France may perhaps account for this; but certainly, as far as my observation went, I saw nothing approaching to slowness or heaviness among the younger part of the population: they may perhaps carry a little more ballast than their neighbours, but it rather steadies than impedes their movement.

On reaching the gates of the chateau, our curiosity was drawn to the examination of the armorial bearings engraved on a stone above the gate. There was no part of this noble shield with which we were not familiar, from having constantly seen some of the bearings with which it is charged at every point of our progress through the country, either on princely tombs, or sculptured gateways; and we now clearly traced their connexion with some remnants of heraldic carving still visible at the castle above.

A lively black-eyed Alsatian girl acted as our guide through the castle. She was by far the most intelligent person of her profession that I ever met; and we had much amusing conversation with her. In the old picture gallery particularly, she dilated with considerable *savoir* on the different alliances of the Baden family. The whole of the castle is extremely curious; but what remains of the habitable part is far from superb, though there is an air of old-fashioned dignity in the apartments which are fitted up, and often used as a summer residence by the Dowager Grand Duchess Stephanie. The view from them is magnificent: but I doubt if all the beauty without could make me forget the fearful memorials within the walls. Her Highness was at Rome at the time of our visit—we therefore saw the whole suite; and I almost marvelled at the strong nerves of the princess, as I contemplated her gloomy and remote bed-room.

Having again reached the interior gate of the castle, our pretty guide stopped—"Et maintenant vous allez voir les cachots?" said she, as if doubting my intention: "Assuré-

ment, Mademoiselle," was our reply. "Attendez donc," said she, and left us for a few moments on the steps before the great door. Returning with a lantern and huge key, she pronounced the words "Suivez moi" in a tone of much comic solemnity. We did so, to an outer door in a tower which flanks the building; on her opening which, a handsome spiral stone staircase, both ascending and descending, became visible. She went down, and we followed; but I felt something very like disappointment at this unmysterious approach to chambers that I almost dreaded to behold. These stairs led to a large vaulted room, sufficiently lighted by grated windows placed high in the wall. "This," said our guide, "and the two chambers beyond, were formerly the retreat of the women in time of war." The two other rooms were in the same style; being all vaulted, and looking very like a prison, from the strong iron bars which defended the windows. From these we passed into a chamber containing the relics of a noble Roman swimming-bath: around it may be traced, without the slightest difficulty or danger of blundering, the whole arrangement for the accommodation of these luxurious bathers. The aperture, by which the hot stream entered, is not far from the present principal hot spring of Baden. Large stone reservoirs are placed in an outer room, from whence cold water was conveyed to temper the heat of the spring, which was doubtless then, as now, of much too high a temperature for bathing.

That the whole of this part of the structure is of Roman workmanship no one doubts; but of the dungeons to which they lead, different opinions are entertained. The one most generally received, I believe, is that the dungeons are not of Roman, but of German construction, and of a date greatly anterior to that of the dwelling erected over them; having been probably constructed as an appendage to the castle above, with which they are connected by a subterranean passage. It is said that the first castle built on this spot (afterwards almost entirely destroyed by fire) was raised in the thirteenth century; and that it was inhabited, *in times of peace*, by the Margrave; who still preserved his more powerful stronghold at the Alt Schloss on the mountain: but it is perfectly evident, from the construction of the pre-

sent building, that a part of it, at least, is of a date coeval with the use of these terrific caverns.

Having reached another small vaulted room, beyond that in which the reservoirs are situated, our guide stopped; and told us we were here to take leave of the daylight, which a continuance of grated windows had let in upon us, through all the chambers we had hitherto passed. She then sought and found several candles, which she placed in our hands; saying, that the passages we were about to enter were such us to render it highly dangerous to run any risk of being without a light. She then unlocked a small door, and descending two steps, we entered a narrow passage, which terminated in a square vaulted room. The aspect of the passage, and still more the dismal horror of this vault, removed all fear that I should not find the dungeon terrible enough. It is quite impossible that stone walls can convey a feeling of more hopeless desolation. From this square room branched more than one opening; but the utter darkness, and the irregularity of arrangement in the horrid cells they led to, prevented our being able to conceive any very cor rect idea of their relative position.

On reaching the termination of one of these passages, we were stopped by a door of stone a foot thick, hewn in one piece out of the granite rock. This door stood ajar, and our guide opened it, by thrusting a thick stick, that lay near, into the aperture. She then asked Henry to assist her, and between them they contrived, by using the stick as a lever, to move the heavy mass sufficiently to enable us to pass it. "This is the first prison," said she; and paused long enough to let us see its dismal horrors. Utterly dark, and totally without ventilation, it struck damp and cold both to body and soul.

"This is the second," she continued, as she passed through another massive door of rock, cc istructed in the same manner as the former; and again a dismal vault opened before us. In this manner she led us into ten distinct dungeons; some of these are hewn out of the solid rock, as well as the passages which lead to them, and others are constructed of immense blocks of stone.

After passing through several passages, which I should be loath to travel without a guide, we reached a chamber of

larger dimensions, the aspect and atmosphere of which might have chilled a lion's heart; our guide paused as she passed the threshold, and said, "*Voici la chambre de la question.*" Many massive iron rings, fastened into the walls of this room, give indications, sufficiently intelligible, of the mode in which the questionings were wont to be carried on there: and so strongly did visions of the past rise up before me, that, with the strange clinging to horror which makes so puzzling a part of our nature, I remained gazing on these traces of vengeance and of wo, till our lively Alsatian declared she would wait no longer.

One of the openings, that led from this frightful room, terminated at a wall, along which another passage ran at right angles. Exactly at the corner were the turn was made, the footing of solid earth or rock, that we had hitherto trod, was changed for a flooring of planks, which, if not quite loose, were yet so placed as to leave considerable interstices between them. She suffered us to pass over these, and when we had entered the door-way, that stood at right angles, she stopped, saying, "Voilà! this is the *oubliette*;" and pointed, as she spoke, to the planks we had passed.

"And what is the oubliette?" was the natural question; though the untranslatable word had already conveyed the idea of eternal oblivion.

I suspect that the dark-eyed damsel had studied her business with considerable tact; and that the tone, in which she answered this question, was not so much the effect of emotion, as meant to be the cause of it.

"It is the fatal *baiser de la vierge*," she replied; "when a prisoner was sentenced to be *forgotten*, he was made to pass from the judgment-hall through this door: these planks then sunk beneath him, and he was heard of no more."

The thrilling feeling made up of horror and curiosity, which these words excited, induced us all to apply our candles to a dark space of half a foot wide, which yawned between the wall and the boards covering the abyss. Henry threw himself across them; and thrust his candle down to the extent of his arm—but all in vain; if darkness can indeed be called visible, he saw it, but nothing else.

The girl smiled as she watched his vain efforts. "You are not the first I have seen," said she, "who seemed as if

they would gladly have torn those boards from under them, rather than not see the gulf below—but a little dog, they say, managed the matter better than any of you."

We eagerly inquired her meaning; and she told us a story, that I have since seen in print, of an accident that happened about thirty years ago. A gentleman, who came to see the dungeons, was followed by a favourite dog: the animal was small, and while sniffing about the aperture, contrived to squeeze himself through it, and fell with a fearful yell to the bottom. The gentleman, who was greatly attached to the little creature, had influence enough to obtain permission to seek for him. Workmen, carrying lights, were let down by ropes; and not only was the little dog restored alive to his master, but fragments of garments and of bones, and detached morsels of a wheel stuck full of knives, were found on the spot where he had fallen.

After listening to this dark history of the pit, on whose verge we stood; we followed the narrator to an iron door, of curious workmanship, which creaked most hideously upon its rusty hinges as she opened it. "This," said she, "was the hall of judgment; here the members of the secret tribunal assembled to examine the prisoners before their doom; and *there* is the entrance by which they came to it from the castle on the hill." As she spoke, she held up her light, to show us an opening, high up in the wall, but which was closed by stones at the distance of a few feet.

"Here are traces," she continued, pointing to stones that projected at intervals from the walls, "of the seats that were placed round for the judges."

"Has that passage ever been traced from the one end of it to the other?" said I.

"Oh yes, very often; but not of late years. Part of the roof fell, and it was thought dangerous; so it has been closed at the two extremities, to preven. mischief."

We would have given much, and willingly have run some trifling risk of broken heads, could we have obtained permission to enter this curious passage; but it might not be, and we turned to retrace our steps. Suddenly, our young guide stopped in one of the passages, which appeared connected with many of the chambers, and told us to look upwards. We did so; and, at a great height above, perceived the light

of heaven, faintly glimmering through an opening, apparently about three feet square: this opening descended, like a huge chimney, to the spot where we stood.

"It was by this entrance," said the girl, "that all prisoners were brought into the dungeons: that light proceeds from a chamber at the very top of the castle."

"Can we not see it?" said I.

"You would see nothing but an ordinary chamber," she replied, appearing to evade the question; and then added, "by this descent they were let down in a chair, which they were sure to sit in, as it was the only one in the room to which they were led."—The adventure of Lord Oxford was before us.

It would be very idle to attempt giving any idea of the effect which these horrible memorials of unlimited and unlawful power produced. There had always appeared to me something shadowy and doubtful hanging about the traditions I had read of the secret tribunal, its frightful cruelties, and its hidden strength: but here I was in the very midst of its fearful recesses; and my senses bore such strong testimony to the truth of all that history and imagination had painted, that I almost felt as if present at the scenes, of which hitherto I had doubted the existence.

I have seldom been more completely fatigued and exhausted than when we returned to upper air: my faculties had been too long completely on the stretch; and I believe that my companions were much in the same condition; for, notwithstanding all we might have found to say after such a morning, our walk back to Baden was as silent as if we feared that the dreadful power, whose theatre we had just quitted, still stalked through its ancient territory, and might hear and punish whatever we might disrespectfully utter concerning it.

I do not think it possible to conceive a greater contrast than that presented by Chabert's brilliant saloon, to the scene we had left. The bright reality of the happy living faces that smiled around us, instead of the suffering spectres we had conjured up—the full enjoyment of fearless liberty, while remembering the doors of iron, and the gates of granite—the light of heaven reflected from brilliant mirrors, and from laughing eyes, while the cavern darkness of a living

grave was fresh in our thoughts—and last, but not least, the Rhine wine and chevreuil, that so pleasantly chased the languor of fasting and fatigue, altogether made us feel to perfection both the horror of the spot we had left, and the pleasantness of that we had reached.

As we intended to go to the dress ball at the rooms in the evening, we took our coffee quietly at home; that we might more completely recover the fatigue of the morning.

The grand saloon is a beautiful room: and when fully lighted up, as it was on this occasion, offers a very brilliant spectacle. A temporary partition is put up: turning the space round the roulette table into an ante-room, through which we passed to the salle de bal: and the multitude of mirrors, flowers, and lights, with the elegant assemblage of company moving among them in this larger apartment, made it one of the gayest ball-rooms I ever entered.

Here, indeed, we saw waltzing to perfection: nor did the large number of my lovely countrywomen, who joined in the dazzling circle, at all destroy the graceful elegance of the movement. They seemed inspired both by example and harmony. The music was excellent, and, joined to the fine dancing, made the spectacle one that it was impossible not to enjoy. The company was, I really believe, made up of every European nation, but the dresses were universally Parisian. I have seldom seen so many beautiful women together. A noble Russian lady, who had been all the season at Baden, very kindly enlightened my ignorance respecting many distinguished individuals who were present; and by her means, I learned the names and titles of many "lords, and dukes, and noble princes" whom without her aid I might have overlooked. She told me that no spot in the world drew together a more distinguished society than might be met at Baden: its attractions, she said, were felt and acknowledged by every country in Europe; and that many of the élite of each might yearly be found there during the months of summer.

"The natural consequence is," she continued, "that many of the worst and vilest follow them, in the hope of pillage at the gaming tables."

I have every reason to believe that this statement is cor-

rect in both particulars; and to a looker-on, the mélange affords considerable amusement.

I have heard it remarked that people of low station, and perfectly uneducated, often show a marvellous tact in distinguishing true from false pretensions in those with whom they have dealings: and I remember a money-changer at Dieppe telling us, that for thirty years he had been in the habit of lending money to travellers who had outrun their purse; but that he had never, in any single instance, found his discrimination fail him as to who might be trusted. "I can read them," said he, "as plainly as if I had their banker's book in my hand." I never doubted the truth of the statement, but it was at Baden only that I fully understood how legible were the characters of the alphabet by which he read them.

As I neither danced nor played, I had ample leisure during the week that we remained at the baths to study this alphabet. It is strange that neither mother-wit, nor constant effort, though spurred to the task by the sharpest interest, and lashed by desperate need, can teach one man to ape what comes so easily to another. The outward materials, too, in each appear the same. Here are eyes, nose, and mouth, broadcloth and satin, moustache, and ribbon at the button-hole; and yet, to the eye that will give itself time to look, the gaudy flower, bright and stiff under its case of glass in a milliner's window, is not less like the flexile gracefulness of a fresh plucked rose, than the very best mimicry of the counterfeit to the bearing of a gentleman. Whatever they do, the fatal test follows them; and even the best gifts of nature, when lavished on the exterior, cannot save them from it. The brightest eye will twinkle out some symptom of the coarse vulgarity that lurks within; and even if the nose be proudly arched, or the teeth splendid in their whiteness, they still seem to "wear them with a difference."

On no occasion did I watch higher play than on the evening of the dress ball. All the best company in Baden were assembled, and the birds of prey, whose profession it was to watch them, doubtless came armed for the encounter; and prepared to "fool them to the top of their bent."

The following day was Sunday. We passed through the public walks on our way to church; and having time to

spare, looked into the rooms, which even at that early hour had a crowd of people hanging round the gaming tables. On our return we entered them again, and then this frightful scene of madness was at its height.

I doubt if anything, less than the evidence of the senses, can enable any one fully to credit and comprehend the spectacle that a gaming table offers. I saw women distinguished by rank, elegant in person, modest, and even reserved in manner, sitting at the rouge et noir table with their râteaux and marking cards in their hands; the former to push forth their bets, and draw in their winnings; the latter to prick down the events of the game. I saw such at different hours through the whole of Sunday. To name these is impossible; but I grieve to say that two English women were among them.

There was one of this set, whom I watched day after day during the whole period of our stay; with more interest than, I believe, was reasonable: for had I studied any other as attentively, I might have found less to lament. She was young —certainly not more than twenty-five—and though not regularly nor brilliantly handsome, most singularly winning, both in person and demeanour. Her dress was elegant, but peculiarly plain and simple. A close white silk bonnet and gauze veil; a quiet coloured silk gown, with less of flourish and frill by the half than any other person; a delicate little hand, which when ungloved displayed some handsome rings; a jewelled watch of peculiar splendour, and a countenance expressive of anxious thoughtfulness, must be remembered by many who were at Baden in August, 1833. They must remember too, that enter the rooms when they would, morning, noon, or night, still they found her, nearly at the same place, at the rouge et noir table. Her husband, who had as unquestionably the air of a gentleman as she had of a lady, though not always close to her, was never very distant. He did not play himself; and I fancied, as he hovered near her, that his countenance expressed anxiety. But he returned the sweet smile, with which she always met his eye, with an answering smile; and I saw not the slightest indication that he wished to withdraw her from the table. There was an expression in the upper part of her face, that my blundering science would have construed into something very foreign

to the propensity she showed: but there she sat, hour after hour, and day after day; not even allowing the blessed Sabbath, that gives rest to all, to bring it to her—there she sat constantly throwing down handfuls of five-franc pieces; and sometimes drawing them back again, till her young face grew rigid from weariness, and all the lustre of her eye faded into a glare of vexed inanity. Alas! alas! is that fair woman a mother? God forbid!

Another figure at the gaming table, which daily drew our attention, was a pale, anxious old woman; who seemed no longer to have strength to conceal her eager agitation under the air of callous indifference, which all practised players endeavour to assume. She trembled, till her shaking hand could hardly grasp the instrument with which she pushed or withdrew her pieces; the dew of agony stood upon her wrinkled brow: yet hour after hour, and day after day, she too sat in the enchanted chair. I never saw age and station in a position so utterly beyond the pale of respect. I was assured that she was a person of rank; and my informant added, but I trust she was mistaken, that she was an English woman.

In the evening of Sunday there was a ball, *pas parc*, at the Conversations *Saal*. It was one of the three weekly *soirees dansantes*, to which all subscribers to this room are admitted. We again saw some beautiful waltzing; but the room is less calculated to show it off to advantage than the great saloon.

The only difference the Sunday appears to make at Baden is, that multitudes of the neighbouring peasantry mix themselves with the gay throng on the walks; and diversify the scene very agreeably, by their pretty costumes, and light-hearted gaiety. The evening was a sultry one, and we passed but little of it in the rooms; but placed ourselves under the stately portico, to watch the motley groups that paraded before it. Not a single being of them all but seemed to be sharing the universal enjoyment. Some were eating ices, some were flirting, some walking in gay rows, that obliged those less sturdy in their pleasure to give way before them; and some were seated in little knots at the tables near us, sipping coffee, and discoursing of all things in heaven and on earth.

As the evening advanced, many of these were drawn, like

fragments of straw into a whirlpool, through the door of the gambling room. These we saw no more that night enjoying the cool breeze; but when we took a parting glance at the table, we remarked the same faces, that an hour before looked happily at ease, now shrunk into all the pitiful and painful expression that avarice and anxiety could give.

The next day was devoted to seeing the celebrated valley of the Mourg; and also Eberstein, a hunting-seat belonging to the Grand Duke, which overhangs the river at one of its loveliest points. In order to see as much as possible of this beautiful part of the country, it is usual to make the excursion by driving over the mountains to Gernsbach; proceeding thence along the Mourg to Eberstein, and returning through its valley to Baden.

It is in truth a summer day's journey of much fatigue for the horses, but of almost unparalleled gratification to the traveller; and I will venture to say that no one, who has made it, will ever forget its magnificent featu.es. The chain of hills, over which the road passes, forms the outposts of the Black Forest; and partakes of all its dark and solemn wildness. Having once mastered the Herrnwiesse, the road follows an elevated ridge, that connects many heights together; and leads in and out through an inconceivable variety of forest scenery, for several miles, before it again descends. There are points of this bold road, so locked in by blocks of granite, and interminable depths of pines, that I almost wondered how I got there; but at others, it breaks out again upon the hill side, and permits you to look down upon valleys and rivulets, cottages and vineyards, so far below that they seem like the miniature features of fairy land.

In one of the wildest passes of this mountain road, having left the carriage that we might the better enjoy the beauty of it, we were startled by hearing a chorus of voices at a distance among the trees. We soon found it was approaching us; and stood still to wait for the choristers: they presently appeared from behind a turn in the road which we were approaching, to the number of twenty or more; and we learned from our driver, that they were pilgrims returning from the shrine of Sindenkirch.

In one of the sweetest valleys seen from these hills, and which, though deep below their summit, is far above the

level of the stream, is a little lake called *Mummelsee*; which, being interpreted, means Lake of the Faries; round which a set of benevolent spirits assemble at the full of the moon; and if the housewives for five miles round will on that night leave work of any kind ready to the hand, these kindly fays perform it; and that, as it should seem, without hope of fee or reward; for I heard nothing of "the cream bowl duly set" that Milton talks of, as the recompense of our more worldly-minded goblins.

The descent from these hills to the little town of Gernsbach, is one of the steepest I ever saw used for a carriage: but all feeling of alarm was lost in admiration. The Mourg valley opened before us; and were the approach to it by a parachute, I doubt if the possibility of striking against a rock, or being caught in the branch of a tree, could occur to any one.

It was market-day at Gernsbach; and the country people, who appeared chiefly employed in buying and selling corn, were so closely wedged together, that it was with great difficulty we could drive through them. But our driver was German, and patient; the people were German and civil; and the thing was accomplished with some little delay, but without a single rough word or angry look.

From this town we drove close by the side of the bright and rapid Mourg, till we reached a large but rustic hotel, situated at a point, where there was just room enough between the river and the towering forest-covered hill, for itself, its little garden, and the beautiful Mourgthal road, which led to it.

It was eleven o'clock, but we had not yet breakfasted; and we sat about ordering the meal with the hearty good-will which travellers may be supposed to feel, who have been enjoying mountain air for nearly five hours. But, unfortunately for us, the whole establishment was in commotion; and our case, for a long time, appeared utterly hope less. If we rang the bell, the next person that passed the door nodded to us without entering; if we called, "*Ja wohl*" was civilly uttered in reply; but the speaker approached not. At last, made desperate by famine, we made an inroad into the kitchen; and that we did not instantly satisfy the

cravings of hunger with what we found there, proved incontestably that we were both tame and civilized animals.

In one corner was a damsel whipping up an enormous bowlful of eggs—in another, two pair of sinewy arms were rolling pie-crust: while towers, rather than jars, of sweetmeats flanked them on either side. An enormous frau sat before a window, aided by two imps at her knee in shelling a mountain of peas; and on the massive table, that stretched down the middle of the room, stood chickens, hams, crawfish, custards, salads, fruit, rolls, and cheeses, past counting; while from the reeking stove came blended odours of soups, stews, hashes, and ragouts innumerable. Having uttered our pressing wants in all the tongues we had; one of the many functionaries approached us: and while continuing assiduously to scrape a carrot, told us, in tolerable French, that we should be attended to, "oui, sans doute" we should have breakfast, "cependant," it was very unlucky; but they expected no less than thirty "milors Anglais" from Baden to dine there at three o'clock.

After this explanation, we thought ourselves very fortunate to get anything: and having despatched what was accorded, without wasting any more of our precious time, we started for the castle. On our way to it, we passed by a little chapel called the *Klingel*, to which many pilgrims still resort; and respecting which a legend is repeated, with an air of perfect belief, by its guardian. Where the Klingel now stands, a holy anchorite had made his cell; who often, in the dead of night, was awakened by a soft voice singing at a short distance among the thickets. Repeatedly did the good man rise from his bed of leaves, to discover whence the sweet and holy strain proceeded; but all he could see was a pale delicate light, which seemed to issue from the same spot, and stretch to the threshold of his little wicket. After a long and careful search, he at length had the happiness of discovering, among the bushes, a small image of the virgin. The mystery was thus at once explained; he built the Klingel chapel, by the aid of pious men; and there the identical figure of the Virgin may be seen to this day.

The road to the *burg* is long and steep but so well arranged as to make a very delightful walk. If I attempt to describe the spot on which this castle stands, I shall infalli-

bly fall into the *issimo* style again. It is most noble, most lovely, most magnificent. About thirty years ago, a mass of ruins only stood on this predominating point: and the *New Eberstein* was erected by the Margrave Frederick; to whom every casual visitor must feel indebted for a spectacle, probably not to be matched in the world. The castle is small, but fitted up with great taste. The windows have balconies hanging over a scene that one remembers rather as a dream, than a reality; and the narrow pinnacle, on which the building stands, is occupied, to its extremest edge, by a terrace walk, bordered with flowers, as rich in size, colour, and fragrance, as if they grew on some soft sunny slope, instead of springing from the summit of a granite rock, which from below appears to be almost lost in the clouds.

It is neither the extent nor the richness of the view from Eberstein, that produces the enchantment; though Mont Tonnerre only is its limit; and the sweet villages of Weissenbach, Hilpertsau, Obergroth, and others, whose names I remember not, throw life and culture up and down the bold granite cliffs that border the river: not all these united have the power to charm, which this wild little river itself possesses. It is this, curling, dashing, springing, foaming, as it winds round the foot of the mountain, that fascinates the eye, and makes a moving picture, that one could look down upon for ever. Nor is this all: rough and rocky as it is, this noisy stream can seldom be looked at for many minutes together, during the summer, without showing that most picturesque of all objects; a raft formed of the timber of the Black Forest, and navigated by the wildest-looking figures in the world, battling with its rapids, and dashing down, with reckless daring, among its rocks.

Three of these made the tremendous passage, immediately under the castle, while we stood upon its terrace; and I never saw skill and courage more conspicuous than in the man who led them.

Though nowhere seen under circumstances so wildly picturesque as at Eberstein, these rafts form a feature of great interest and beauty on all the streams that descend from the Black Forest; and the more so, from the varying appearance they assume at different stations of their passage to the Rhine. We saw them both on the Mourg and the Neckar,

formed of the enormous logs, entire, as when felled in the wild spot where they grew. At a short distance below Gernsbach, the Mourg, though still falling at a very rapid angle, and through a tortuous and rocky bed, is less vehement in its movement than above; and here are seen numerous sawing-mills, which form most picturesque objects in the landscape. The logs here are cut into planks, and, no longer in danger of splitting by continual concussion against the masses of granite, which seem, above Eberstein, to madden the stream by their resistance, they bend and yield to its impulse without danger; and linked together in long lines, win their way to the Rhine. Hundreds of them are then formed into one prodigious fabric; bearing houses and workshops on their surface; and often navigated by a crew exceeding five hundred men.

Small as the new castle of Eberstein is, there are some apartments in it well worth seeing. The one containing ancient suits of armour, arranged on each side of it, is particularly so; and that at the top of the tower, ornamented by all the successive shields of the house of Baden, from 901 to 1790, is particularly interesting to those who have recently travelled through the Baden territory; in every part of which some of these bearings may be found. On leaving the castle, we again walked round the garden terrace; and then with real pain quitted a spot, the like of which we can never hope to see again.

When we once more entered the hotel beside the river, the preparations for *milors'* dinner were at their climax; and just as we got into our carriage to return home, the whole party arrived. It was indeed as brilliant and happy looking a cavalcade as I remember to have seen; all English, I believe, and all among the gayest of the set with whose faces we had become familiar at Baden.

Our drive home through the valley was very pretty; but we were spoiled, just then, for all scenery but Eberstein. We dined at the little village of Kuppenheim, from whence we visited another residence of the Baden family, called La Favorite; and returned to Baden by eight o'clock, too tired to look into the *Saal.*

CHAPTER XIV.

Confinement in the Secret Tribunal—Spiral Staircase—Chamber from which the Prisoners were let down—Theatre—Gambling—Strasbourg—Cathedral—Mummies—Maniac—Monument of Mareschal Saxe—Return to Baden—Remarkable Characters—Departure.

I HAVE already dwelt so long on the chambers of the Secret Tribunal, that I am almost afraid to recur to them again: and yet our second visit deserves to be mentioned, because we are probably the only persons who have been fairly locked up within their ghastly precincts since the days of the *Francs Juges*.

Our motives for returning to the dismal scene were two-fold;—one being to indulge Mr. H. in his wish for a sketch of the passage leading to the *Oubliette*: and the other to try if we could persuade our black-eyed *Alsacienne* to let us mount to the chamber from whence prisoners were let down into the dungeons. By the aid of perseverance we succeeded in both. The damsel seemed rather surprised at seeing us again; and, when informed of our wish to be permitted to remain for some time in the vaults, looked as if she suspected that we had, one and all, lost our wits. I shall not forget the look she gave Mr. H. when he made her understand his object.

"Faire un tableau là!" she exclaimed; "mais c'est drole."

After thinking about it for a moment, she said; that if we were determined upon this, we must consent to be locked up in the dungeons; for that she was particularly enjoined never to leave them open. I am not quite sure that this was not said to try my courage; for there was "a laughing devil in her eye" that made it by no means improbable. However, I did not shrink from the undertaking; and we were accordingly once more led down to this region of blackest night. Having told us to be careful of our candles, and to keep together, she turned the grating lock; and we were left to indulge to the full in all the thick-coming fan-

cies that were sure to visit us. The only indication of not quite liking the business that I ventured to give was, by desiring, with some earnestness, that our confinement should not exceed half an hour. This our pretty gaolor promised: and having thus bid adieu to everything like agreeable sensations for that space; I gave myself up to the full consciousness of all the positive, real, and unimaginative horrors of the spot; which I am sure can never be done completely, while merely following a guide through its recesses.

The only mode that could be devised, by which Mr. H. might make the sketch he wished, was having a light held over the fearful oubliette. I volunteered this service; and performed it too: and though I will not take credit for having braved any real danger thereby, I nevertheless feel conscious of having mastered a whole legion of airy spirits, as I stood on the hideous threshold; in the act of passing which, so many aching hearts had heaved their last sigh;—for the next step precipitated them down the yawning, yet hidden gulf, where their wrongs and their sufferings were stifled and silenced for ever.

When the half hour was fully elapsed, we had the satisfaction of hearing the sound of a key rattling in the lock that shut us in. The damsel smiled at seeing us all waiting on the threshold as she opened it.

"Je vous ai laissé aussi long tems, il parait," said she; and then assured us, with some earnestness, that she had not exceeded the time named. Our watches perfectly confirmed this—nevertheless, I confess, it appeared to me the longest half hour I ever passed.

I believe she thought we must have had enough of the secret tribunal; for when we reminded her of the promise extracted before our incarceration, that she would take us to the treacherous guest chamber; she uttered the word *vraiment!* in a tone of much surprise. She kept her promise, however; and led us to the top of the building, where we saw the whole of the extraordinary contrivance resorted to for the purpose of securing a prisoner with a degree of secrecy, which must have set even the curiosity of domestics at defiance.

The place we were taken to certainly did not resemble "an ordinary chamber," as the girl had called it; though I

can easily suppose that it might have done so before the burning of the castle, and its subsequent repairs. The situation and arrangement of the secret descent to the vaults are so remarkable, that I will endeavour to describe them; but in order to do this, it will be necessary to begin from the entrance to the chateau.

The great door-way opens into a vaulted hall or vestibule; traversed at the farther end by a wide passage, leading on the right-hand to the principal apartments of the rez de chaussée, and to the offices on the left. Immediately in front of the vestibule are three pairs of large-folding-doors. The one on the left opens upon a flight of steps leading to the gardens; and that on the right upon an enormous spiral staircase: that in the centre our guide did not open to us. In visiting the picture gallery and the apartments of the dowager Grand Duchess, we had mounted by this spiral staircase; and it was by the same that we were now led to the top of the building. On both occasions the construction of this staircase had struck us as being very singular. It was, as I have said, spiral; but the column around which it turned was of enormous dimensions; and the stairs themselves, as if to be in proportion with it, were at least six feet in width.

On this second occasion, we continued to mount the same flight, without any diminution of its width, for three stories; when we found ourselves in a sort of open garret: and close beside the spot where the spiral staircase ended, our guide pointed to a net work of iron, fastened by a padlock over a hole that sunk deeper below it than the eye could reach. We immediately perceived that the monstrous staircase, we had mounted, wound round this aperture; and consequently, that the castle had been built with a view to this frightful entrance to its vaults. When we again reached the foot of the stairs, our attention was directed to the centre pair of folding-doors; which, it now appeared evident, must open upon the interior and hidden descent. Henry put his hand upon the lock; but the damsel stopped him.

"Il n'y a rien là, Monsieur, vous avez tout vu."

We persisted, however; and at length, half laughing half scolding at our pertinacity, she permitted us to enter.

These large and stately doors opened upon a closet, which had much the air of a butler's pantry; but upon examination, we found that it communicated both with the dungeon below and the secret entrance from above. From this arrangement it appears probable, that in some cases, when the unhappy victim, marked for *oblivion*, was brought into the castle, he was immediately led, by this handsome entrance, into what we may easily suppose might have had the appearance of a small ante-room; and there, without further delay, lowered to his slaughter-house and his tomb.

Those who love to penetrate into the recesses of old rambling buildings, and to amuse their imaginations by assigning uses to most unaccountable collections of arches, vaults, and passages, should not fail to explore all that part of the castle which opens upon the gardens. Part of this side front is converted into a sort of rude green-house; but by far the greater portion consists of the most puzzling and intricate labyrinth of stone and cement that I ever attempted to thread.

We had fixed on this evening to visit the theatre; more for the purpose of seeing everything that contributes to the amusement of Baden, than from expecting to find as much amusement within its walls, as we were very certain of meeting without. The building is small, but perfectly large enough for its purpose, which can only be to a catch a few of the francs which fly about here so abundantly during the season.

The piece was "Fra Diavolo;" but this performance of it must not be cited among the musical treats of Germany. Nothing, certainly, could be worse than both music and acting;—a convincing proof that the rooms are too attractive to leave patronage enough to support a theatre. The most agreeable part of the business; and which, if the opera had been worth hearing, would have enabled one to enjoy it in great luxury, was the easy way in which the spectators left their boxes, and took a cool promenade upon the walks, between the acts. How different from the penance inflicted by being shut up for four hours together, without the possibility of stirring!

The performance was over at half-past eight; and we then repaired to the rooms. They were crowded to excess; and we had patiently to advance, inch by inch, before we could

reach the scene, which, despite all its hateful features, still continued to excite in us all a species of interest, more resembling that felt by the naturalist, when contemplating the quivering nerves of some tortured subject, than anything else I can think of.

I used formerly to fancy that I understood in what consisted the pleasure of gaming. I thought it arose from an animating vicissitude of hope and fear, which kept the spirits in a delightful flutter of excitement. But this was before I had watched its torturing effects; and I am now utterly at a loss to conceive what the feeling is, which can tempt men to endure so great agony. It can hardly be avarice: for a child can tell, that to lose, and not to gain, is the certain result of playing at a public table, if the gambler does but go on long enough to see the chances round. Yet if it be not avarice, what can it be?

Excepting to those who feel a strange and tragic pleasure in watching the workings of the human soul, a gaming table must, one should think, be as totally devoid of amusement as the monotonous progress of the tread-mill. What can equal in dulness the whining, languid repetition of the croupiers cry, "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs. Le jeu est fait.... le jeu est fait... Trois.... Quatre.... Le rouge perd, le couleur gagne." And again the weary sound begins—"Faites votre jeu, Messieurs.... Le jeu est fait.... Le jeu est fait ....Neuf....Dix....Le rouge gagne, et le couleur perd." Yet this is all the gaming offers, besides suffering: for that the hours spent there are in truth hours of acute misery, I feel perfectly sure. I have watched the working muscles, and read the agony they expressed, even where the lips have been firmly set, and the eyes fixed, almost without winking to conceal it. Even in the moments when Fortune seems to favour the gambler, it brings relief only for an instant; for scarcely have his feverish fingers grasped the gold, before they tremble, and relax again, to put once more in hazard all that his soul clings to.

Almost every passion has been successfully depicted on the stage; yet I doubt if the pitiful, yet mighty tortures of a gambler, while the agony is on him, could be acted. Beverley's despair is easy to imagine, and probably not difficult to express: but this is totally unlike the state of a man while in the act of playing: and I am pretty sure, that hitherto nothing

has been written, nothing painted, that can convey to those, who have never witnessed it, the fearful miseries of a gaming table.

There is something, to a looker-on, peculiarly painful in watching the degradation of such, among the infatuated throng, as were evidently intended for something better. Brave officers, whose blood never fell back upon their hearts when an enemy faced them in the field, turn lividly pale at the sound of "Rouge perd.... coleur gagne;" and I have watched men, whose eagle eye, and proud demeanour, looked as if they could not quail before anything on earth, shrink into littleness, as the gold, they had madly thrown upon the table, was carelessly raked up by the callous bankers. How can such men bear the quiet smile, which these reptiles exchange with each other, when some indication of feeling escapes—when some throb of agony becomes visible? Perhaps they do not see this;—but I have watched it, till I have expected some ruined victim, mad with suffering, would crush them to death beneath his feet.

But I will dwell upon this hateful spectacle no longer. It ought not to contend in the memory with all the delightful recollections that Baden must leave. The solemn black pine-covered hills, the misty valleys hid among them, the historic interest of their ancient castles, and all the bright fascination of light-hearted gaiety, that revels at their feet, will all, I hope, be remembered, when the frightful horrors of the gaming table are forgotten.

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It was impossible to be within a few hours of Strasbourg, and not visit it. We had already caught sight of its unequalled spire; which, seen even mistily in the distance, enticed us onward: and though half reluctant to leave Baden for a day which we might certainly have added to our stay there, we yet decided upon doing so; and rising at an early hour, set off to cross the barrier between Germany and France.

The crossing this barrier is in general not performed without considerable inconvenience: but we had been warned of the ultra strict examination which takes place at the Douane at the entrance of the city; and took care to have no baggage to annoy us. We were, however, witnesses to one or two

searches, which enabled us to judge what we should have had to submit to, had it been otherwise: and I certainly never saw caution to so comic an excess. We saw two ragged pedestrians overhauled; who laughed most heartily during the operation, conscious, poor fellows, that they carried nothing beside their own lawful limbs. But had they been suspected of introducing the most precious contrabands, or the most fearful treasons, the scrupulous douanier could not have done his duty better.

Strasbourg has little that is beautiful to show, except its church; and that, at least the spire of it, is matchless. The original conception of the whole building was very noble; but it happened here, as it frequently appears to have done elsewhere, either that the funds for the undertaking failed, or that those, who had devoted themselves to the work, were buried within its own walls before it was finished. The consequence of this is, that when close to the building, this light and elegant spire, which seems meant to pierce the heavens, is from the condition of what was intended to be its fellow, rather a deformity than a grace.

The west front is very grand in design and proportions; and almost too profusely elaborate in ornament. It is said that the multitude of little statues which surround the great western door-way are by the hand of a female, the daughter of the architect of the tower. The general appearance of all the external sculptures, which are lavished on every part of the building, and look as if thrown against it by handfuls, is rich to excess; but cannot to my fancy be compared in grace or dignity to the effect produced by those parts of the Cologne Munster which are finished. The spectator must be at some short distance from the church, on the fortifications for instance, before the beautiful tower can be seen to advantage. Its lightness is such as then to give it the appearance of a model, constructed with fine wires, than of an enormous structure of stone. The elegant curves of its spiral staircases are seen from top to bottom; and the light is permitted to pass through it on all sides, with a regularity, in the form of the apertures, which gives the idea of a transparent embroidery of flowers.

The interior was majestic from its vastness, but strangely incongruous in style; some parts, particularly the windows,

being finished in the highest degree; and others, as the dome, being left rough as the masonry of a rustic bridge. While wandering about the enormous aisles, and examining the side chapels that open from them, I found, as is usual with me whenever I tread ground described by the Scotch enchanter, the exact spot where Margaret of Anjou kneeled, and where the noble Oxford received her last commands.

I entered the church with the intention of climbing to the top of its spire; but gave it up on listening to the sacristan's account of the ascent. My son, however, who is not easily discouraged by threatened fatigue, persevered in his determination, and achieved the enterprise; but confessed, when it was over, that it was neither easy nor agreeable. Above half the tremendous height (500 feet) is scaled by steps on the outside of the spire; and though these are protected by a rail, it is so slight, and its supports are so distant from each other, that it takes but little from its horrors.

It is on record, that three females have been at different times so overpowered by the giddy eminence, which they had reached, when climbing it, that they have thrown themselves off in a momentary fit of delirium and been dashed to atoms. The latest of these awful accidents occurred within the last ten years; and the man, who recounted the tale to Henry, while he was standing on the self-same pinnacle, told him that he had himself witnessed it. He said that the unfortunate creature was quite a young girl; and the first symptom she gave of her senses wavering, was excessive mirth. She laughed and shouted, as if in ecstacy; and having reached a point where nothing intercepted her view of the abyss below, she sprang off, screaming wildly as she fell.

"The sound of that cry, as she passed down, was terrible," remarked the guide. Terrible, indeed! too much so to bear thinking of.

The protestant church of St. Thomas is another object pointed out to the attention of travellers. Its celebrity arises from its containing the splendid monument erected to Mareschal Saxe; and also the imperishable remains, as they are called, of a Count of Nassau and his daughter. The last of these is an uninteresting, and most irreverent exhibition of the bones of the dead, kept in glass cases, and clothed in

trumpery garments, which, it is evident, are occasionally renewed. The Count's face has been refreshed also, being thickly covered with a recent coating of paint. The head of his daughter is merely that of a skeleton; on the bare skull of which is placed a wreath of flowers. There is something revoltingly indecent in thus taking from the tomb the remains of noble individuals, to whom honour was intended by the ceremony of embalmment; dressing them in fanciful attire, and placing them in the vestry of the church, whose sacred roof was meant to cover them, and then exhibiting them for a penny a-piece to all comers.

Far different is the extraordinary spectacle at Kreuzberg; where such of the living, as have nerves enough to stand the awful sight, may well be permitted to descend into the gràve, to behold the unaccountable preservation in which some unknown natural cause has kept the remains of the monks who lie buried there. No abortive attempt has been made to save them from returning to dust, by the application of rich balms and precious spices; and the brothers of the community rest there undisturbed beneath their altar, as they were laid by the hands of their friends, each in the weeds of their order. Why they have not followed the common law of mortal mould is a question sufficiently puzzling to justify a strong degree of curiosity; but certainly no feeling at all similar to this is gratified by beholding the disinterred fragments of the Nassau mummies.

The monument of Mareschal Saxe is very magnificent; being composed of many colossal figures of white marble, which are well shown against a pyramidical back-ground of grey. But when we saw it a living figure stood at its base, which more than divided our attention. It was that of a maniac; but of one who, in losing reason, had still retained so much of grace and dignity, as to show that it is not by his highest attribute alone that man is superior to every other mortal thing.

This unfortunate gentleman was an officer of rank in the French service, and had received a wound in the head. Being a person of large fortune, and perfectly harmless, he is kept under no restraint; except that a servant always attends him, who it is his pleasure should be dressed as a soldier. I never saw a more graceful or commanding figure than that

of this poor madman; and the wildness of his countenance and gesticulation often suggested the idea of enthusiasm, rather than insanity. He was dressed in mourning; and the only peculiarity of his attire was the wearing a black silk handkerchief round his body like a military sash. He was conversing in a very animated manner with a gentleman whom he had casually met in the church, and who appeared to listen to him with the deepest interest: but from time to time he stopped short in his discourse, and uttered a few magnificently powerful and musical notes, as if to try the effect of the reverberation from the vaulted roof; and then he put up his finger in the attitude of one who would enjoin silence, while his uplifted countenance had the expression that one could imagine in a person listening to sounds from heaven. He paused before a monument, whose inscription announced that it was in memory of one who died young. He shuddered—"Si jeune," said he, in an accent of deep melancholy;—"est il possible!"—then turning away and shaking his head, he added—"*Mais enfin!*" .... It was not difficult to follow the course of his sad thoughts.

I have seen many maniacs; but never one with features so like what poetry would choose to represent insanity. There were moments when the struggle between memory and madness was so evident in his fine countenance as to make one's heart ache. How Garrick would have gloried in meeting such a study!

The environs of Strasbourg are perfectly flat; and, were it not for the ever-beautiful line of the Vosges, which is at no great distance, would be totally without beauty. There is, however, one source of interest in the neighbourhood, that would atone to many for want of all else; I mean its antiquities. The traces, always so legible, and often so noble, of Roman art and Roman power, through the Rhenish territories, cannot be counted as the least among the manifold attractions that draw all Europe to visit it. But here the avenue, through which we look backward upon the past, formed as it is of the relics of every age that has preceded us, reaches beyond the period at which Rome's legions conquered and enjoyed the strongholds and luxurious baths of Germany. In the neighbourhood of Strasbourg, particularly in the direction of the Vosges, numerous vestiges have been

found of idols and of shrines of a much more barbarous and remote antiquity: and I was told by a gentleman, who had passed more than one summer in the pursuit, that an enthusiast in such lore could nowhere find a region more rich in antiquarian treasures, or more pregnant with uncontradictable theories, than the remote and solitary heights of the Dachsbourg.

We spent the only evening that we were in Strasbourg in walking to a spot, something between a wood and a garden, called the Robertsan, but which has not the best features of either. We took coffee in one of its bowers, which in busier times might have been a scene of gaiety; but it now wore an aspect of such utter loneliness, and the conspicuous preparations for company, which came not, gave it so mournful an air of dulness, that we lingered not long amidst its unpeopled alleys and untrodden promenades.

We were well rewarded, however, for the fatigue of the walk, by having the tower before us as we returned. It is quite worth while to cross the frontier for the pleasure of looking at this master-piece.

The good people of Strasbourg were very full of politics and of news at this time: for the riots had just taken place at Basle; and at the table d'hôte where we dined nothing else was spoken of. The event seemed, I thought, to create more merriment than alarm. On our return the next day we amused ourselves with talking the matter over with our driver; who, though a German, spoke very good French. He was a lively, gay-hearted young man; and seemed to look down upon *emeutes* and revolutions with a good deal of contempt

"Après tout, Messieurs, qu'est ce que cela nous fait?—Mangez et boire—voilà notre affaire: et pour la politique, s'il faut que nous en parlons, c'est seulement pour être à la mode."

We reached Baden in good time to dress for our last dinner at Chabert's. We saw a few new faces, and missed a few old ones; for a day and a half will make this difference at Baden. We were told, by one of our accidental acquaintance, that people of many nations come for a single day; look well at all the various figures collected there; dine in good style at Chabert's; and in the evening risk a handful

of gold at the gaming table. If they win, they pass another day; and so on. But if they lose, they depart the next morning, having "passed a very gay season at Baden."

On this our last day, we remarked a party seated at a banquet of more than ordinary splendour. The ladies were all English; and he who gave the feast was evidently so too: for the rest, whiskers and moustaches defied me; but "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King," commanded from the band, showed that English feelings predominated. If I mistake not, one most lovely girl of that party was the object of all the cost and pains bestowed on it. Perhaps the prettiest maiden in the world, as Amadis said, is now become a bride. If so, I hope she looks back to her gay days at Baden with pleasure.

I certainly do not imagine that this gay banqueting-room would, for a great length of time, be preferred to HOME; but as a variety, or a visit, it was most amusing. It was almost impossible not to weave the characters so constantly seen there into a romance; and the morning hours, and the evening hours, during which the same figures flitted round me, assisted this so well, that I felt as if living amidst the pages of a new novel. The most remarkable heroes of the rouge et noir table often furnished me with a study, during the interval of relaxation which they allowed themselves for their dinner. Their tables varied with their fortune. Sometimes the quarter where they sat rivalled a *feu de joie* in noise, so rapidly did the champagne corks fly into the air; and sometimes the very same set dined with the most exemplary sobriety.

Occasionally a party with coal-black eyes, and highly-arched noses, would place themselves round a table; and there one should see no pork; it may be that these were from Francfort. Here might be seen a portly gentleman, with a fair-browed wife or daughter, who looked about him with less curiosity, ate his dinner with more tranquillity, and seemed more at home than the rest: this must be a high-born Baron of the empire. There sat a pair of companions, whose roving eyes had a look of business in them; they spoke in whispers, ate little, and drank less; yet lingered long over their solitary bottle, and looked with no idle glance upon the varying scale of profusion with which the

guests were furnished: these probably had deeper recesses for their play than the table of rouge et noir.

There was one pretty woman, who constantly dined at Chabert's while we were at Baden, and occasioned me much speculation. She was perhaps rather more than thirty; her eyes were beautiful, but their expression not such as captivates woman's admiration; her complexion was clear, and with the help of a little rouge, almost brilliant; and her form exactly such as Rubens loved to paint. She appeared to be rich and independent. No gentleman ever attended her into the room; but when she left it, she was generally accompanied by two or three. Notwithstanding the particularly easy gaiety with which she welcomed every man who approached her, I must presume her respectable, from the society in which I occasionally saw her; but she was certainly a very puzzling personage. This talking, laughing, flirting lady was constantly accompanied by a little girl of about seventeen, who made one's heart ache. She was the most quiet, modest, unobtrusive being I ever looked at. The simple elegance of her dress formed as remarkable a contrast to that of her companion, as her person and manner. No one spoke to her; no one noticed her; in the ball-room she sat silently beside her laughing friend; she never danced; she never smiled. At the gaming-table, where her flighty chaperone often played, she stood close behind her, with the same gentle look of immovable gravity. Who could have had the barbarity to consign her to such cruel care? If pity really melts the soul to love, she must, I think, have conquered many hearts; for to watch her, and not pity her, was impossible.

Another individual, whose peculiarities made him remarkable whenever he appeared, was a man between thirty and forty; whose face, with the exception of about one inch square below his eyes, was literally covered with hair. He was most hideous: yet there was a bustle and a fuss about him, which constantly compelled one, as it were, to watch what he was about, though it was really disagreeable to look at him. At the gaming-table, at the walks, in dining, in dancing, it was the same; let what might of lovely and gracious be near, this most inexpressibly ugly person was still the thing most looked at. If he played, it was with

gesticulations so vehement, as to win a stare even from those whose hearts and souls were shining on the table before them. Yet these grimaces were clearly for the good of the public; and by no means to relieve his own emotions: for he did not stake high; and was clearly thinking more of himself than his money. On the walks, his overdressed person assumed the movement of a weathercock in a squall. With his glass eternally applied to his eye, he twisted now this way, now that, with such evident consciousness that all eyes were upon him, that every soul in the walks seemed to have entered into agreement to feed his vanity for the amusement of watching it. At table he was, if possible, more ludicrous still: for in eating, he appeared to gratify no appetite but vanity. Every finger was in an attitude, and his eye incessantly roving round the room, to ascertain that they were looked at. In dancing, he waved his beard, his favoris, and his moustaches, as if to fan his partner: and what made this profusion of hair the more comic, was the fact, spite of careful combing, he was very nearly bald. He called himself Count *Something;* but whence or how this title came, I never could thoroughly understand. Many, I think, must remember this Orson-Osrick.

But it is time to leave Baden, and all its multiplied and contrasted fascinations; the delightful hilarity of its public walks and public rooms; and the awful solitude of its mountain-paths: of which there are some, where, at the distance of five hundred yards from the subscription rooms, ladies may find themselves wandering among primeval forests; and gentlemen may think, as they stride upward beside the mountain-stream, that they have abandoned the gaming-table for ever.

It is time to leave them all: but I, in common, I imagine, with every human being who ever visited the spot, and left it without being utterly ruined, must and will indulge the hope that is not for ever.

CHAPTER XV.

Return to Mannheim—German honesty—Bathing at Mannheim, and Baden—Disappearance of the Jesuits—Voyage to Mayence—Douane at Worms—Wiesbaden—Walks—Antiquities—Drinking the waters—Opera—Rooms—Gaming.

On the 9th of August, we left Baden-Baden for Mannheim, having hired a carriage to take us there in one day; a distance that I should have thought too long for one pair of horses, being seventy miles, had not the driver assured us that he had repeatedly done it without distressing them. When my son made the engagement with this man, the day before we left Baden, he was surprised by his drawing a piece of five francs from his pocket, and insisting on his taking it as a proof that it was a real bargain between them. Henry repeatedly refused; but the driver as repeatedly declared to him that it was for his own satisfaction, as then, "he was sure the gentleman would employ him, if only to give him his money back;" and so perfectly in earnest was he, that the contest ended by Henry's being positively forced to take his pledge that he would be at the door of our lodgings on the following day exactly at six o'clock.

Another trait of one of the same class of men, I think deserves recording. On arriving at Heidelberg, we were so eager in our desire to despatch all the business that must necessarily be got through before we could start for the castle, that while I looked at my rooms, my son was engaged in seeing the luggage taken from the carriage. During the time he was thus occupied, our driver followed me, and I paid him for the day's engagement.

It seems that the man lingered in the town, in the hope of taking us on; for a day or two afterwards, he accosted my son in the street, who, recollecting his person more rapidly than he could understand his words, pulled out his purse, knowing that he had not paid him, (as it was his custom to do,) and not having heard me mention that I had done

so. From this moment, all the poor fellow's hope of a future engagement was lost in his eagerness to declare that he was paid—fully paid; and in entreaties that Henry would put up his purse again; making it very evident that he was not only honest, but most feelingly alive to the pain of being thought otherwise.

We arrived at Mannheim about ten, more fatigued, as it appeared, than our horses; for the driver declared they were still well able to go another stage, if necessary; but most certainly I was not. We had the good fortune to find our old apartments at the Weinberg unoccupied; and immediately felt very comfortably at home.

Our first care, on the following morning, was to learn the time at which the steam-boat should start for Mayence. This being three o'clock, we ordered dinner at two, and amused ourselves in the interval by walking about the town and its superb gardens, and in taking a warm bath.

"Tout est comparatif," says the French proverb; and I never was more fully aware of its truth than during this day. The pretty garden of the bath-house, and its little vine-covered arcade, overlooking the Rhine, had seemed delightful, the last time I bathed there; and the knowing that my bath was from the waters of that "abounding river," was quite enough to content me; but now the exquisitely clear blue crystal of the Baden baths was remembered; and this from the Rhine seemed absolutely muddy in comparison. In like manner, our comfortable private dinners at the Weinberg had appeared excellent; but now the vision of Chabert's restaurant haunted us; and, like Sancho's dread doctor, taught us to find fault with everything.

During our morning walk, we entered the Jesuits' church while mass was performing there; and again remarked that the officiating priest had not the tonsure: moreover he wore loose pantaloons and boots; circumstances which, though of no great importance in themselves, yet speak loudly of the gradual decrease of veneration for catholic pomp and popish dignity.

Those who run may read what position the now extinguished Jesuits once held in this country. There is hardly a bridge that has not the effigy of a Jesuit, with a crucifixion in his arms, placed on its centre: and along the road, beside

every spring, and repeated at intervals up every mountain-path, the cap of the Jesuit is conspicuous.

The voyage from Mannheim to Mayence is almost entirely without interest, unless it can be found from your fellow-passengers; and seldom have I felt more weary of the thump, thump, thump of the steam-engine than on this occasion. Some degree of excitement was produced, when we reached Worms, by our being officially informed that "Les employés de la Douane grand-ducale Hessoise" were coming on board to examine the effects of all the passengers, as we were now entering that territory. Though conscious I had smuggled nothing, the idea of having our entire wardrobes turned out upon the deck was annoying; but we prepared ourselves for it as well as we might, and each stood, keys in hand, awaiting the officials.

As soon as the vessel stopped, four gensd'armes came on board, attended by a chef de bureau, who all proceeded diligently to exercise their unpopular calling. I walked towards the scene of action; and saw them unfolding the minutest parcels, tumbling over caps and frills, and unrolling nicely-packed engravings; all with a cruel, hard-hearted sort of civility, which left nothing to complain of, but everything to lament. At length this unfortunate box was done with; and the unhappy face of its owner relaxed, as she relocked it, from the expression of misery which had been visible upon it from the moment the hidden treasures of her trunk were exposed to the garish eye of day. A second was seized upon; and another victim stepped forward to minister to her own misery by offering the key. But the first fervour of anti-smuggling zeal seemed to have expended itself: a hand thrust down on each side now sufficed. The third was merely opened to be closed again; and then the *chef* gave a signal; the men ceased their operations, moving off with military promptness, and the business was ended. As some dozens of trunks and portmanteaus escaped untouched, I imagine this search is instituted rather for the purpose of declaring and maintaining the right to it, than from any fear of smugglers.

The river begins to recover its beauty just above Mayence. Oppenheim, Nierstein, and the pretty rambling village of Weissenau, cheer the eye very agreeably for these few last miles.

Having greatly disliked the hotel *Des Trois Couronnes*, at our first visit to Mayence, we now went to the *Cheval Blanc;* where, however, we fared still worse. Dark, dirty, comfortless, and most full of villanous smells, did we find it; and our first business was to secure an open carriage for the morrow, to take us, before breakfast, to Wiesbaden.

The drive from Mayence to this fashionable watering-place is very agreeable; though it possesses none of that startling beauty that we had lately been accustomed to. The immediate approach, however, is extremely splendid; the buildings being all new, regular, extensive, and handsome. But the charm of Baden is not to be found among them; at least it was not found by me. There is nevertheless much to admire; and had I never seen Baden, or had I been surrounded by a large society, I doubt not that I should have discovered some of the attractions I have so often heard attributed to it. One of the faults that it had in my eyes will certainly mend with every passing year: but at present there is a look of unmellowed newness in the *Grand Place*, that would rather lead me to call it staring, than noble. The colonnade, in front of the pretty little shops, is certainly very gay; and the great saloon at the Kursaal may well be called magnificent. It is, I believe, the largest room in Germany, being one hundred and seventy feet long, wide in proportion, and of a noble height. It is superbly fitted up with native marble columns; between which are statues and busts of fine white marble, after the antique.

In this room there is constantly, during the season, a table d'hote capable of accommodating 300 persons, by means of two tables, which run the whole length of the apartment. On one side of this immense banqueting-hall are rooms for play, very elegantly furnished; and on the other, the offices of the restaurant. Behind these beautiful and extensive buildings, are gardens, laid out à l'Anglaise, with fish-ponds, lawns, shrubberies, and neat gravel-walks. Seats are scattered through every part of these pretty grounds; and immediately behind the Kursaal, an extensive platform is filled with tables and chairs, where the company assemble both before and after dinner,—the gentlemen to smoke, and the ladies to knit. All this (except the smoking) is very gay and agreeable; but still it is not Baden; and still less are the long interminable

rows, which seem to interdict all conversation at the table d'hôte, to be compared to the delightful circles round the well-appointed tables at Chabert's; nor can all the magnificence of the double rows of marble pillars, stretching down the hall, atone for the want of these appointments, and, again, still less, perhaps, for the lamentable inferiority of the repast. But meditation on things absent by no means contributes to the enjoyment of things present; and being at Wiesbaden, I determined to see all its lions, and admire them too, with as few references to any rival lions as possible.

There are several pretty walks, and, beyond all doubt, many beautiful rides and drives within reach of the baths. Among the walks I can name two, which I thought particularly agreeable: the first was by the path which leads from the Kursaal gardens to the Dietenmahle, and from thence to the interesting ruins of Sonnenberg;—the other is to Clarenthal, and the pretty *Foulon*, with its *salle de bal.*

The whole neighbourhood of Wiesbaden is rich, beyond almost any other, both in Roman and Teutonic antiquities; and it was here that Charlemagne, when residing in his favourite palace of Sugelheim, indulged himself in the luxury of warm-bathing, which he is said to have so dearly loved. Whether it be that the Wiesbaden springs are more medicinal, or that the surpassing beauty of Baden draws more healthful idlers thither, I know not; but it is certain that there is a much greater appearance of *invalidism* at the former than the latter place. At Baden, I never saw any symptom that indicated want of health, in any of the motley throng assembled there; but at Wiesbaden, the morning promenade is singularly sickly in appearance. A long straight walk, shaded by pollarded acacias, leads from the Kursaal, and all the splendid hotels near it, to the spring.

From half-past seven to nine, this walk is filled with the most uncomfortable-looking set of ladies and gentlemen that I remember to have seen. Several of them certainly appeared out of health; but the great majority seemed to submit gratuitously to the penance of swallowing the nauseous and steaming potion which each held in his hand. The spring from whence these unsavoury draughts are taken is situated at the end of a broad alley, which turns at right angles from the avenue before mentioned. This, too, is

shaded by acacias, and the smoking source has a circular awning over it, under which stands a man to rinse and fill the glasses for the young hygeian priestess who presents them to her sad-looking devotees. The water-drinking hours at Cheltenham sometimes present groups where the tint of the primrose, and even of the jonquil, overpowers that of the rose; nevertheless, I cannot remember to have witnessed, there, anything approaching in *tristesse* to the morning assembly around the spring at Wiesbaden. The water, when taken from the source, is much too hot to drink; and it is therefore, I presume, that each melancholy pilgrim, on returning from the shrine, bears a reeking glass, which ever and anon is raised to the lips, with most unequivocal symptoms of distaste: while with slow and languid step each paces up and down till the beverage becomes cool. As, spite of their complete metamorphis in dress and demeanour, I contrived to recognize many of the drooping invalids of the morning among the gay crowd that filled the Kursaal in the evening, I was led to hope that their maladies were less painful than the remedy to which fashion and good-fellowship induced them to submit.

The only point in which Wiesbaden has the superiority over its more distant rival, is in its opera. The troop is from Mayence, and far from contemptible. Boieldieu's pretty opera of "La Dame Blanche" was performed the night we were there. Some of the airs are exceedingly pleasing (the Scotch ones not the least so), and the orchestra is by no means bad. But, for a time, I believe, Francfort has very nearly spoiled us for operas.

On leaving the theatre, we went to the rooms; and again looked upon the thinly-veiled horrors of a gaming-table. I here witnessed a little manœuvre, which shall be related, for the instruction of the unwary. Immediately before the place where I stood, sat two persons, one of them pre-eminently well-dressed, and apparently on terms of great intimacy with the other, who was much younger and much less elaborately elegant. They both staked high, and with varying fortune; but the younger man chose his colour best, and was at one time the winner of many gold pieces, which lay heaped before him. Just at the moment when his good fortune was at its height, some one, who stood close to me,

spoke to him. He turned his head;—and his elegant friend, stooping a little forward, and turning his head too, (as if to follow the eyes of the other,) gently, delicately, and most skilfully, abducted one or two of the gold pieces; which, before the young man was at leisure to obey the monotonous "faites votre jeu, Messieurs," of the croupier, were quietly conveyed to his pocket. How I longed to expose him! But the ardour of my indignation, though it made my heart throb, and my cheeks tingle, was yet insufficient to inspire such noble daring. It would, indeed, have been about as wise, as attempting to rescue the honey of some silly bee from the centre of a nest of hornets.

The Sunday banquet at the Kursaal has an air of great splendour; for the whole of the immense saloon is filled with guests. The amiable and popular Duke of Nassau has a hunting-seat near the baths; his beautiful chateau of Bieberich is also at no great distance; and, while residing at either of these palaces, it is his custom to appear in public every Sunday at Wiesbaden, and dine at the table d'hôte of the Kursaal. This good-humoured condescension contributes greatly to his popularity, and is the source of a handsome revenue to the restaurant: for, on these occasions, it appears, that though the tables are stretched to the utmost extent of the immense hall, they are always fully furnished with guests.

The gardens behind the Kursaal were exceedingly gay on the Sunday we passed at Wiesbaden; and for the last half-hour before dinner, the esplanade, on which the rooms open, became thronged. But whether it were that my fancy was so bewitched by Baden, that it could be satisfied with nothing else; or that, in truth, I only saw things as they were; it certainly appeared to me that there was much less of fashion and elegance in this crowd, than in that which had daily animated the walks at Baden.

On the evening of this day the gaming-table was crowded; and once more we saw folly and misery hand in hand, seeking destruction, and calling it amusement. No women played, but many were occupied by watching the chances of the game. There was one party standing close to mine, and among them was a lady, who discoursed more eloquently by her features, than the generality of her sex, while so young

and so fair, have yet learned to do with their lips. I could almost repeat, in sober prose, what has been so well expressed in verse, and say "her body thought:"—so strongly did every delicate but powerful feature speak scorn and loathing of the occupation, and the beings engaged in it. Yet, plain as this language appeared to me, it should seem that it was not equally so to all; for a towering moustache, who stood near, having the air of a man of fashion made up for the season, had the effrontery to address her, with "Mettrai-je-pour vous sur la table, Mademoiselle?"

I hardly know pencil or pen that could do full justice to the look which answered this. It was not the startled glance of a terrified girl, abashed and frightened by an impertinent freedom; but resembled far more the steady eye-beam that I once saw Mrs. Siddons dart at Comus, before she replied to him; and I almost expected to hear

> "I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
> In this unhallowed air."

The man absolutely quailed before her, and his craven glance replied as plainly,

> "She fables not—I feel that I do fear."

Indignation seemed to conquer, for one moment, all feeling of timidity; for it was not till the next that she blushed; and then neck, cheek, and brow mantled so painfully, that she drew the old gentleman, on whose arm she leant, from the table; and retreating through the crowd, as hastily as its closeness permitted, left the room.

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One of the prettiest features at Wiesbaden is the row of gay shops under the colonnade. These form a sort of bazaar in the open air; and the fantastic costume of the venders, both Tyrolese and Swiss, gives the whole scene the air of a fancy fair. I think a good imitation of such costume might furnish a very agreeable variety at any rustic fête, where the ultimate object may be to make both the talents and vanity of the rich minister to the necessities of the poor. It would be too attractive for a London sale, but would do excellently well in the country; and the fair artisans might be rewarded

for their kind-hearted industry by a dance on the green, after they had disposed of their wares; being ready clad in the prettiest dancing dresses in the world.

It appeared almost as general a fashion to sup at the Kursaal, as to dine there; but the parties at supper ate *à la carte*, instead of being supplied as at a *table d'hôte*. The whole arrangement, however, is immeasurably inferior to Chabert's. During supper on the last evening of our stay, we were regaled by the music of an excellent band of Jewish musicians. They had with them a boy of about ten years old, who sang deliciously;—but listening to him was like watching the beauteous colours of a dolphin while expiring: the life and being of his sweet voice was evidently perishing under its display.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nassau Scenery—Langen-Schwalbach—Nassau—Ems—Pleasant Rencontre—Kurhaus—Public Rooms—Excursion to Branbach—Fortress of Marksberg—Boat on the Rhine—Pilgrims—Attempt at Suicide.

The drive from Wiesbaden to Ems is much too varied in its beauty to admit of detailed description. There are points of it equal to anything, even in the neighbourhood of Baden itself. And it is here that I would wish to lead all those who, while they speak disparagingly of the Rhenish scenery, in fact know nothing about it;—beyond what may be learned from catching a hasty glance at the side front of a rock, or through the tangled entrance of a dark valley, from the deck of a steamboat. I imagine that all who are accused of laudatory exaggeration upon this subject, and are said, according to the usual phrase, to "rave about the beauty of the Rhine," have become familiar with the various indescribable scenes which are to be found among the intricate recesses of this portion of the Nassau territory. The voyage between Bingen and Coblentz is the part of the river expedition which least disappoints the floating tourist; but it is behind the cliffs, whose "castled crags" diversify the right bank, during the whole of this distance, that the most beautiful scenery is to be found. The capricious variety of rock, and forest-covered hills, the dark, deep, lonely valleys, the narrow pathways leading up to the wild sequestered ruins hid among them, the pretty windings of the silvery Lahn, with, from time to time, bright glimpses of the "exulting river" that flows through the sunny landscape in the distance, altogether make this region a source of exceeding enjoyment to the real lover of Salvator Rosa-like combinations.

The baths of Langen-Schwalbach, or Schwalbach, as it is generally called, are situated between Wiesbaden and Ems, and make excellent head-quarters for those who do not wish to enter into the constant dissipation of either. The strengthening and restorative effects recorded of the waters are such,

as to make it wonderful they are not more resorted to by English invalids: I was assured that, though both Ems and Wiesbaden often overflowed with English, it was rare to hear that any of our countrymen made a permanent abode at Schwalbach. Nothing, however, can be more quietly agreeable than the aspect of the place. The singularly wild and lovely country in its neighbourhood is made accessible by innumerable pretty pathways; the lodgings are cheap and commodious; and the hotels, as far as one dinner can justify an opinion, are well-ordered and comfortable. We passed only a few hours here; but, had time permitted, I would have willingly remained as many days.

The celebrated Seltzer spring is at the distance of six leagues from Schwalbach; and though this rises likewise amidst beautiful scenery, the place is almost too much one of traffic, from the immense quantity of the water exported, to be an agreeable residence. The hot spring of Schlangenbad, which is considered as highly salutary, is about two leagues from Schwalbach; but notwithstanding its reputation, the extreme beauty of the scenery, and the comfortable accommodations of its hotel, it is still but little frequented by foreigners.

From Schwalbach to Nassau, the beauty of the country seems to increase at every step; and on approaching the latter town such a collection of picturesque objects crowd together to greet you, that this little place, poor and forsaken as it looks, seems expressly intended for a princely residence; and, were I its noble duke, my capital should still be there.

From this lovely spot to Ems the road runs by the side of the Lahn; and the rocks and mountain forests which diversify the opposite banks of the stream, and the vine-covered heights that rise above the road, give the approach to this scene of elegant dissipation such an air of sequestered loneliness as might befit the entrance to the valley of Rasselas. The contrast is very great on driving onward beside the public walks;—the change is almost as sudden as if wrought by the wand of Harlequin;—for, while still in the very height of picturesque enthusiasm, watching the clear reflections of rocks and trees on the tranquil bosom of the stream, we suddenly found ourselves between a row of hotels on one side, and a crowded public walk on the other. A full band, playing some of Mozart's popular airs,

was stationed in a bower-like sort of orchestra, within a few yards of the horses' heads as we passed;—veils, parasols, and whiskered exquisites moved in chequered maze before our eyes ;—and all the sights and sounds of a gay watering-place surrounded us.

It was, probably, the suddenness of this change which made me feel, in quitting the carriage, something like the sensation of being lost in a crowd. The day had been passed in a manner to make one almost forget everything, but the woods and wilds we had been traversing; and at the moment I would rather have found my quarters under shelter of the lowliest roof in the forest than amid the brilliant gaiety of Ems. This moodiness, however, vanished completely half an hour afterwards, when, having secured apartments, we stumbled, by the luckiest accident imaginable, upon the agreeable English acquaintance we had made at Godesberg. The value of such a renconter at a foreign watering-place is infinitely greater than it could be anywhere else; because the company there are seldom sufficiently stationary to make introductions of much use; and, without some such lucky chance in his favour, it is a hundred to one against a passing traveller's having the advantage of knowing a single individual of the animated throng moving round him. This fortunate meeting, however, not only secured us from that most melancholy of solitudes which is found in the midst of a crowd, but immediately put us *au fait* of all that it was most agreeable to know of the place and the people.

Ems cannot attempt a competition either with Baden or Wiesbaden, as to its public walks and rooms. A low-roofed sort of pavilion by the side of the river, is all the preparation yet made for assembling, either for dancing or play; and little decoration has been bestowed on the walks, beyond some rather unsightly trees, planted in rows, and a few benches placed at intervals among them. But the little valley is itself so beautiful, that it certainly wants nothing to adorn it; and it is perhaps best for the numerous invalids who flock to the springs, that the temptations to indulge in late hours and crowded rooms should not be increased.

A long irregular street, containing the hotels, which ac-

commodate nearly all the company at the baths, runs along the base of a rocky ridge, called the Bædersly, which forms one side of the narrow valley of the Lahn. Some of these hotels contain excellent rooms, but none have any pretensions to magnificence: there is, however, one among them, which, if vastness be held a quality of sublimity, may perhaps be entitled to that still higher epithet. The Kurhaus, as this enormous pile is called, is as remarkable for its rambling, irregular construction as for its size. Three hundred beds were occupied in it when we were at Ems, and I was assured that it had room for many more. This ungainly edifice touches the Bædersly rock on one side, while the other is separated from the river only by a narrow gravel path; the carriage-road passing through the hotel under an archway. This singular building belongs to the Duke of Nassau, who derives a considerable revenue from the rent of its almost innumerable apartments. Each room has the amount of its daily rent marked over the door; and an agent of the Duke is constantly in attendance to receive the daily or weekly returns. The table d'hôte at this house is too large to promise much comfort. I saw a table there laid for three hundred persons, but felt no inclination to make one of them. Many of the smaller establishments have the reputation of a better table; that at the hotel de Russie I can venture to pronounce excellent.

We did not fail, according to our Baden and Wiesbaden custom, to go to "the rooms," the first evening we passed at Ems; but we soon found we had no business there, and made a hasty retreat. Two or three apartments were open to the public; but they were ill-lighted, and looked almost desolate: a few groups of ladies and gentlemen, evidently strangers, like ourselves, were passing through them; but the only company appearing to be there by right consisted of about a score of singularly ill-looking persons, seated around a rouge et noir table. It seems that the more elegant and aristocratic mischief at Ems is carried on at the private lodgings of the parties engaged in it; but I fear it must not be presumed, from this, that gambling prevails less here, than where its theatre is more public;—on the contrary, that most hateful process, by which the cool and calcu-

lating villain fleeces the thoughtless and unwary, is said to be often in full action here. At rouge et noir, Folly stakes against Fortune; and though the odds are terribly against Folly, she may generally look for fair play; but where Knavery makes Fortune his thrall, and forces her to take the credit of all the tricks he may choose to play, poor Folly isbadly off indeed.—And Ems has been the scene of more than one gambling tragedy.

The morning after our arrival at the baths, our friends having proposed an excursion through the forest, to Branbach, and the fortress of Marksberg, on the Rhine, we gladly set about preparing for it. In addition to the sociable hired for the occasion, our party required the assistance of two donkeys; and as it is the fashion to be very active, and do a great deal of business before breakfast at Ems, we crossed the Lahn by its little bridge of boats, which looks like a miniature imitation of those on the Rhine, and were among the first customers at the picturesque shed, where the herd of saddled donkeys stand to be hired. There is nothing more peculiarly characteristic of the place than this shed, and its accompaniments. Many of the excursions amidst the beautiful country in the neighbourhood are through roads that are better traversed by the feet of donkeys and mules, than by any less humble beast; and accordingly, the demand for them is so great, that ninety-six donkeys, and four mules, are to be seen every morning, gaily caparisoned, with a proportionate number of attendants, each eloquently, and somewhat clamorously, recommending their own particular beasts. Every individual quadruped of this numerous herd is labelled on the forehead with a number; and some of the numbers which belong to the strongest or best-managed donkeys, are as well known throughout the place, as the names of the most distinguished personages.

"Forty-seven! forty-seven! ' exclaimed more than one voice among the applicants, who began to arrive. But we had already the happiness of having secured the beautiful zebra marked forty-seven.

"Twenty-two!"—"Seventeen!"—"Fifty-six!" bawled the eager customers; while the proposal of other numbers, backed by the assurance of their respective merits, was bawled louder still, by the drivers. Fortunately, a police-

officer is always in attendance, to prevent the spirit of competition from becoming troublesome, or any exorbitant charge being made; and his occupation appeared to be no sinecure.

This important business happily arranged, we re-crossed the bridge; and in our way to the hotel Des Quatre Saisons, our friends led us to the source, at which it is the fashion for all the world to prelude their breakfast by a smoking glass of brackish water. This spring rises in, or is at least conducted to, a strange, dark chamber, supported by pillars, situated under part of the Kurhaus. It is open to the street, and entered by many archways;—these are, nevertheless, not sufficient to prevent its having a dark and gloomy appearance. It is, however, under this sombre shelter that all the smart shops of Ems are to be found, and the scene is singular enough. On this occasion, we had not time to amuse ourselves long with its peculiarities; for the misty morning was brightening into a lovely day, and we were anxious to set out upon our expedition.

Beautiful indeed was the road, which now led us to the banks of the Rhine, and wild as beautiful. We mounted the steep hill rising on the left bank of the Lahn, only that we might dip again into a dark deep chine, where nothing less than mid-day sun could chase the eternal gloom of the thick forest which clothed its sides. Again we mounted, and then, over the world of dark woody hills which rose and sank around us, we caught sight of the bold broad stream, seeming as though it carried light and life through the landscape. We had still, however, many a steep mile, both up and down, to go, before reaching Branbach; but, whatever our horses and donkeys might think of it, I could have wished for more miles still; for each seemed lovelier than the last. We passed a *maison de chasse*, belonging to the Duke of Nassau, the walls of which were ornamented with antlers, some of them very noble ones. Under the shelter of the wood close by, is a sort of rustic ball-room, the orchestra of which is arranged with a taste so truly sylvan, that none but Pan, or his disciples, should presume to play there.

From this point the road began steadily to descend towards the Rhine; and, ere long, we reached the curious little town that was to be our *gîte* for the day. Here, towers, too old to convey any certain indication of their origin, but re-

nowned by legends and mysteries innumerable, divided our attention with the lovely Rhine, which flowed close to the pretty garden of our hotel. I almost regretted that there was anything else to see; for many a summer's day might be well spent, in looking only at the scene which the terrace of that garden gave to view. But the fortress of Marksberg rose majestically above our heads; our donkeys were pronounced to be in good condition to start again, and, turning our backs upon the river, we prepared to mount the steep but beautiful path, that led to this last of all the Rhenish fortresses.

Mrs. W——, having already seen the castle, wisely decided upon enjoying the cool and tranquil luxury of the Branbach garden; and I set off with the rest of the party. Had I trusted to any feet less sure than those of the steady quadruped on which I was mounted, I might have felt, and not unreasonably, some alarm from the nature of the path. It was narrow and steep; its boundary, on one side, often precipitous; and, worse still, the summer drought had showered upon it so many loose stones, and treacherous rolling pebbles, that many a step was abortive, leaving the *pieton* rather lower than when he made it. Nevertheless, we reached the bare and rocky summit in safety.

Never, I think, from any of the various points, whence I have gazed upon the Rhine, did it look more glorious than from the little platform before the gates of Marksberg. The day, the hour, was all that summer could give of best and brightest—just clouds enough to temper, by their flitting shadows, the too fervid splendour of the stream; and a breeze, that seemed sent on purpose to fan those, who had laboured up that toilsome rock;—for all below it was so hushed and still, that not a vine-leaf trembled.

Major W—— had either knocked, or rung, or blown a horn, or given some signal or other to the sentry, notifying that we wished to enter, for, long before we had "gazed our fill," we were informed, with all military courtesy and promptness, that his Excellency the Governor permitted our approach.

Marksberg is the only fortress in Nassau, and, moreover, the last solitary remnant of the castled strongholds of the Rhenish nobility. This alone remains to tell us what they

were "in the ancient days, in the generations of old:"—and, till the dark chambers of its massive towers, its rock-hewn stairs, its deep and nameless recesses, and the terrible array of its chamber of death, have been visited, the imagination of the tourist may strain itself in vain to picture forth these castles as they have been in their days of power. I doubt whether the most accomplished engineer of the present age, if his *savoir* be wholly modern, could describe this fortified castle intelligibly: I may, therefore, be easily forgiven, if, while I recommend that every one should go to see it, I add the assurance that it is impossible for them to understand anything about it till they do. On entering the gates, almost every object had in some degree a military air. Stands of arms rested against the massive walls:' soldiers were busily engaged in cleaning their caparisons, and a few sentries appeared on duty at different posts.

A non-commissioned officer was appointed to attend us, who did so with a courteous civility which spared not either his time or trouble; and I much question if he ever before acted as guide to a party so insatiably curious. The fatigue, however, was not all his own. I feel certain, that I could have traversed every corner of Ehrenbreitstein with less labour than it required to grope through the utter darkness of some of the Marksberg passages; to thread the mazy windings of others, amidst masonry that seemed to prepare a trap for head or shoulders at every step; or to clamber up the ladder-like staircases, two feet at the very least for every step, which led to the central tower. But this last feat once accomplished, we were fully rewarded for all the fatigue it had cost. Not only the Rhine, both up and down its course, here so thickiy studded with a variety of beauty, spread out its shining glory before us; but the old roof and towers, immediately beneath our eyes, had an interest which almost prevented our looking at anything else. Our conductor pointed out two towers, in each of which a prisoner of state was then confined: the sentence pronounced against one of these was for forty years, and twenty-two was awarded to the other. We exchanged a shuddering glance with each other as we heard it. Our conductor saw this, and quietly remarked that in most countries the culprits would have forfeited their lives. "The sentence was a just one," he con-

tinued :—"had their offence become general, the peace of the country would have been destroyed ;—and many innocent would have suffered, instead of two guilty;—besides, it is probable that the punishment of both will be greatly remitted."

This was both reasonable and consoling; and, upon the strength of it, we looked down again upon the roofs, which shut in those erring mortals, with a feeling, which, spite of their crimes, we would gladly have communicated to their hearts.

Not from this point, but afterwards from the river, we perceived, in each of these prisons, a small glazed window, which doubtless gave air and light to the captives. Both of these openings overlooked the beautiful Rhine, as it flowed far, far below, as well as the lovely greenwood shades on the opposite shore; but I felt doubtful whether more pain or pleasure would be caused by this. To look upon the boundless freedom of nature, and know that it is not for you, must be worse, I think, than not looking upon it at all. Nothing certainly can exceed the dismal security of these awful prisons. Like almost every other castle on the Rhine, Marksberg stands aloft, on a high and barren rock; and the intricacy, darkness, and roughness of the ways, which lead from the prison towers to the outward gates, must preclude every hope of escape, as long as a single sentry remains faithfully to guard them.

Having accomplished the descent from this central tower —a task hardly less arduous than the getting up—our guide led us into a bare, black-looking, ill-lighted chamber at the bottom of it; with no furniture but a huge mass of timber, somewhat in the form of our English stocks, but greatly larger and heavier. I was rather startled at being told that this was the place of execution, and that dismal apparatus the instrument of it. The fatal machine was placed in the middle of the room; and while we all stood round him, silently gazing on it, the soldier explained to us the manner in which it was used. Suspended above it, is a beam with a pulley-wheel, and behind it a windlass. The criminal is secured in the stocks, and his arms pinioned, while a rope, which passes through the pulley, is put round his neck, and then—the slightest touch at the windlass is enough. The whole

appearance of this frightful engine spoke its antiquity. A passage, that opens from this room, leads to one of the prison chambers; below this, and deep sunk in the rock, are dungeons,—too terrible for the use of the present day,—but the iron door which led to them was shown us; and, as if to bring the fact home to our senses, the soldier picked up a stone and threw it hard against the ringing metal. The Secret Tribunal itself has hardly anything more fearful-looking than the dark, grim, steep slope that leads downward to this iron door. We were told here, and also at the village below, that a passage exists, bored slanting through the rock, from some part of this fortress, to a tower which still stands close upon the water's edge; but that many years have elapsed since any use has been made of it.

Having fully satisfied ourselves that nothing was left unseen, of which we could reasonably hope to obtain a sight, Major W—— sent a message to the Governor, by a serjeant, requesting permission to wait on him.

This Governor is an old man, born in the fortress. His father was governor before him, and he has himself held the station above forty years. In short, he is so completely part and parcel of the place, that a visit to it, without seeing him, is by no means what it ought to be. Major W—— had been introduced to him at his last visit by an officer of rank; and his present application for an audience was most graciously received. Never, surely, was any one better fitted for the station he held than this old man. Hard-featured, weather-beaten, and with a frame that seemed as hard as the rock on which it was produced and nourished, he looked as if he could have no sympathies with the world below. And instead of pitying him for the manifold privations of his recluse existence, I felt disposed to make him a compliment on the singular felicity of a destiny which had placed him in the only situation he was fitted for.

The old gentleman did the honours of his eyrie-like apartments very politely—showed us the pictures of his father and of himself, and led us from window to window, to point out the beauty of his bird's-eye view over the rocks and vineyards which divided him from the world. After this satisfactory reception I remounted my donkey, and enjoyed the downward path, commanding as it did at every

turn some newly-discovered beauty, infinitely more than the ascent; though it was sometimes so steep, that, to avoid slipping over the head of the animal, I preferred walking by its side.

We found Mrs. W—— and a capital dinner waiting for us; and the hour of rest and refreshment, which followed, was certainly not the least agreeable of this delightful day. After dinner it was decided that we should have a row—or rather a tow—upon the Rhine; for, in order to enjoy the gratification of boating upon this rapid river, it is necessary to submit, either first or last, to the slow and painful-seeming process of being towed up the stream. On this occasion, we determined that the least agreeable part of the voyage should be made first; and accordingly, the wife and son of the boatman harnessed themselves, by cords to the head of the mast, and drew us slowly and steadily along.

About a mile and a half above Braubach is a mineral spring, called the Dinckholder, the waters of which are so exceedingly bitter, that no invalids have as yet taken a fancy to them. The spring is sheltered by a rude hut, and stands at the entrance of one of those fairy valleys which it is so difficult to pass by without threading, for some distance at least, the windings of the brook that waters it. But our day was wearing itself fast away, and we were fain to content ourselves, as we glided slowly past, by looking up its green recesses, as far as they were visible, and sending on imagination to reconnoitre all that were not.

While we were all occupied in gazing on this fair and slowly-moving landscape, a beautiful doe, startled, probably, by the gentle ripple of our boat, sprang from behind the shelter of a patch of vines immediately above us. The timorous animal bounded upward, from crag to crag, with an agility, that seemed more like flying, than any movement requiring the assistance of the feet; and we presently lost sight of her: but the boatman told us, that we were lucky to have caught sight of her at all; for, though the forests abounded with her tribe, they rarely approach so near the haunts of man.

After an hour's towing, we turned our boat to the middle of the stream, and indulged in that most delicious of all movements, the floating down it, without the disturbance either of sails or oars. While silently, but intensely, enjoy-

ing this, we were suddenly roused from the reverie, into which we all seemed to have fallen, by a loud and measured chant of many voices from the bank. Looking in the direction whence it came, we perceived a number of peasants, both male and female, amounting, I imagine, to forty or fifty, walking slowly, and as if in time, to the cadence of their voices. They were pilgrims, the boatman told us, going to a shrine about twenty miles farther up the river. This is, I believe, by no means an unusual occurrence in this part of the country; but the sound of their voices, as borne to us across the river through the sweet stillness of evening, had a delightful effect; and, for us, the rencontre possessed all the additional charm of novelty.

Our homeward drive was as delightful as the soft clearness of a summer's evening sky could make it; and we returned to Ems, more convinced than ever, that, in order fully to enjoy the beauty of the Rhine, it is necessary to pass many such days as this; sometimes on its banks, sometimes on its bosom; but always with the power to pause and look around wherever the scene is fairest.

On crossing the little bridge of boats over the Lahn, as we returned, we observed an unusual commotion at the end nearest the town. A considerable crowd was in the act of dispersing, as we drove through it; and one of our party, who lingered behind to inquire the cause, presently followed us with the frightful intelligence, that a gentleman, believed to have sustained severe losses at play, had mutilated his head in a most dreadful manner, by discharging a pistol in his mouth, which had, however, failed to kill him; and that, utterly unable to give any account of himself, and totally without money, or any written document about him, he had just been carried down from the forest, in which he had been discovered, to a hotel, where he lay, speechless from the injury done to his mouth, but perfectly sensible, and awfully conscious of his deplorable condition.

Did the fearful business of the gaming-table go on that night? The players must surely be something more or less than men, if it did.

CHAPTER XVII.

Kurhaus Bazaar—German Ladies—Anecdote of Napoleon—Gambling Fanatic—Donkey Excursion to Pfingstwaide—Table d'Hôte—English Party—Reasons for English Shyness—Unnecessary in Germany—Anecdote of a timid English Traveller—Duke of Nassau—Departure from Ems—Road over the Taunus Hills—Ehrenbreitstein—Coblentz—St. Goar.

On the following morning, we were again on the walks at an early hour, and, accompanied by our friends, revisited the spring under the Kurhaus. It was crowded with company, and I was introduced to many noble ladies, who, each in her close straw bonnet and simple morning gown, gave no other outward indication of high rank than by the quiet grace of her manner. How heartily I wish, that, in our national passion for foreign novelties, we would take a fancy for introducing German instead of French fashions! The unaffected simplicity, and thorough-bred dignity, of a German woman of rank, are worth all the coquettish *agaceries* of the most accomplished Parisian belle that ever received the stamp of bon ton—either at home or abroad.

One of the ladies, to whom I had the pleasure of being presented, during my short stay at Ems, was the Countess d'H——. The father of this lady was one of the many conspirators against the life of Napoleon ; he was arrested, and condemned to death. Before the day fixed for his execution, his wife, a high-born German lady, obtained admittance to the Emperor, and besought her husband's pardon, in that tone of deep and true feeling, which generally finds an answering chord to vibrate with it in the hearts of others. Napoleon was vexed—distressed—doubting—and deeply touched. The trembling wife stood before him, waiting a double doom. "Madame," he said at length, "while such proof as I have here," (drawing a paper from a bundle, that lay on his table,) "while such proof as I have here exists, I cannot pardon your husband." As he spoke, he placed in her hand a paper, in which the crime was too surely acknowledged,

under the signature of the accused. She clasped the scroll firmly, and fixing her eyes on those of Napoleon, read something, even as he turned them from her, which gave her strength to rush towards the hearth;—and, in an instant, the record had blazed and perished. The happy, but trembling woman, once more sought the eyes of the Emperor, but in vain; one hand hid them from her view, and the other waved her from him. The sentence against her husband was revised; and proof of his guilt being imperfect, the doom of death was changed to that of banishment.

Whilst parading through the motley throng that bustled through the bazaar-like sort of arcade below the Kurhaus, the idea of Esper George often rose upon my fancy: and I looked about to find something, that I could take for him, or his ghost: but though I could never quite satisfy myself in this, I was led to the glove-stand of an original, quite as whimsical, but much less amiable. I know not to what nation he belonged; but some of the party led him into conversation, which he carried on, partly in English, and partly in French, or German, I really forget which; but a more ludicrous picture of fanatical hypocrisy, than he contrived to give in speaking of himself, can hardly be imagined.

"Were you at the gaming-table last night?" said a gentleman, addressing him.

"Oh fie, Sir! how can you ask me such a question? I was in my business, Sir, until I went to rest."

"But I saw you at roulette, on Sunday night."

"Sunday, Sir, is quite a different thing. I played on Sunday in the name of the Lord. Whatever I do on Sunday is in the name of the Lord; that sanctifieth it, let it be what it will."

After breakfast, accompanied by the same agreeable party as on the day before, we set off, all mounted on donkeys, to visit the Pfingstwaide silver mine. The road took us up one of the pretty valleys that lead from the Lahn; and the excursion enabled my son to collect some beautiful specimens. This valley leads to a picturesque ruin, opposite to, but about a mile beyond, the mine: we were, however, obliged to content ourselves with looking at it in the distance; and to turn the heads of our troop homeward, from the necessity of finding ourselves ready for the table d'hôte dinner, at one

o'clock, at the Hôtel de Russie, where we had bespoken places. Our friends were particularly anxious that we should dine there, as they happened to know the set, which was composed of many distinguished individuals; and they moreover expected some amusement, from the oddities of an additional party who had also bespoken places there. To make the scene which followed intelligible to the reader, it will be necessary to repeat the particulars of a conversation, which took place a day or two before, between the gentleman who related it to me, and another, who is the hero of my tale. This conversation occurred, I believe, in the public rooms; the parties were strangers to each other, but both were Englishmen. Whether my friend, who, for distinction's sake, I will call Mr. A., addressed the stranger, who shall be named Mr. B., or was addressed by him, I cannot say, but the following dialogue ensued:—

Mr. A.—"You find the Kurhaus a comfortable hotel, Sir?"

Mr. B.—"Yes, indeed—for this country."

Mr. A.—"And the table?"

Mr. B.—"The only fault is, that they serve my table with too great variety."

Mr. A.—"You do not, then, dine at the table d'hôte?"

Mr. B.—"At the table d'hôte! Oh no; Mrs. B. would find that utterly insufferable—quite out of her way."

Mr. A.—"I have never dined at the Kurhaus. It has, I believe, a very large society. At the Hôtel de Russie the party is much smaller, and so very agreeable, that I think you would find it much pleasanter than dining in your own apartment."

Mr. B.—"Really? I would certainly make the experiment—for the novelty of the thing—could I induce Mrs. B. to consent. I will propose it to her—as a frolic."

Mr. A.—"I hope you will succeed, Sir." And, so saying, he left him.

Before we started in the morning for the silver mine, our friend had called at the Hotel de Russie, to bespeak our places at dinner. In the dining-room he had met Mr. B., who told him that he was there for the same purpose; having, though certainly not without some difficulty, prevailed on his lady to consent.

We now, therefore, repaired to the table d'hôte, with some curiosity to observe the effect it might produce on our fastidious countrywoman. As no single room in the Hôtel de Russie was large enough to accommodate all the company expected, two were prepared; and we had taken our chairs in the smallest,—because nearly every individual of the party, who usually dined there, was known to our friends. These were nearly all assembled when we entered, and among them were a Russian Prince, a German Count and Countess (the lady being a relation of the King of Bavaria), a German Baron of the Empire, and his lady, and several others;—the party altogether amounting to about twenty; —a pleasant and sociable sort of intimacy appearing to exist between them all. We had just taken our places, when the family of Mr. B. entered. It consisted of two ladies and three gentlemen. Mr. B. led in his lady;—and a stout-hearted Mr. B. he was, to venture upon bringing such a lady into a presence she deemed unworthy her greatness. The expression of her countenance, and, in particular, the attitude of her nose, which truly seemed

"Commercing with the skies,"

presented, by far, the finest piece of comedy I ever saw off the stage.

The noble party, seated at the table, bowed at their approach. Mrs. B. instantly stood stock still—as if petrified by their audacity.

"This, I believe, is the *second table?*" said she aloud, turning her reproachful eyes upon her husband:—but, being assured by the civil attendants that it was at this table that her place was taken, she sat down;—with much such an air as Juno might do, if obliged by the Thunderer to remain in company with some earth-born damsels, whom he favoured too highly.

The dinner proceeded: it was really excellent—but the grimaces of Mrs. B. were better still. When the soup was put before her, she shuddered; and, making a sign with her hand that it should be removed, exclaimed—

"*Can* they believe it possible that I should eat that?"

The unfortunate bouilli and cucumber, so little relished

by the generality of the English, succeeded; then came some dish that she ventured to taste; but though Mr. B. honestly and bravely pronounced, looking at her, too, almost full in the face, "This is very good," she ate it as if every mouthful were a sacrifice offered on the altar of conjugal obedience. Mr. B. endeavoured to look lively, and at his ease; and every now and then attempted to converse with his party: but his topics, chosen, perhaps, with the amiable wish of propitiating his lady, were not particularly new.

"It is certainly very singular, that no nation but the English can learn the elegancies of life—no salt-spoons, you see! and fish after fricandeau!—so absurd!"

Just at this moment, the Countess, who was seated at the head of the table, took off her bonnet, which one of the noblemen near her received from her hand, and hung upon a peg against the wall. I have seldom seen a lovelier, or more dignified head than this action made visible. Her beautiful hair was very tastefully arranged, and confined by a bandeau, which passed across her fine forehead. Mrs. B.'s horror was now at its zenith. Her look plainly spoke her complete conviction, that she was in very bad company indeed;—and her indignation found vent in a whisper, not *quite* audible, which speedily induced her vexed and penitent husband to lead her out of the room.

That cases, so extreme as this, of blundering fastidiousness, occur but seldom, I am willing to admit; but that they should occur at all is to be lamented: and the more so, as the effect, left upon the memory of those who witness them, is much deeper than they deserve, and tends to confirm and justify that dislike of English manners, which is so general on the continent. Another instance of the same sort of temper occurred a short time before, at one of the less frequented springs. A party had remained together for some weeks, were nearly dispersed, three only remaining. These were the Baron F——, who had been Minister from his own court to that of St. James's; a general officer, who was governor of the district; and a nobleman who had the honour of being related to the Royal Family of Prussia. They were standing at the window of the dining-room, in which the reduced table d'hôte was about to be served, when an English carriage, with two young men in it, drove to the door.

The three gentlemen congratulated each other upon this augumentation of their small party; and when the door opened, and the young men entered the room, they were greeted by a smiling bow from each of its occupants.

Without taking the slightest notice of this salutation, one of the Englishmen, pointing to the table said, "Qu'est que c'est que cela?"

"La table d'hôte Monsieur," replied the waiter, "on va servir à l'instant."

"Table d'hôte!" exclaimed the indignant young traveller, "we never dine in public, Sir."

And, having spoken these awe-inspiring words, he strutted out of the room, to the extreme amusement of the noble natives.

It is vexatious to hear such stories as these, knowing them to be true, yet knowing, at the same time, that they no more furnish a likeness to the better species of English, than do the caricatures in the print-shops of the Palais Royal. But, of all countries in the world, it is most vexatious that this vulgar sort of ostentation should be displayed before the nobles of Germany. They too have pride, and in abundance, perhaps; but they keep it as they do their armorial bearings —it belongs to their house, but it is seen rather on the coat of their footman than on their own. Their nobility, however, is never lost sight of, or forgotten; and they have, therefore, no need to take any ostentatious or ungraceful means of proving its existence. Where every one knows his place, and keeps it, there can be no danger of jostling. It is the eternal effort of every set amongst us to elbow themselves into the places next above them, which occasions that sort of self-protecting attitude so extremely distasteful to people of all classes on the continent.

A German tradesman has, at no time, the slightest intention of being mistaken for a German noble: nor has the noble any fear of being classed as a tradesman; and it is this, as I imagine, that produces the remarkable difference between a mixed assembly of English and a mixed assembly of Germans.

But, unhappily, the present is no time for us to hope that we may follow their excellent example: it is not while an active and powerful party are directing all their efforts to

break down the barriers which mark the different classes of society, that it would be wise to advocate such a tone of manners, as might aid the work of anarchy among us. It is not in England, divided against herself, as she now is, that this graceful, easy, benevolent sort of intercourse between all ranks can exist. A little reflection on the subject might, nevertheless, teach the gently-nurtured classes of England to walk more fearlessly over the uninclosed field of German society. The delicate and inoffensive lines of demarcation are sufficiently visible; and, where none are inclined to remove them, there can be no necessity for erecting palisadoes, *chevaux-de-frise*, or any other style of hostile barrier. These could but disfigure the graceful and harmonious arrangement, and should never be resorted to but in cases of absolute necessity. Happy the land where such necessity exists not! This is one of the points in which we must shrink back from a comparison with "well-ordered Germany;" and the mortification of allowing this is the greater, because every genuine description of our national manners, as they were in the days that are gone, gives as delightful a picture of the tie that united us all, with no entanglement from the doubtful situation of any, as Germany herself can show.

Wo betide those who would remove the sacred landmarks, that have served us so long and so well! Should they succeed, our best and wisest will forsake us—absenteeism will become as general in England as in Ireland—and those who have done the work will then have leisure to gaze upon it; while drooping commerce, expiring art, outraged religion, and polluted learning, shall each raise a dying voice, to thank the parricide patriots as they deserve. * *

Wiesbaden is now considered as the capital of Nassau, and is, in fact, the seat of government; but there is no point of the duchy which does not appear to be often benefited by the immediate influence of this amiable and popular sovereign. From all I heard, it should seem, that his withdrawing his presence, long together, from any part of his small but beautiful dominions, would be more likely to cause disaffection among his subjects than anything else he could do. To avoid this, he divides the year among several residences; and his arrival is hailed around each as a source of

pleasure as well as honour. Few people have the power of producing so much individual happiness as the Duke of Nassau; and not many, it may be feared, testify so constant a disposition to use such power well. The manner in which this beneficent sovereign is spoken of, throughout his whole territory, and the excellent effect of power and goodness united, so visible in every part of it, may certainly be considered as not the least among the many good things, which this rich little dukedom presents to the observation of the traveller.

Our summer was not half long enough to permit our enjoying all the pleasure such a journey is capable of affording;—and yet we made the most of it;—but now, again, we had to lament the necessity of leaving much unseen, in order that a project, formed as we passed up the Rhine six or seven weeks before, might be fulfilled. The quiet little village of St. Goar was the spot then fixed upon for a week's stay, that we might explore at our leisure the country near the Rhine, at the point where it is most beautiful. We still remained constant to this purpose, and decided upon leaving Ems for Coblentz; from which place the steam-boat would take us up the river on the following day to St. Goar. We should have left this pretty place with yet more reluctance, had we not arranged to meet, at Francfort, the friends who had made that city so particularly pleasant to us.

This being settled, we set off for Ehrenbreitstein;—and a lovelier drive than that over the Taunus hills no traveller could desire. Almost immediately on leaving Ems, the road winds up a deep ravine, which cuts through the hills at right angles to the Lahn; and, after slowly mounting by curves and turnings for two or three miles, we were placed aloft some hundred yards above the valley; though hardly farther in a direct line from Ems than when we quitted it; but still we had not yet attained the summit. Beautiful beyond description were the downward views, which we caught in every direction as we ascended: and, when at length we reached the top, such a splendid burst of distant landscape opened before our eyes, as drew forth almost a shout of admiration from us all.

It is on this mountain road that the frontier of Prussia is again passed, and we were stopped for a few minutes while

an officer of the customs placed a leaden seal on our baggagé. Soon after this, we began the steep descent of the Rotenhahn into the valley of the Rhine, and reached Ehrenbreitstein at about five o'clock in the evening. We were now close to this prodigious fortress, and spent some time in examining the unequalled extent and wonderful strength of its masonry. It will be long, I think, ere any human power will venture to attack it. An earthquake might contrive to shake its rock-like bastions, or overthrow its sturdy towers; but I can conceive no inferior force capable of effecting this. Having satisfied our curiosity, as much as the time permitted, on that side of the water, we crossed the bridge of boats, and finished a long day by exploring that part of the town of Coblentz which we had not seen at our first visit. We had then made directly for the Moselle, which took us through the oldest part of it; but we now passed by many more modern squares and streets, and found it a much handsomer city than we had imagined.

The following morning, at half-past five o'clock, we were again steaming up the Rhine. I believe there is some natural secret antipathy between me and a steam-boat; for, though other people seem to enjoy it, I do not; and yet I can scarcely tell why: for the noise of the engine, though incessant and teazing, is not very loud; and the movement, though perpetual and tiresome, is by no means violent; while the view on all sides is quite uninterrupted, except by the accidental intervention of hats, caps, bonnets, and parasols. Yet, with all these qualifications, reducing its annoyances, a steam-boat is not agreeable to me. I long to get on shore, probably because it is impossible to do so;—and the more beautiful the objects on every side, the more discontented I grow at being whisked past them.

The greater part of this voyage I passed in the pavilion; a symptom of sulkiness, of which I afterwards repented; as, just before we left the boat, I found a distinguished Englishman on board, with whom I was extremely happy to make acquaintance.

We reached St. Goar before eleven; and, within a quarter of an hour, were completely and most delightfully settled in a hotel that overlooked the river. And here my perfect enjoyment of the Rhine began; for, always excepting

our one delightful day at Braubach, I had never till now looked upon it, or its lovely banks, with any feeling of true, leisurely, unmixed satisfaction.

Our landlord having informed us that the table d'hôte was at *half-past twelve*, we employed the interval in arranging our sitting-room, and placing writing-tables and drawing-tables in the most inviting positions. We had each our own beautiful window, and the river ran so nearly under it, that no object was seen to intervene between us and its glassy wave. The view from these windows might last a landscape seeker for a month; or, indeed, as long as summer clouds and summer sunshine should continue to vary with their delicious vicissitudes the effect of every object within their reach. Immediately opposite to St. Goar, rises the bold peak on which stands the dark ruin of Katzenellenbogen castle; at its foot lies the miniature town of Petersberg, with its old towers and walls; and at a short distance is the pretty village of St. Goarhausen. The little town is watered by a brook which reaches the Rhine through one of the loveliest valleys in Nassau. This is a bold assertion; but I fear not to challenge contradiction from any who have followed its windings. The Katz cliff forms one side of the entrance to this; and another rock, higher and bolder still, guards it on the other. Though the front of both these heights towards the river is so precipitous as, in some directions, to appear almost perpendicular, their whole surface is covered with patches of vineyards; some of which, hardly a yard square, nestle among the bare crags. How these are nourished is incomprehensible; and how they are dressed, pruned, and plucked, still more so. Half a league lower down the river, but still in full view of our windows, is the Thurmberg, sometimes called the Mons, perched, like its neighbour Katz, upon a rock, barren and bare by nature; but, by the almost inconceivable labour of man, converted into precious vineyards. Welmich and its mining valley disappear round the base of the Thurmberg rock, and terminate the distance in that direction. Looking upward, the river makes a turn so sudden round the famous Lurley rock, as to give it the appearance of a lake.

We had each of us just completed our separate establishment, and each satisfied ourselves that our own particular

chair commanded the most perfect view, when the dinner-bell and the waiter informed us at the same moment that dinner was ready.

Six or seven Prussian officers, and the master of the hotel himself, formed the whole party. As the military gentlemen took no notice of us, they debarred us from the pleasure of their society. But this circumstance must by no means place them as exceptions to the national amenity of manner, which is so remarkable throughout the country. These gentlemen were in permanent quarters; and the persons, who may occasionally dine at the table d'hôte at St. Goar, must be so completely birds of passage, that it would be hardly fair to expect these officers should break up the conversation of their mess—for such in fact is the upper end of the table—to pay attention to nameless strangers, whom they would never see again.

As soon as dinner was concluded, we commissioned our host to engage a boat for us, for the whole afternoon, which he did for about four shillings English. We dropped down the river for about a mile; and, by the help of a pair of oars, slanted across to Welmich. Our first object was to climb the rocky pinnacle, on which the Thurmberg ruin stands; and having learned the best road to it—in truth there was but one—we began the task. The ascent was steep, and the path narrow, yet I went boldly on, till we reached a sharp corner, round which it was necessary to turn.

The reader must have a head as weak as my own,—which heaven knows I would wish to none,—or he will not appreciate my sufferings on first looking down, and perceiving the peril of my situation. I had determined upon exerting both courage and strength to achieve my object; and pushing onward, without looking to the right or left, remained perfectly unconscious how frightful was the spot on which I stood, till one glance showed me the sheer precipice sinking beneath me on one side, and the solid rock rising upright at about two feet from it on the other. I became dreadfully giddy, strange noises seemed to ring in my ears, and I trembled so violently that had I been alone I must have fallen. In none of my wanderings had I ever been in a situation of so much terror. To advance or retreat appeared equally impossible, and I stood for some minutes with my eyes shut,

endeavouring to collect intellect sufficient to decide on what to do. With great difficulty, and much real suffering, I at length scrambled up to one of the little nooks, about six feet square, whereon grow the scanty vines. Here I took refuge, my eyes being relieved from the agony of gazing on the depth below, by the grape leaves; among which I placed myself, while my kind and merciful companions, laughing as little as they could, took measures to release me. As I sat alone on this tiny platform, studiously avoiding to look upon the beautiful river, into which I could easily have dropped a pebble, I remembered too late the poet's warning—

"Seek not the giddy crag to climb,
To view the turret scathed by time;
It is a task of doubt and fear
To all but goat, or mountain deer."

But, unfortunately, no such wisdom was in my thoughts, when it might have availed me.

It was not long before my two friends returned with a rope, obtained at Welmich; this they fastened round the stem of one of the vines, and by means of holding it in my hand, I gained sufficient courage to get below the perilous turning, which, good cragsmen as they were, both confessed to be frightful. The danger once over, however, I could myself laugh at the excess of terror I had felt, and fully enjoyed the scene that awaited my arrival at the foot of the rock. The whole population of Welmich was out to receive me, which at this hour consisted of women and children, the men being at work in the neighbouring mines. These poor people had seen my situation, and appeared to watch my descent with much interest; though they must have thought the danger altogether imaginary, as they all climb like goats, and dress their vines in places where to me it seemed impossible to stand.

After this adventure, we entered a little *gasthaus* (Anglicé, inn), and asked for milk and brantwine. Of the first they brought a small cup, perfectly sour; of the last they had none, but produced some villainous schnapps instead. Having reposed for a few moments, we asked the sulky-looking, heavy-browed Caspar Melchior,—for such was the doubly regal name of the host—what we were to pay. He told us

we had better return, after the walk we proposed taking up the valley, and we should pay him then. To this we agreed, leaving a cloak or two that had been brought in the boat.

We then proceeded in our walk, which must not be described, lest the wild and lovely beauty of the ravine, through which it led us, should tempt to a wordiness of admiration, —not the less wearying to the reader, from being only half as much as might be said of it. We passed the mouth of a mine, whence Henry brought some beautiful specimens; found the best possible point from whence to look at the spreading ruin of the Rhinefels on the opposite bank of the river; collected some lovely wild blossoms; and then returned to the gast-haus of Caspar Melchior. I thought the looks of this man exceedingly detestable at our first visit: never did a countenance more candidly confess its owner's character. We repeated our demand of "what have we to pay?" and, after a little hesitation, he demanded a dollar. Our boatman, who had come up to meet us, laughed, but said nothing—"Half a dollar then," said Melchior. The boatman again shook his head; upon which I laid upon the table a sum, which I knew to be more than double his due, and we walked off with the boatman, and the lad who accompanied him to tow us up. On reaching the landing-place we found Melchior already there, foaming with rage. The boatman made a sign to us to embark, which we did, while the lad fastened the rope round his shoulders, and prepared to draw us on. Seeing this, Melchior drew a large open knife from his bosom, and sprung upon the boy, who saved himself by instantly yielding the towing-rope to his hand. Having thus made us his prisoners, he again approached the boat, armed with his frightful knife. Never, certainly, did three men, in very great and justifiable anger, behave better than my two young men and our boatman. The ruffian Melchior was a pitiful little fellow that either of them might have jerked into the river in a trice; but it was plain he rested his security on my terror of a fray; and he was right, both as to my feelings, and their attention to them. I prevailed on them to let the boatman give him the half-dollar he clamoured for, and we departed.

Our first feeling, after this outrageous assault, was naturally a wish to bring the ruffian to legal punishment; but remem-

bering that St. Goar was in Prussia, and Welmich in Nassau, we thought any process against him must give more trouble than he was worth, and the idea was abandoned.

If any scene could have charms sufficient to soothe the disagreeable irritation produced by this adventure, it was that which surrounded us on our twilight return to St. Goar. The ripple of our boat, as it passed through the water, with now and then a few strokes of the oar, to assist the towing-rope, was the only sound that broke the profound tranquillity of the evening. The river never looks so lovely as at this hour; like beauty beheld through a veil; every feature is softened and harmonized; and the imagination, delighted with all it sees, is in a mood to ascribe a charm, more perfect still, to all it does not. When we reached St. Goàrhausen, the lad, who towed us, sprung into the boat; and we could have been well contented had our two oars pulled us across to our hotel less hastily. But though the voyage was short, it had sufficed to calm our angry feelings. Caspar Melchior was almost forgotten; and if, as we took our delightful Francfort tea, we exclaimed, "Bless me, how refreshing!" it was by no means in the spirit of Lady Wormwood.

While thus engaged, and with our lamp placed at the farthest extremity of the room, to prevent its glare from interfering with the silver grey of the landscape, we were agreeably surprised by the notes of a French horn, extremely well played, immediately below our windows; and more delighted still, when the same notes, repeated from the other side of the water, sunk away into a most delicious "dying fall" in the distance. Then the horn blew a blast, sharp, loud, and strong, and presently it was answered, not by one only, but by many in succession; the last being evidently stationed amidst the ruins of the Rhinefels, at a short distance below. While we were still listening with mixed wonder and delight, the waiter entered to express his hope that we were pleased with the echo. Pleased we assuredly where; yet, even after this explanation, some feeling of doubt rested with us all, as to the possibility of a duet so perfect being thus performed. To increase our wonder, or to remove our scepticism, the performer ran through a multitude of capricious passages on the instrument, which were

each and all repeated with such clear and smooth distinctness, that I began to think the sweetest orchestra in the world was to be found amid the rocks of St. Goar; and that, one single human leader being provided, to give the spirits the key, no better music need be wished for than its haunted hollows could furnish.

The next morning our party divided; Mr. H. placing himself on a mass of rock on the edge of the river, to take a sketch of the "cat and mouse," as countrymen called the two ruined castles on the Nassau side; while Henry and I set off to look at the celebrated Lurleyberg, amidst whose inaccessible caverns dwells, as the neighbouring peasantry believe to this day, one of that pretty amphibious class of spirits which is called *Undine*. Below this rock is the well-known whirlpool, called the Gewirr; and nothing but the most resolute determination not to listen to her sweet beguiling voice can save the navigators who pass it from being engulphed. Though this danger is, as every body declares, so well known, and the security of the precaution, if obeyed, so perfect, it nevertheless frequently happens that men perish beneath this stupendous rock. Unhappily, this part of the story is no fable. The immense rafts, by which the timber of the Black Forest is brought down the Rhine, often lose, in rough weather, one or more of their men at this point of their voyage. That portion of the numerous crew which is stationed at either end of the vast machine, with oars to accelerate and guide its movements, are very liable to be dashed from their wet and slippery stand by the violence of the struggling eddy which they have to combat; and not unfrequently the thongs connecting the various portions of the raft together give way, putting life and property to desperate peril. There is something very poetical in the superstition which has grown out of this danger. This Lurley rock is a spot so awfully beautiful, and the echo which every sound awakens so likely to captivate and enthral the attention, the whole of which is wanted for the difficult task of navigating the dangerous Gewirr, that it is not difficult to understand how the legend arose, nor how it has been so long believed.

The walk from St. Goar to the grotto by the roadside, immediately opposite this remarkable rock, is one not easily to be rivalled in any country. All who have been upon the

Rhine, or its banks, will probably remember to have heard the report of a gun, and a few notes from a French horn, as they passed this spot. They are produced by a man, who spends his life, or at least his summer life, under the scanty shelter of this grotto, for the purpose of awakening the marvellous echo of the Lurleyberg for their amusement. We sat down with him, and he seemed exceedingly happy to talk a little. He spoke extremely good French, and entertained us with the popular legends of the most celebrated places, in that most superstitious of all regions. The Pfalz, the Gutenfels, the Rummelstein, the Schonberg, were all, according to him, the scenes of most dire and dreadful transactions; and so many holes, caves, whirlpools,' and eddies, are haunted by divers kinds of spirits, that it was only necessary to treasure, with due faith, a small portion of his chronicles in the memory, to believe that every leaf that moved in the breeze spoke with "most miraculous organs."

In the course of our conversation, he gave us to understand, that it was he who had played a duet with the echo the night before, for our amusement. I told him that I believed it was all a trick, and that some one was stationed on the opposite bank, to produce the illusion.

"Vous le croyez, Madame?" said he, quietly; and, taking the instrument in his hand, he produced one of the wildest and prettiest capriccios I ever heard. We listened for what was to follow, and, for an instant, I felt disposed to believe that his performance was intended to prove me right; but then began the response; and on it went, through every sweet vagary, so clear, so firm, so perfect, that the phenomenon might well give rise to superstition through all the country round.

Having enjoyed our surprise and admiration, he changed the conversation, by observing that we had met with a troublesome adventure the last evening. We expressed our surprise at its having reached him.

"My home is at St. Goar," he replied; "and Melchior is too well known *partout*, for such a story not to be talked of." He then proceeded, in his narrative vein, to tell us that this Caspar Melchior had a brother, who resembled him

perfectly in his *morale*, though totally unlike him in *physique*, for he was a perfect Hercules; whereas the Melchior we had seen was comparatively a pigmy. These two men, he said, had been guilty of repeated acts of violence, which had exposed them to temporary punishment; but that crimes, much worse than any yet proved upon them, were strongly suspected. He hinted something of a traveller, who had complained of extortion, and had never afterwards been heard of; and he remarked, that *miners* had opportunities of doing dreadful deeds. He talked so long, and so eloquently, upon this theme, that I began to be very thankful the river flowed between us and this fearful Melchior; and I would not recommend travelling ladies, who, like myself, may love a solitary ramble up these romantic chines, to indulge the fancy where the population are chiefly miners. We extended our walk about a mile beyond the grotto; and, while retracing our steps towards St. Goar, had the good fortune to be overtaken by one of those prodigious accumulations of timber, in the shape of a raft, of which we had heard so much. On the Neckar, the Main, and the Mourg, I had seen the constituent parts of this gigantic whole; but neither the number of these, nor all I had been told of the magnitude of this monstrous fabric, had at all prepared me for its vast extent, or the singular effect of the numerous population it carried, which amounted, as we were told at St. Goar, to nearly four hundred men.

Fortunately for the gratification of our curiosity, we were exactly so placed as to see it pass the whirlpool; and, upon this occasion, I am happy to say, that the quadruple row of stout rowers, at each end, evidently thought more of attending to the preservation of their lives, than to the syren voice of the Undine of the Lurleyberg: for, with equal judgment and strength, they made the flexible divisions of this enormous length bend and twist through the tortuous passage in perfect safety. The moment this was achieved, the whole crew uttered a joyous shout; and then Undine answered, but so cheerily, that this time it was evident she had no sinister object in view, and raised her voice only as a *vivat* to their success. In the middle of this floating plain was placed a lofty stage, on which stood a man, who seemed on the

look-out, and to command the movements of the rest:—there were also six very comfortable little dwellings, with glazed windows, at different parts of the fabric:—in short, the little rafts we had seen dashing down the rapids of the Mourg were, in comparison to this, of which they perhaps made part, like a single house to a large city. Before we reached the hotel, we were passed by the two steamboats of the day. Both had much company, and many carriages on board; but that which was going down had by far the most, giving indication that the height of the season was past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"God save the King"—Village School—Prussian Education—Freedom of the Press—National Education—The Rhinfels—Country above St. Goar—Students—Smoking—Churches—Excursion to Rhinstein—The Pfalz—Bacharach—Prince Frederick's Castle — Caspar Melchior—Nassau Scenery—Boating disagreeable—Star-light—Vine dressers.

While loitering through the street of St. Goar,—if that may be called a street, which is open on one side to the river,—we were surprised at hearing our own beautiful national hymn pealing from a large building near it. I doubt if the most heartless radical could hear "God save the King," in a foreign land, without some pleasurable emotion; for my part, I could not resist the temptation to enter the open door, and discover who the parties were, who showed so excellent a taste in choosing an air, let the words to which they applied it be what they might. This building I found was used as a school-house, and on each side the door had a large room, one for girls the other for boys. It was the male part of this youthful population whose shrill voices were pouring forth the notes so familiar to our ears. They sung the air in parts, and with wonderful correctness. Our accidental visit to this school led me to make some inquiries concerning it of our civil and intelligent landlord. In this little village, as in every other part of the kingdom of Prussia, the education of the people is the business of the state. So deeply are the benevolent and philosophical lawgivers of this enlightened country impressed with the belief that the only sure method of rendering a people pre-eminently great and happy, is to spread the light of true knowledge among them, that the government leaves not the duty of providing instruction for the children of the land to the unthinking caprice of their ignorant parents; but provides for them teachers and books; selected with a degree of vigilant circumspection which would do honour to the affection and judgment of the tenderest father. Nor is this all:—not only are the means

of instruction thus amply and admirably provided, but the children of the people are not permitted to absent themselves from school on any plea except that of sickness, which must be authenticated by the certificate of a physician.

This system, already so prolific of the happiest results, has attracted the attention of all Europe; and England, among the rest, is said to be taking a lesson on this most important branch of government, from the benignant absolution of Prussia. Assuredly she cannot do better; but let her not put in action one part of this immensely powerful engine, while another part, on which the whole utility of its movement depends, is left neglected. Wo betide the politician who shall labour to enforce, by law, the art of reading; while he slothfully, viciously, or from party spirit, continues to advocate the unrestricted freedom of a press, which fills every village-shop with blasphemy, indecency, and treason! Let him not dare to imitate the pure and holy efforts of Prussia, to spread the blessing of knowledge through the land, till he has manfully set to work to purify the source whence it is to flow. He, who shall best succeed in making the power of reading general throughout England, while this monstrous mass of impurity is permitted to spread its festering influence through the country, will have a worse sin to answer for, than if he forced all to drink of a stream he knew to be poisoned. In Prussia, the purity of all that issues from the press has become so completely a source of national pride, that, were the parental care which guards it withdrawn, it would, I have been well assured, be long before vice would grow sufficiently audacious to attempt speaking by so uncorrupted an organ. Infamy would dog the heels of the publisher, and prompt justice be done on the miscreant author, who should dare to violate the sacred pledge, given by the king to the people, that sin shall not be the fruit of that knowledge which he has thought fit to enforce.

Another vitally essential part of the Prussian scheme of national education is its watchful religious superintendance of practical morality.

It is so very easy a thing to teach children to read and write, that, were these the only objects in view, it would be scarcely worth while for the government to interfere about the business. A very poor man may contrive to pay two-

pence a week to obtain this for his children; and multitudes may easily get my lord, or my lady, or the squire and madam, to pay it for them. But it is the cautious, systematic selection of persons proper for the office of teachers, and the impossibility that individual whim should interfere in the choice of them, which can alone ensure a profitable national education.

And how is this all-important business transacted with us? In some places, a teacher is appointed by the clergyman, who would regulate his parish school with the same anxious care which he exercises in the government of his own family. In others, some vain and canting Lady Bountiful has the power of nomination,—and selects a person who shall look sharply after the uniform, and take care that the children show themselves off well, upon all public occasions.

In one village, a staunch constitutional Tory shall exert his utmost influence that the little people about him may be brought up to fear God and honour the king. He may watchfully see them led to the venerated church of their fathers, and teach them to look up, with equal love and respect, to the institutions of their country.

In the very next, perhaps, a furious demagogue may insist that every lesson shall inculcate the indefeasible right to rebel. And, if the poor rogues be taught any religion at all, it may be with the understanding that each and every of them, when they are big enough, will have as good a right to be paid for preaching as the parson of the parish.

What can that whole be, which is formed of such discordant elements? And would it not be better for our rulers even to enforce such a mode of instruction as might give a chance of something like a common national feeling among the people of England, instead of letting them be blown about with every wind of doctrine, as they are at present?

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In coming up the river, one of the objects which strike every body, as being among the most picturesque and noble on its banks, is the ruin of the Rhinfels. Its fine position, and the contrast, between the colour of its wide-spreading walls and the dark background afforded by the wooded hill behind, bring it out upon the eye, as the boat swings round

the sudden turn of the river at Wilmich, in the most imposing manner.

To explore every corner of this majestic pile, was one of the projects which helped to decide us in fixing on St. Goar for our head-quarters, during the week devoted to our Rhenish rambles. In addition to its magnificent aspect, it had the attraction of much historic interest. The original formation of a stronghold on this commanding point was conceived by Count Diether, the first of Katzenellenbogen, in 1242;—a personage whose name figures so frequently in Rhenish history, that this spot on which his ambition and rapacity made the boldest stand, and occasioned the most important consequences, cannot be passed with indifference. It is recorded that this Count Diether built the fortress of the Rhinfels for the purpose of enforcing tribute from all the boats that passed it; and it was to contest this self-constituted right, that the first celebrated Confederation of the Rhenish towns was formed, which ultimately produced the destruction of nearly all the strongholds on the river. Having repeatedly changed masters, it came at length to be annexed to the territory of Hesse-Cassel, when an immense sum was expended to repair and enlarge its fortifications; but, in 1794, it fell, after a very short defence, into the hands of the French revolutionary army, and was subsequently destroyed by gunpowder. Full of all these interesting reminiscences, we approached the venerable remains by a beautiful terrace road that, cut in the side of the hill, shaded by noble trees, and commanding, Cat, Mouse, and river, to perfection, leads up to it from the town. We found that, notwithstanding its ruined appearance, all its outworks were not destroyed; for, though we peeped in through various apertures, the only entrance was by a padlocked gate. After some time, however, we succeeded in discovering where the key was deposited, and obtained admission by the payment of a trifling fee, and the penalty of being followed, through our romantic, enthusiastic, antiquarian researches, by a guide whose explanation we did but half understand. This last circumstance was, however, of small importance, as we discovered forthwith;—for no explanation of the present, no legendary lore of the past, could give interest to the dusty accumulation of stone and mortar that surrounded us. I will certainly never again

take any particular trouble to visit the remains of a dilapidated fort; so utterly devoid do they appear to me of all those features which excite the imagination when penetrating among the relics of a baronial castle. All, I think, that can be said or felt concerning the one is, that the position was good or bad; while every gateway, every turret, every staircase of the other, sets all the poetry of the spectator to work, and leads him, at once, into the region where fancy best loves to wander.

From the imposing aspect of this most deluding ruin, as it appears from the Rhine, I really expected to find something almost as glorious as Hiedelberg;—but a comparison between Tintern Abbey and a dilapidated limekiln would not be at all more extravagant. To a military man, however, it may, perhaps, be full of interest;—but let no woman ever more break her shins, or dust her sandals, among the unromantic *debris* of the Rhinfels.

The road which continues from this enormous fort to the top of the hill, is well worth following, for the sake of the view it commands. But a still more beautiful walk, to the fine table-land above St. Goar, is by the side of a winter watercourse, the path to which commences at the other end of the town. This path was not followed without some struggle with my constitutional dislike to precipices; but the effort was well rewarded.

Having attained the summit, a perfectly new style of country opened before us. While labouring up the steep ascent, I expected to find the top barren and rugged; instead of which, I was in the midst of corn-fields and orchards. A dozen villages reared their towers and spires over the plain, and, could I have forgetten whence I came, I should have thought myself in a well-cultivated level country. After walking half a mile inland, the river is entirely lost, and the opposite cliffs seem within twenty minutes' walk. We spent three or four very delightful hours in wandering about these mountain corn-fields. Henry found them peculiarly rich in fossil remains—Mr. H. in picturesque effects—and I in all sorts of delightful novelty.

In consequence of a somewhat imprudent variation of our course, by which we intended both to change and shorten the road home, we descended into a little green valley,—running parallel to the Rhine,—with the notion of following

the banks of the stream that watered it, thinking it must inevitably lead us to the river. And so indeed it would, could we have contrived to wade through the marshy ground that intervened; but, this being deemed impossible, we had the further imprudence to cross the stream, and mount the opposite woody hill; where a path, through its beautiful beeches, seemed evidently leading towards the river. Having followed this path for some time, always mounting, we found ourselves, at length, upon a projecting point of rock, face to face with the Lurleyburg. I was considerably startled at perceiving how far we were from home;—but no fears, either of darkness or distance, could check our exceeding delight in finding ourselves on such a spot.—How very little do those who navigate the Rhine, guess what scenes are within their reach!—The Lurley rock, and its whirlpool, which make the whole of the vaunted beauty of the pass below, appeared, from the point where we stood, but as features in the magnificent landscape: and we looked upon the abrupt turnings of the river, which form what has been called the "rocky basin of St. Goar," as upon one little but lovely variety in its widely-followed course. There could hardly be a stronger proof of the surpassing beauty of this spot, than my long and total forgetfulness of its distance from St. Goar. Could we, indeed, have contrived to leap, like squirrels, from bough to bough, till we had reached the bottom, we should have found ourselves exactly at the grotto of the hornblower. But, to find a footing, among the crags which the matted foliage covered, would have been nearly impossible, even for my companions; and for me, it would certainly have been as reasonable to take to the squirrel mode at once, as to attempt it.—So, refreshing ourselves with one last look, up and down the glittering stream, and over the extraordinary assemblage of objects, all in such exquisite keeping with its noble character, we turned away, and patiently traced our steps back again, nearly as we came. Most certainly I was very tired; but I would willingly endure double the fatigue, to stand again, for ten minutes, upon the point of rock opposite the Lurleyberg.

The day which followed this expedition was Sunday. It was a jour de fête to many, and I never watched a Sabbath of more innocent enjoyment. The first party I saw, on look-

ing out of my beautiful window in the morning, was one composed of four youths,—the eldest I think under twenty, —who, from their dress and appearance, I have no doubt were students from Bonn. They had their breakfast-table laid on a sort of platform, on the other side of the road before our hotel, overlooking the river. The full morning sun shone upon them; but the freshness of the hour, and the delicious breeze from the water, prevented any annoyance from heat. It was a very interesting group—their animated young faces spoke the delight which the glorious scene inspired; and they ate with the gay zest which exercise and health give to appetite. Yet, notwithstanding the double occupation of breakfasting, and looking at the view, each one had a small pocket volume beside him, which as the lingering meal went on, stole, now and then, a moment from the laughter and the din. All this was really delightful; and it was impossible not to sympathize in their enjoyment. But, alas! my next glance destroyed all the sympathy; and turned the pleasure of looking at them into positive pain;—for, in the hand of each, was an enormous pipe;—and the look of glowing animation which had so delighted me, was changed for the heavy quiescence of smoking. Could they but have seen themselves as they looked then, and as they had looked one short half-hour before, I think they must have foresworn the loathsome habit for ever.

It is as much a subject of wonder, as regret, to see the extent to which this unhappy infatuation is carried, among the young men of this most glorious country. Were they not so very fine a race,—were the noble and intellectual expression of the young heads I saw at Bonn, Heidelberg, and elsewhere, less striking,—I should have witnessed this lamentable degradation with more patience; but to behold these youthful features, one moment beaming with the finest expression, and the next stultified by that look of ineffable stupidity produced by smoking, is really too vexatious. Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces on their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion.

It was cautiously, and with the fear of giving offence, that I first touched upon the subject with some of the delightful women to whom I had the happiness of being introduced.

But I very soon found, that, the deeper the dislike I expressed to smoking, the greater was the sympathy I found. I have often alluded to this subject already; and, as I shall recur to it no more, I will take this occasion to repeat the words that were said to me by two German ladies, who, in my opinion, possessed attractions enough to make their wishes, laws. I wish that I could, without impropriety, name them here, but this would not be fair; and I therefore refrain from adding the influence of their names to the strength of their words.

"It is this," said one of these ladies, "which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth, uncontaminated by a pipe, may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions."

The moment I heard these words, I determined to print them, in the hope that they might preserve some still "unrazored lips" from the hateful taint.

Another lady, as yet unmarried, and with a face whose delicacy seemed fitter to receive the gales of Eden than the fumes of tobacco, said to me, while we were discussing the same subject—"If I marry, I hope I shall love my husband well enough to forgive him;—but I sometimes think it may be a dangerous experiment."

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There are two very old churches at St. Goar; both of which formerly belonged to Jesuit communities. One of these is now Lutheran, the other remains Catholic; there is much in both to gratify a curious hunter after antiquities. In the Catholic church, is a strangely uncouth figure of St. Goar, carved in stone, and said to bear a very remote date; but the record of this we were unable to find on the stone. Legends connected with the name of this good Saint are still currently repeated;—the exact situation of his hermitage is shown, and many tales are recorded of the miraculous aid he continually afforded to the mariners, who came within the danger of the Undine of the Lurleyberg. There are also some curious, and well preserved, old pictures in this church. To the Reformed church we were attracted by the full swell of their hymn, which never failed to draw me as near to it as possible. I know nothing more calculated to reach the

heart than one of those solemn strains, poured forth by some hundreds of voices, among which, not one shall offend by a false note.

We were in the act of mounting the hill when this burst of music induced us to enter a door, before which we were passing; when, to our surprise, we found ourselves in a gallery, looking down into a very old and very gloomy church. The same thing happened to us at the Catholic church; for, while mounting towards the Rhinfels, and passing the gable-end of what looked like a dilapidated barn, we were stopped by the sound of an organ, close to our very ears, and, entering a low door, we were in the organ-loft of the Catholic church.

Some powerful voices were singing the vesper service;—so powerful, indeed, that our position became painful, and we continued our walk.

The following day we procured a very pleasant open carriage, to take us to Rheinstein. This is one of the old Rhenish castles, and it has been recently restored by Prince Frederick of Prussia, as nearly as possible on the plan of the original construction. The identical walls have been preserved wherever it was possible to do so, and they still form a considerable portion of the edifice. This singular and ingenious enterprise has been most beautifully executed; and much antiquarian lore has been brought into action, both in the external masonry and in furnishing and fitting up the interior. It is now considered as a perfect specimen of the baronial dwellings of the sixteenth century. The road to this pretty play-thing led us through Oberwesel and Bacharach, and gave us, also, an opportunity of examining at our leisure the singular construction of the Pfalz; which, rising from a rock in the middle of the Rhine, has more the appearance of a floating ark, with the addition of a tower or two, than any solid, earth-born edifice. There is a strange tradition extant, that all the ladies of the Counts Palatine of the Rhine were obliged to repair to this desolate little rock for the period of their *accouchemens*. The only entrance to it, now, is by an opening, which looks more like a hole than a door, and can only be reached by means of a ladder. It is to be hoped that the Palatinate Countesses had some better contrivance for getting within these dark and dismal

walls. The picturesque town of Caub, and the magnificent view of the Gutenfels, on the rock above, are also among the beautiful features of this drive from St. Goar to the Rheinstein. We passed an hour at Oberwesel, which is certainly one of the most curious among the many curious old Rhenish towns. We saw one or two handsome churches, and the ruin of the little chapel, dedicated to the infant martyr St. Werner, which seems to make part of the town walls. Of this infant Saint, it is recorded that he was murdered, in the year 1287, exactly on the spot where this chapel stands, by certain Jews; who, having perpetrated the cruel deed, threw the little body into the Rhine: but, instead of following the downward course of the stream, the corpse preferred mounting to Bacharach, where that most elegant little edifice called St. Werner's church, was accordingly erected over it. The remains of this building are, by far, the prettiest architectural ornament to be found among the almost innumerable ruins scattered up and down this river of relics.

The interesting ruin of the castle of Schonberg stands very finely on the hill beside Oberwesel; and the dark tower of the Rhinberg, on the opposite bank, seems to stand aloof, and frown upon them all.

We were quite ready, after all this, to eat a very good breakfast at Bacharach; and very good it would have been, in all respects, but for our negligence in omitting to bring tea with us.—That is a precaution which should never be forgotten on any such excursion.—Rolls, eggs, and butter are always to be found; but the coffee and tea are generally bad. A large detachment of Prussian troops marched past the windows while we were thus engaged; and, half a mile beyond the town, we saw them following our example:—officers and men being all engaged, in a pretty orchard close to the water's edge, in taking refreshment. The scene was highly picturesque.

The ruined church of St. Clement, standing on the narrow space between the road and the river, is a puzzle, both as to its existence and its destruction. Why it should ever have been built, where no dwellings were near, and why it should have been reduced to its present desolate condition, are equally unaccountable.

At the foot of the steep and rocky eminence on which Prince Frederick's castle stands, we found three or four carriages which had brought travellers to look at it; and we learned from the servants that there was no way of approaching the mimic fortress, but by following the narrow, zigzag path, which led up from the road, at that point. At every turning of this steep path, however, commodious benches are placed; each, as we mounted higher and higher, becoming more beautiful in position than the last. At length we arrived at the moated gateway, duly guarded by a massive portcullis, and iron-studded door. Having made good our entry, we put ourselves under the direction of a warder, and proceeded round the castle. Two of the finest dogs I ever saw were inclosed in large cages, about which they moved, unchained, with the proud step of a lion in his den.

After passing a few miniature cannon, large enough, however, to fire a salute which might rouse the echoes far and near, and placed upon one of the boldest platforms that ever beetled over a precipice, we entered a sort of guard-room; where suits of armour and other military accoutrements were placed, as if ready to put on at a moment's warning. It would be no easy task to describe all the ins and outs, all the goings up and comings down, of this capricious edifice;—but there is not a single object in, or about it, which is not looked upon with pleasure and interest.

In truth, it was a princely fancy, and has been right nobly executed. Much knowledge, much research, much liberality, and most perfect taste, are manifested in every part of the work. A great deal of pains, too, must have been taken, and with very happy success, to find the many articles of genuine antiquity with which the apartments are furnished. Some of these are equally magnificent and venerable. The bed of the princess is perfect, and the beautiful little *littersaal* is a complete museum of antiquities. Even where the requisition for antique articles of daily use failed, new ones have been supplied, without, in any single instance, violating the perfect keeping of the style. The chandeliers are constructed of the horns of the stag, and arranged with wonderful ingenuity and grace. The suits of armour, which hang against the walls, look just as we may fancy the ritters of yore loved

to see them, when they exchanged the falchion for the wine-cup.

Beautiful and curious as this castle is, we should, perhaps, not have so greatly enjoyed seeing it, had not our imaginations been filled of late with thoughts of castles, knights, and armour. It is probably the last we shall see on the Rhine; and it serves admirably as an illustration of all the others. The ingenious antiquary has shown us at a glance, better than many volumes could have taught, what was the former aspect of the rest.

I owe the pleasure of seeing this curious, hieroglyphic commentary on the manners of the olden times, to the condescension of her Royal Highness the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, who had the kindness to tell me that I must not pass the Rhine without a visit to it. Her Royal Highness also told me, that festivals have been held there by the Prince, at which the banquet was surrounded with guests clad, with all possible historic fidelity, in the fashion of the sixteenth century. Our fancy balls are sometimes very pretty things; but, could an entertainment be given where the whole scene, as well as the guests, should tell thus learnedly of distant lands, or of distant times, it would approach very delightfully to enchantment.

We again passed an hour or two at Bacharach, on our return.
this gave us an opportunity of seeing something more of this
The delicate, Gothic arches of St. Werner's fairy chapel had
captivated the fancy of Mr. H., and he wished to sketch it;
very singular place.

The old berg of Staleck stands aloft, as a look-out and citadel; but no corner of the town itself is without a three-sided tower of defence. There are not less than twelve of these, placed at intervals along the walls which surround the town. At Oberwesel, besides the beautiful white tower, which stands with such picturesque effect at the water's edge, and which is considered one of the finest objects on the river, there are fifteen of these same oddly constructed preparations for defence. It requires more learning than I possess, to discover the mode in which they could have availed the besieged. The state of the country must have been fearfully insecure, when it was thus needful that every little village should be protected by a wall completely surrounding it, and

flanked by towers, from whence all comers might be challenged.

If the human race has learnt nothing else in its progress, it has at least discovered how to live without being in eternal dread of destruction and plunder.

Bacharach is famous for its wine trade, and every part of the town now rang with the sound of the cooper's hammer; the whole population being actively engaged in preparing their casks for the approaching vintage. We scrambled up into the vineyards, on the side of a hill, divided from the beautiful ruin of St. Werner by a very narrow valley, through which runs a stream watering the little town. The grapes were beginning to be delicious, and we ventured to refresh ourselves with a few of them. The *vigneron* was near, and made no difficulty of accepting a pecuniary apology for the liberty we had taken. The sketch finished, we returned to the town, where our coachman appeared to be rather impatiently waiting for us; and we went back to a very late dinner at St. Goar. As soon as this repast was over, our civil landlord made his appearance, with a message from one of the legal authorities of the place, signifying his wish to see the two gentlemen at his *bureau*. The mandate somewhat startled us; and as the hour was so late, the visit was postponed to the morrow. Immediately after breakfast they waited upon this official personage, who informed them that the conduct of Caspar Melchior had been reported to him; and that, having prepared a *procès-verbal* of the affair, upon the statement of the boatman, he wished to read it to them; and, if they found it correct, to request their signature.

The boatman and his boy were both present; and the statement being duly read, and fully interpreted to all parties, their signatures were affixed to it, and the functionary dismissed them; with the assurance that the document should immediately cross the river to Nassau, where a magistrate, residing at St. Goershausen, would use means to have the offender taken into custody before night.

We afterwards heard that this had been done, and that he was to be tried for *extortion and violence*, the sentence for which would be some weeks' imprisonment. This he most assuredly deserved; but it is probable that the man's previous character had sharpened the ears of justice

before the instance of his ill conduct towards us reached them.

We spent the whole, long afternoon of this day, in exploring the country on the other side of the river. We first mounted to the Katz, and passed an hour on a beautiful grassy little platform beside it—Mr. H. being engaged in sketching the delusive majesty of the Rhinfels, and Henry and I in writing. From thence we proceeded along the side of a narrow ravine, which brings an upland winter torrent to the Rhine. This bank is very steep, but beautifully wooded; and the path, though often passing over, and through, the solid rock, is as little terrible as such a path can be. On the opposite side of this deep chine, is a little village; and some of the houses were so near us, that it would not have been difficult to have made our voices heard by the inhabitants; yet a rocky chasm, many hundred feet deep, divided us. Just at this point, the rocks seem rent asunder; and, in some places, the projecting crags almost cross each other. Fancy can paint nothing more wildly beautiful than this scene. The richest foliage of oak and beach flourished up and down the sides of the dark chasm, amidst gigantic rocks; while here and there, nourished, as it should seem, by the sweet breeze whispering through them, a graceful birch waved its light boughs from the top of a bare crag, which seemed to have neither soil nor moisture. Nearly opposite the village, the ravine turns, almost at right angles, towards the south; enclosing, between it and the Rhine, a large promontory of table-land, in full cultivation. Here we left the brink of this romantic valley, and followed a path through the corn-fields, which continued to rise, with a gentle slope, till we looked down upon the top of the Lurleyberg. Having reached the highest point, and looked round upon a view, which, in all directions, would require a bolder pen than mine to describe, we turned towards a rock that almost hung over the ruin of the Katz; and, having reached it, we obtained a most singular bird's-eye view of every part of the building; looking down its enormous round tower, the walls of which form half its diameter.

From this point we found a short but precipitous path to the water's edge; and, again taking boat, crossed the river, just as the stars began to show themselves.

I fear I must already have wearied any reader who has had the kindness to follow me, by attempting to describe our rambles about St. Goar. I therefore refrain from telling of more rocks and valleys; though the delightful week we passed there was every day occupied in exploring the scenes among them. If I have said enough to induce some of the many hundred wanderers, who yearly visit the Rhine, to believe that it has more to say for itself than can reach them on board a steam-boat, my object is answered. But, while endeavouring to lead others to profit by my experience, I think I must add a warning,—not to attempt amateur boating. An experiment of this kind, very nearly cost us a dangerous accident; and, had we not run our boat on shore, we might perhaps have found ourselves at Rotterdam, much against our inclination. The stream is, in fact, too strong to render boating agreeable; for the operation of towing soon becomes as tedious to those drawn, as fatiguing to those who draw. Let me also advise any, who may follow our excellent example, and take up their quarters at St. Goar, to make it an indispensable condition, on which they will remain there, that they shall have rooms looking on the river; for I almost think the pleasure of watching the varying effects of light, through the ceaseless changes of morning and evening, midday and midnight, exceeds even that obtained by penetrating into the remote and unfrequented recesses of this most lovely neighbourhood.

I never went to bed without watching the disappearance, one by one, of all the lights on the opposite shore with their trembling reflections in the water; and when there was none other left, but that which the stars afforded, the landscape, though but dimly visible, had a charm that cannot be told. I have seen the outline of the rocks as black as ink against the cloudless sky. while the broad stream, reflecting every star within reach of its dark mirror, was visible only from their twinkling rays.

It is no wonder that this country still continues to be the nursing mother of superstition and romance—it was not always easy, even for infidels, to escape their influence at St. Goar. When every light had vanished from the dwellings on the opposite shore, the notes of some instrument at a distance, repeated again and again by the extraordinary echoes,

often suggested the idea of aërial music. I heard this constantly every night; and am almost ashamed to confess the thrilling effect it produced.

.The sober truth is, that, such a sufficient knowledge of music, as enables them to play on some instrument or other, is universal among the peasants of Germany. And we need not, therefore, have recourse to any supernatural agency, to account for the fact, that music is often heard amongst them where it might be least expected.

The boors of Germany have been represented, both by pen and pencil, as a coarse, rude, heavy race; but I suspect, that the glance, which sufficed to make this portrait, had little acuteness in it. Poor and laborious they are, and must be. Their mines lie deep in the earth—their vineyards hang on beetling rocks;—and the richness of the valley must be scattered over many a barren upland, or the widespread race would perish. But this brings no degradation with it;—nor can the active youth and vigorous age of their females deserve the scorn they have met; though strength, instead of softness of limb, be the result. The German peasant girl, cultivating her rich flower-bed, and singing the delicious strains of her country with taste and feeling,—accompanied, perhaps, in both, by her lover,—certainly offers as refined a picture of rural life as we can hope to find anywhere, beyond the bounds of Arcadia. And should a tincture of superstition be added to this, and the wildness of nature give birth to some wildness of fancy, I suspect the tone of moral feeling is rather raised than lowered by it.

Another pleasure, which I enjoyed from my window at St. Goar, was watching the wine-dressers upon the hill opposite. This steep and rugged height is covered with little patches of vines, divided from each other by masses of rock, and approachable only by the race who are native there. It is startling, before the spectacle has become familiar, to see the women clinging to the crags, and picking the leaves from the vines; which is done for the double purpose of admitting a sufficient portion of sun to the fruit, and of feeding the cows upon the leaves.

I have watched these women, perched three hundred feet

above the river, with a sheer precipice before them; yet there they stood, without a thought of danger, picking a dozen leaves from half a dozen plants—for the plots often hold no more;—and to this plot, and to a few others, as dangerous in position and as scanty in produce, it is half the business of their lives to climb; sometimes with the manure which they carry up these rugged precipices in baskets, supported on the head; sometimes to prune the vines, sometimes to pluck their leaves; and at last, to gather their small, but precious produce.

Excepting what is produced on the one farm of Johannisberg, the wine produced on the rocks in this neighbourhood, and from thence called Stein, or rock wine, is among the finest that the Rhine produces; and, for this reason, the labour bestowed on the vineyard is unsparing, and almost incessant. Nor is the labour of cultivation the only expense incurred; for the crumbling soil, in which the vines grow, can only be preserved from falling by terrace walls; which, at different points, and unequal distances, are continued up to the very top of the rocks.

CHAPTER XIX.

Voyage up the River to Mayence—Ingelheim Fighters—Le Favorite—Francfort—Marberg—Cassel—Marble Bath—Wilhelmshohe—Cassel—German Politics—Road to the Harz—Gottingen Education—Osterode—First View of the Harz—Entrance to the Forest—Goslar—Expedition to the Brocker—Ilsingbourg.

On the 21st of August we again put ourselves on board a steam-boat for Mayence. One week only had elapsed, since we had used the same conveyance from Coblentz to St. Goar; it was then crowded with company, many of them English; but now, I do not think there were above twenty passengers on board; and I did not recognize a single countryman among them. But the deck of the boat which we met coming down was perfectly crammed with passengers and carriages. The weather, when we started, seemed to justify the caution which prevented any new importations of tourists; for it was cold and misty :—but, our usual good fortune still attending us, the fog cleared away as we got to a part of the river with which we were the least familiar; and the remainder of the day was as bright as could be wished. After Bingen, the country, though rich and fertile, is no longer of that bold style of outline that delights the eye; and, perhaps, the chief pleasure produced by the contemplation of the Rhingau, arises from its association with Hock and Johannisberg. I shall never forget the accent with which, in my hearing, a fellow-passenger and countryman addressed another, who stood near him, the first time that I came up the river to Mayence. "That, Sir," said he, pointing to Prince Metternich's domain, "that, Sir, is JOHANNISBERG !"—— I could imagine some young enthusiast roaming through Greece, and uttering "That, Sir, is Helicon !" exactly with the same cadence.

The Duke of Nassau's splendid palace of Bieberich gives an air of dignity to the landscape :—and when the picturesque towers of Mayence become visible,—the river itself,—its enormous bridge of boats—the row of floating mills

below the town,—and the groupings continually produced, by the operation of forming the small rafts of the lesser rivers into the gigantic fabrics which convey the timber to Rotterdam,—these altogether form a very striking and beautiful combination.

On this occasion we made a third, and much more successful attempt to find a comfortable hotel;—L'Empereur Romain being infinitely better than either of those we had before used. It has, moreover, the advantage of being situated in an open *platz;* where, morning and evening, we were deliciously regaled by military music. At one time of the day we had the Prussian, at another the Austrian band—both excellent. The effect of seeing a sentry in white at one gate of the caserne, and one in blue at the other, is singular enough.

We now did the same justice to Mayence, that our second visit enabled us to offer to Coblentz. The cathedral, and other principal attractions, having been already visited, we spent our evening in walking through the handsomest streets in the city, and found that it contained many fine buildings.

The next day was set apart for a visit to Nieder Ingleheim, the celebrated site of Charlemagne's magnificent palace. So very trifling a relic remains of this, that notwithstanding my strong Carlovingian partialities, I should hardly have devoted a day to its examination, had not the drive been considered as affording one of the finest views in Germany. Nothing of the kind can, in fact, be more magnificent than the view over the Rhingau from the highest point of this road. Just where this superb landscape is seen to the greatest advantage, an obelisk is placed, with the following inscription:—

Route
de
Charle-magne
terminée en l'an 1
du règne de
Napoleon
Empereur des Français.

The town of Ingleheim, once so highly favoured, has now no great appearance of wealth or prosperity; but its situation is very beautiful. It is not difficult to trace the

plan of Charlemagne's palace; though nothing remains of its greatness but a few scattered fragments of the walls. A burying-ground of the Jews now fills the space, between the castle and the fosse, which made part of the defence of this most Christian king's best-beloved palace; and it is from thence that the most interesting morsels of the ruin are to be seen. There is little, however, besides the consciousness that here Charlemagne lived and had his being, to gratify the feelings of any who may visit the spot.

There are two churches at Ingelheim, both of great antiquity. The smaller one, which stands so close to the palace as to induce the belief that it must have originally made part of it, is peculiarly interesting. It contains a monument to a daughter of the great king, which, though most rude in sculpture, has much more pretension to dignity, than that to his wife in the cathedral of Mayence. This little church contains also two of the hundred pillars, said to have been sent by the Pope, from Rome and Ravenna, to decorate this favourite dwelling.

There are, however, four (or more) of these same pillars, rescued by the Elector Lewis the Fifth from among the ruins of Ingelheim, and placed in a portico over the well at Heidelberg, which are in much better condition.

I think that I have not hitherto mentioned a circumstance, perfectly peculiar, as I believe, to the roads of Germany, and which, travel in what direction we might, we were sure to encounter. I allude to the *fighters*,—as they call the young mechanics, who, after serving their time in any town or city throughout Germany, are obliged to leave it for three years, before they set up for themselves; in order, as it is presumed, that they may improve by travel, and acquire some farther insight into their art, by seeing how it is practised elsewhere.

Custom authorizes these young men to demand assistance from every one they meet on the road; and, though the donations are often exceedingly small,—the fraction of a farthing perhaps,—it very rarely happens that the application is altogether disregarded. On our return from Ingelheim, we were addressed in this manner by a young man, so perfectly well dressed, and with the air of a person so totally unused to beg,—or fight, as it is called,—for his living, that

we felt embarrassed whether to treat his demand as jest, or earnest. He left us no choice, however, but ran beside the carriage with such pertinacious activity, and appeared so well inclined himself to laugh at the jest, that we resorted to the only means left to get rid of him, and received a gay and saucy bow in acknowledgment.

We returned to Mayence in time for a five o'clock dinner; and I inquired of the waiter, who attended it, what evening amusements were open. "Have you visited La Favorite?" was the reply: and when I stated that we had not, he said—"Eh bien, Madame, il faut absolument y aller, car si on va savoir que vous avez été à Mayence, sans voir les jardins de la Favorite, on rira."

Such a remonstrance could not be resisted; and, accordingly, as soon as the repast was concluded, we set off for the place he had named. Though by no means equal to many that we had before seen, these gardens deserve to be visited for the sake of the view they command. The Rhine runs close beside them, and the Maine joins it at a point exactly opposite. A good-sized room, which appears intended for dancing, opens upon the walks, exactly where the view is the finest; and, on the terrace in front of this, several parties were taking coffee *al fresco.* We did so too,—and then spent what remained of light in seeing as much as might be of the magnificent fortifications which surround the city.

At seven o'clock the next morning we were in the diligence, on our way to Francfort. It rained hard all the way, but cleared up as we arrived; and the beautiful city looked as gay and as bright as when we saw it before. After breakfast we made several calls; and we met, according to appointment, the friends we had left at Ems. We now again passed a few very agreeable days at Francfort;—enjoyed another opera,—and drove in various directions round the environs. It is certainly one of the most attractive cities I know, and must, I think, be always entered with pleasure, and left with regret.—But the summer had melted away before we were ready to part with it;—we had still many a league to go,—and, for the sake of expedition, were rash enough to take places in the diligence to Cassel. The conveyance, indeed, was a very commodious one; and, having secured the *coupé,* we travelled with all possible

comfort; but, unfortunately, the greater part of the distance was passed over in the night; and, judging of the country we did *not* see by that which we *did*, our loss was much greater than the time we saved could atone for. The evening light served to show us Vilbal, and all the pretty scenery round it; but after this, and watching the sun as he set gloriously behind the Taunus hills, we had nothing but moonlight glimpses of the fine country we were passing. Even this, however, was enough to show that the long, broad street of Friedelberg, on the summit of a lofty hill, must be strikingly picturesque; and that the descent from it, upon a perfectly new country, would have well repaid the loss of a day to see.

We breakfasted at Marberg; and, finding the coffee of the worst possible fabric, we armed ourselves each with a roll, and found time enough just to take a most tantalizing, distant peep at the castle on the hill above it.—Such a castle! and in Westphalia too!—The very centre of all that is most mysterious in history, and most exciting in romance. But there stood the diligence, with horses all ready, and the horn of the conductor at his mouth!—and there stood I, inwardly vowing that I would never again chain myself in the same manner. For many miles, after leaving Marberg, its castle continues in sight, and, with the hill on which it stands, forms a magnificent object.

The country, between this town and Cassel, is a succession of finely-wooded hills, and well-watered plains; which, when we passed them, had just yielded their abundant harvest.—The chestnut, beech, and mountain-ash, grow here with uncommon luxuriance—the villages are frequent—the costume is singular and picturesque—and the whole scenery interesting in no common degree.

We reached Cassel at six, having been twenty-four hours *en route*:—and, but for the impossibility of lingering by the way, when and where we wished, I should say that I had never made a journey of the same length with so little fatigue.

Cassel is surprisingly beautiful. I had heard much of its fine position, and the splendour of its terrace, its circus, and Platz Frederick; but I expected nothing equal to what I found:—and, as I despair of ever acquiring that last finish of

an accomplished traveller, the *nil admirari*,—so general in these latter days,—I will honestly confess that its beauty and magnificence delighted me. The finest part of the town stretches along the brow of a steep hill, the longest level of which is laid out as a public garden, through which drives and walks are cut, with great taste and skill. At the bottom of this hill runs the river Foulde;—and close upon its opposite bank is the palace of the *ci-devant* King Jerome. The interior has been completely destroyed by fire; but the outward walls are sufficiently entire to render it a beautiful object. A rich, but narrow tract of land surrounds this palace; and beyond it rises the finest amphitheatre of hills I remember to have seen. The celebrated Platz Frederick is a square of enormous dimensions. Three sides of it are occupied by handsome buildings;—the Elector's palace being one;—and the fourth opens upon the public garden and the distant hill above, by a noble gateway; through which, and the lofty iron railing on either side of it, the whole magnificent view is seen from every part of the square. This presents, beyond all comparison, a more splendid *coup d'œil* than any city I have yet seen can boast. On descending to the palace, its dismal and dilapidated state is immediately perceptible. All that remains of its former elegance is the esplanade—still filled with superb orange-trees,—and the marble bath, which is said to be unequalled for the beauty and magnificence of its decorations. This building consists of one large marble chamber, adorned with twelve statues of excellent workmanship, and many fine alto-relievos:—the whole, I believe, from the hand of Stephen Monnot. In the centre is a swimming-bath, of most royal dimensions. We were told that Napoleon had bathed there, and that Jerome used it constantly. "However," continued our guide, with inimitable gravity, "the statement which you have doubtless heard, that his majesty used wine, instead of water, for his bath, is not at all correct.—King Jerome constantly bathed in pure water."

I know not how it happens that things, which, upon a reasonable valuation, appear equal in splendour, and, to the eye of sober criticism, equal also in grace, should produce upon the fancy effects comparatively different. Delicate as are the sculptures of this bath, it is easy to recall many, incomparably superior;—and yet the idea of that high and

graceful chamber, its delicious coolness, and visions of the fair marble people, who seem so fitly to inhabit there, will, I think, rest upon my memory, when nobler works shall be forgotten.

In the afternoon we drove to Wilhelmshohe, the principal residence of the Elector of Hesse. It is at present inhabited by his son and heir apparent; to whom he had resigned the government of his dominions, as well as his palace.*

We had been constantly told by all Germans, to whom we had mentioned our intended route, that we should see, in this palace and its wonderful gardens, the most perfect specimen of a royal residence in the world; and, if I had never seen Windsor, I could readily believe that it is so. The building, however, magnificent as it is, is a mere toy to Versailles, in point of extent;—but it is furnished as if Aladdin's lamp and ring had been the upholsterers;—and it stands on a terrace equal in beauty, and superior in extent of view, to that of St. Germain. Yet, still, Windsor is as far superior to it, as the dominions of Great Britain are to those of Hesse Cassel. The gardens, however, which spread behind it, gradually rising to the summit of one of the highest ridges in Westphalia, are, I truly believe, unique in beauty and magnificence.

It is strange enough, that, when garden ground is laid out in some conformity with our ideas of natural beauty, it is still, even in Germany, called an "English garden." But this style of decoration is there found on so much larger and bolder a scale than with us, that it appears to me the epithet ought to be changed; and, wherever groves take place of parterres, and forest paths of neatly edged gravel walks, it should be called, *par excellence*, a German garden. At Wilhelmshohe, however, these are not the only features that distinguish the princely pleasure grounds from those of ordinary mortals. There are buildings, which I suppose answer to our humble root houses and rustic temples, but which might themselves serve as palaces. And there is an aqueduct, erected for the purpose of conveying a mountain stream to

* The circumstance which led to this resignation, seem still to be a favourite subject of gossip throughout Germany; but as they appear to be quite of a private nature, I shall not take the liberty of repeating them.

form a sheet of water behind the palace, which rivals, in the loftiness of its magnificent arches, any of the finest structures of a similar kind, in the world.

To our great regret, we found the famous Opera of Cassel closed; and we were told that it was not likely to be soon opened again. While it continues shut, the attraction of the city, as a residence, must be considerably lessened. Cassel has, still, however, many other recommendations. All the necessaries and luxuries of the table are in abundance and perfection, and at a very moderate price. The country is beautiful and rich in every species of interest; and it is not its least recommendation, as a residence, that the laws are so faithfully administered as to render the security of property greater in Cassel than in almost any other city in the world. No one thinks of using locks or bolts; and any extortionate demand, or attempt at dishonest dealing of any kind, is suppressed in the most prompt and effectual manner, on application to the police. This, too, is an *absolute, arbitrary* government, of which the sovereign is by no means popular; —and yet, any one, who will take the trouble *honestly* to inform himself of the general feeling among the people, respecting the political state of the country, will find its institutions proudly boasted of, and their beneficial effects warmly acknowledged. Whenever I have been favoured in society, by the communication of information, or the expression of individual opinion, I have cautiously avoided alluding to it, while writing of the place where it was received; lest anything approaching to the impertinence of personal allusion should be suspected;—but, while carefully avoiding this, I may safely venture to state, generally, the result of all the information I have gathered.

I have no business with the righteousness of the feeling, arise where it may; but the tr th is, that, in many places, where nothing like discontent exists towards the present rulers, the ambition of being some day annexed to Prussia may very easily be discovered. It is not, however, by agitators or demagogues that this feeling is expressed. On the contrary,—it appears to result from that wish for a substantial, secure, and unvacillating government, which a philosophical contemplation of the present state of Europe has generated throughout the whole of Germany.

Where the smaller states have granted constitutions, and undermined the foundations of authority, by signing trumpery charters concocted by a reckless set of noisy orators, the consequences have been uniformly injurious to the prosperity of the people. Yet some, who had a prophetic conviction that so it would be, have nevertheless yielded before the cuckoo cry for reform.

This it is, which has turned the eyes of many towards Prussia. She, tranquilly firm in her just, undeviating policy stands like a tower of strength amidst the wavering, tottering politics of some of her neighbours.

It may be objected, to any opinion I may give as to the political feeling of Germany, that it is not in the course of a summer's tour, any important information on such a subject can be obtained. Certainly, upon such an occasion, no information which does not lie upon the surface can be hoped for. Truth, however, is not the less truth, because it is obvious :—and it is not in stating what may be seen by all, that misrepresentation is most likely to occur.

But, after confessing that my means of judging are such only as are open to every one, I venture to repeat, that a revolutionary spirit is not prevalent in any part of the country through which I have travelled. That "*such a spirit is abroad*," to use the fashionable phrase, is most certain ; —and so is a spirit of drunkenness, and a spirit of gambling, and a spirit of robbing, and that in more countries than one; —yet it would hardly be fair to state that either of these spirits were about to rule the destinies of any land.

I heard much ridicule from various classes,—and, decidedly, not the least pointed from among the lower orders,—against the political enterprises and revolutionary snappings, which are continually exploding with the bustle and effect of a cracker. The tone in which even *our* reform proceedings are canvassed, approaches sometimes very saucily towards quizzing. Nevertheless, the Germans are far from paying us in kind for the prophecies so often put forth in our journals, of their threatened insurrections ; for I continually heard it repeated, with great emphasis, that "*England was not a country to be overthrown by the cabals of a mob.*"

On leaving Cassel we engaged a carriage to take us through the Harz country,—(with the understanding that we were to pause when and where we chose,)—and then to proceed with us to Hanover; on the very equitable condition that every additional day, beyond the time necessary for the expedition, should be paid for at the same as if we were travelling. The scheme answered perfectly; and to those who travel for pleasure, and not for business, it is unquestionably the most agreeable that can be adopted.

We crossed the Foulde on leaving Cassel; and our road continued near the stream, though we had to mount and descend some magnificent hills by its side. The scenery the whole way from Cassel to Münden is beautiful. At the latter place we stopped for breakfast; and while it was preparing we walked through the lovely meadows on the banks of the river.

The Foulde joins the Werra at this place;—both here lose their name in that of the Weser;—and the wild narrow little valley, through which they run before their confluence, is one of the prettiest spots imaginable.

The first thing which caught my eye, on entering Münden, was the arms of England over the Post-office;—by which we perceived that we were in the kingdom of Hanover. For some time, after we had left this curious old town, and its massive fortifications, falling into reluctant decay, the road continued to be very beautiful, passing through a narrow valley close by the side of one of the brightest streams in the world. We afterwards mounted to a region of bare hills, and from this point to Göttingen there is little either of beauty or interest.

Had not the Harz been before us, we should have seen more of this celebrated University; but one professor, to whom we had an introduction, was out of town, and another was at a great distance from our hotel; so we determined to see all we could that evening, and not risk losing the lovely weather, which still followed us, by staying another day.

The old fortifications round the town have been turned into public walks, and by following these we obtained a good general view of the town; which has, however, no beauty, either of situation or architecture, though some of the old

towers are curious and venerable. The buildings of the University appear by no means splendid; and, such as they are, would be shown to greater advantage were they more separated from the town, which presses round them in every direction. The University library is preserved in a part of the old church, and we made some efforts to see it: but the lateness of the hour prevented our success. The moon was nearly at the full, and lengthened out the hours of light for us very pleasantly:—by her help we saw nearly every part of the city.

Though I had here no opportunity of obtaining the information I wished for, respecting this University, I had afterwards the good fortune of receiving, from a distinguished friend at Hanover, very satisfactory details, not only respecting Göttingen, but on the subject of education throughout Germany in general, and the kingdom of Hanover in particular.

From the statements of this gentleman, which are of unquestionable authority, it appears that the number of professors and teachers, in every part of the country, is much larger, in proportion to the population, than it is with us.

In Hanover they have one University (Göttingen), with fifty professors, and forty private teachers;—sixteen public schools of the first rank, in which 135 teachers are employed;—fourteen public schools of the second rank, with sixty-four teachers;—and about 350 elementary schools. Out of 900 students residing at Göttingen, about 600 are Hanoverians. At the public schools of the first order there are 2,200 pupils;—at those of the second class, 2,100;—and at the elementary schools, 215,000.

As the population of the kingdom of Hanover is only about 1,600,000, it is evident that the business of education is carried on there on a much more extended scale than in England, Ireland, or even in Scotland.

Some judgment may be formed as to what ranks chiefly furnish students to the Universities of Germany, by the following statement respecting Gottingen. In the year 1831, 135 young men commenced their academic studies there. Fifty-nine of these were the sons of gentlemen employed in public administration, and of lawyers, physicians, and other learned men; six were the sons of officers; five of landed

proprietors; thirty-nine of tradesmen; and nineteen the sons of peasants or artisans.

The idea, so prevalent everywhere, of the relaxed discipline of the German Universities, accords so ill with the equally general belief that the scholars they send out stand pre-eminently high, that I asked my friend to solve this problem for me. This, I think, he has done satisfactorily, by referring simply to the rigorous examinations required before any man can enter upon public life as a magistrate, professor, advocate, physician, &c. It clearly appears from the rank of the students, as stated in the account of the matriculations at Göttingen in 1831, that few among them are placed by fortune above the necessity of passing these all-important examinations well: and, where this is the case with the great majority, it is not surprising that even the wildest spirits should require no very rigorous discipline, in order to keep the one thing needful ever in view; nor that the love of frolic, however vehement, should fail to induce them to forget it.

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The Harz mountains become visible in the east a few miles after leaving Göttingen ; and, were it not for this, the landscape would have no great charm. We breakfasted at Nordheim, where marks of a recent conflagration were painfully evident. And the movement and stir about the buildings, which were beginning to rise from the ashes, were like the bustle in an ant's nest, after injury by some rude blow.

At this place we left the high road which leads from Francfort to Hombourg, through Cassel, Göttingen, and Hanover, and which may be called the great north road of Western Germany. We turned aside in order to pass through that renowned region of romance called the Harz; and, above all, to visit the Brocken, universally acknowledged to be the scene of the wildest and most poetical superstitions of Germany.

Almost immediately after leaving Nordheim the country begins to assume a more interesting character ; and the little village of Catlenbourg is one of those rare spots where every object seems placed on purpose to give pleasure to the eye. From thence we proceeded to Osterode, the first

Harz town. On the side by which we entered, and for several miles of the approach, the road was over a bed of alabaster, whose clear, white, sparkling masses, starting through the turf, looked exactly like hillocks of petrified snow.

Osterode has a large quarry of this beautiful stone; and the greater quantity which is exported,—the enormous magazine of corn for the use of the miners,—the schools connected with their occupation,—and the use made of the town, as a depôt for all the mines in its neighbourhood, render it a place of considerable importance.

An hour or two being required to rest the horses, we determined to mount a gently rising upland of clover and wheat stubble, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the dark forest which once spread half over Germany:—but the summit of this height seemed to mock us; for no sooner had we reached some object which appeared to be at the top, than we found it stretched away again higher still. Yet we were loath to retreat; and, scorning a sudden blast of wind that swept by, as well as some very ominous masses of clouds above our heads, we persevered, till at length the real summit was achieved.

The hill, which it had taken us so long to mount, here sunk beneath our feet almost perpendicularly; and the bold wall of rock we looked down upon did not contrast more strongly, with the gentle slope by which we ascended, than did the dark hue of the landscape spread now before us, with the pale, barren hills on the opposite side of the town.

As far as the eye could reach, was an immense extent of waving heights; all covered to their very tips with one universal mantle of black pine. The deep chine at our feet looked as dark as night; and the only objects visible within its shade were here and there the gleaming of a narrow brook, and the windings of a rude path-way which followed it.

The only tinge of lighter colour throughout the whole landscape, was occasioned by the blue smoke which proceeded from the charcoal-burning, and which rose from one or two points of the different hills.

This, indeed, was the Harz;—and the unexpected manner in which it had burst upon us, through this magnificent

opening, wonderfully enhanced the effect of its grand and peculiar features.

It was some time before either the heavy drops which began to fall, or the remembrance of the long stage we had before us,—or even the thoughts of dinner,—could make us quit this dark, but lovely landscape.

It is always dangerous to dwell in description upon any scene, the effect of which is greatly to excite the imagination; and especially if the objects composing it are not familiar to those we address. The usual meed of any such effort is a weary yawn from the reader. Prudence, therefore, leads me back to Osterode now; as effectually, as when I left all the witchery of mid-day darkness soberly to eat my dinner, and continue my journey.

The best consolation we found for turning away from such a scene, proceeded from the discovery of an awful-looking road,—along the side of one of the boldest heights, —which we had little doubt was the road we were about to follow.

We were lucky enough to escape the heaviest part of the shower, which fell with extraordinary violence after we returned to the hotel. In consequence of this rain, we were told it would be necessary to take an additional pair of horses; as the road to Clausthal, always difficult from its steepness, would be now impracticable without this assistance. This proved no fable, either of the driver or post-master. I have seldom been dragged up so tremendous an ascent.

The worst effect of the storm, however, was the necessity it enforced of having the carriage closed. This, at the moment of entering upon such a drive, was a most serious mortification; but the rain continued to fall in torrents, and, had we persisted in keeping the carriage open, we must have been wet through in a few minutes.

Packed, therefore, like poultry in a basket, with scarcely air sufficient to keep us alive, we crossed the little bridge of Osterode; and began to mount the barrier hill between that town and the Harz forest. For some time, bare and barren banks shut us in on either side;—but, after passing the first summit, we perceived by degrees, as first one of us, and then another, ventured to remove a morsel of the leather curtains, that we were gradually entering upon the dark, shadowy

world we had looked at in the morning. The vexation of being thus enclosed now became greater than any of the party could endure. We therefore stopped the carriage, though the rain continued to fall; and we gave the astonished driver to understand, that we preferred receiving it upon us. I am quite sure that the man thought I was subject to some malady connected with the brain; for, having opposed the orders of the gentlemen, by most earnest assurances that we should all be drowned if he obeyed them, he turned to me to enforce his statement, and applaud his resistance. But my reply was, that such drowning would do us no harm, and that the carriage must be opened. I had no sooner said this, than my son, to end the contest, began vigorously to attack the clumsy contrivances which formed the roof. Mr. H. heartily assisted him, and the poor driver, looking at me with a most comic mixture of fear and compassion, at length yielded his reluctant aid to the operation. The scene was indeed such as might well atone for a wetting. The form of the ground, which was a narrow ridge, enabled us to look down,—sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other,—over myriads of pines, into deep hollows which seemed too dark, too wild, too gloomy, for the foot of man to venture into them. At some spots, high upon the mountain's side, stood pools of water; so large that they might almost be called lakes: and at others, the ground was cleared for the space of a few acres, for the purpose of burning charcoal.

Our pertinacious determination to look upon this novel scene did not bring upon us any of the evils which were predicted; for, as the evening advanced, the clouds broke away, the rain ceased, and just enough of lowering storminess remained to heighten the effect of the singular scenery through which we were passing.

Before we reached Clausthal, which stands on the very highest point of one of the hills, we saw the clouds rolling far below us; and, I doubt not, they were still shedding their dews on the dark valleys below.

Clausthal is an important mining station; and several large schools are established there, for the purpose of instructing the miners in practical geology. The village is almost en-

tirely built of wood, and is altogether a wild and desolate-looking abode.

The forest continued almost unbroken for many miles after we left this mountain hamlet; and, just as evening began to make the gloomy shades yet more gloomy, we overtook a young hunter, who entered into conversation with us as we dragged up a steep ascent. Mr. H. left the carriage to walk with him, and received from him a very interesting description of the manner in which the young men of the country sometimes spend many days together in these dark forests, in pursuit of game. On reaching the point at which the road began to descend, our driver told Mr. H. that he must make the best haste he could, and begged him to get into the carriage immediately, which he did; and, bidding the hunter farewell, we drove rapidly down the hill, and speedily lost sight of him. Nearly an hour afterwards, when no other light than that of the moon was left, we were startled by seeing the same figure spring forward from the forest, which still skirted the road, and lay his hand on the door of the carriage. His double-barrelled gun, the large knife in his belt, and the general appearance of his dress and accoutrements,—all duskily seen at such an hour, in such a spot, and in a manner so very unexpected,—might, I think, well excuse the feeling of alarm that his approach occasioned me: and yet nothing could be more unfounded, or ungrateful; for he had pushed across a short cut of the forest, on purpose to overtake us, that he might point out a most remarkable slate quarry, perfectly hid among the trees, and yet not a hundred paces from the road.

It is possible that, if we had seen this enormous excavation by broad daylight, many curious features, now unseen, might have become visible; but, most assuredly, it would have lost much in effect. The perpendicular side of the quarry, against which we looked as we approached, was many hundred feet deep, and fringed at the top with a sable line of towering pines;—the moon shone with such equivocal light into this profound abyss, that there was no difficulty in peopling it with mysterious shapes;—and, had I been left alone there for five minutes, I am sure I should have seen a legion of witches.

It was very late before we reached Goslar; and here again the moon played us strange tricks. This place, by any light, presents a most strange, grotesque collection of architectural antiquities; and by that of the moon, the "alternate ebon and ivory" took strange forms indeed.

Goslar, the capital of the Harz, was once a city of much importance, and has more conspicuous traces of high antiquity, in every part of it, than any town I have seen. It is of considerable extent, and our tired horses dragged the carriage so slowly along the principal street, that I began to think some of the mystical powers of the region were at work, and that we were driving in a circle. At length, to my inexpressible joy, we stopped; and, to my equal surprise and delight, I found we had got to a most comfortable hotel, with an *exquisite* French waiter, and all appliances and means for welcome refreshment after our long day's journey.

We went to bed, however, with a good deal of anxiety upon our spirits. The Brocken was within fifteen miles of us; and to mount, or not to mount, was the question.

We had been told by many, and particularly by our friend the hunter, that, if the weather were unfavourable, we should find the ascent a most fatiguing labour, and utterly fruitless: as, nine times out of ten, the top of the mountain is so enveloped in clouds as to veil every object below in impenetrable mist. Yet, still we held our purpose, and every arrangement was made for the expedition; though we were all aware that, in case a positively rainy day should rise upon us, we must in common prudence give it up.

Our good star, however, still prevailed. The morning was not bright, but it was dry; and a brisk wind gave us hope that the remaining clouds might all be so completely blown off, before evening, as to permit our seeing the sun set brilliantly from the Witches' Orchestra.

We started for Ilsingbourg at half-past five. It is from this village that the most interesting ascent of the mountain is made; but it is also the most difficult. This, however, we did not learn till afterwards; and I know not how to regret the ignorance which led us to take this route; for the

additional fatigue is of small importance, when compared to the pleasure it gave us. The road immediately after leaving Goslar, is very good;—being kept in repair for the sake of an important silver mine in the neighbourhood, the ore from which is conveyed to the town;—but, having passed the mine, nothing beyond a rough, and sometimes indistinct track remained for us. This was not followed without difficulty, and something like danger too; however, both were happily overcome, and we arrived at the "Red Trout" at Ilsingbourg, in safety. A few miles from Goslar, we passed into the territory of Brunswick; and not long after into that of Prussia, where, on an open heath, and far from any habitation, we were stopped and closely inspected by two very strange-looking figures, who, however, declared themselves officers of the Prussian *douane*. If they really were so, I can *only* say that they were totally unlike, both in dress and demeanour, any officials of that country which we had before seen. Fortunately, we had nothing to provoke a legal seizure, or to tempt an illegal one; and the two rugged asserters of office departed, having examined, as I fancied, the strength of our party, as accurately as the contents of the carriage.

Ilsingbourg is a wild-looking village, situated at the entrance of a narrow gorge; through which dashes a mountain torrent, having there found its way from a spring amidst the mountains. I never saw an inhabited spot more fitted to be the scene of some dark deed, "done in the eclipse," than this Ilsingbourg. A barren waste leads to it; a hundred hills, covered with tangled forests, fence it round; and, high above their heads, rises the giant Brocken, amidst whose deep covers, superstition has been cradled for ages.

We were shown into a long dark room at the "Red Trout," so filled with tobacco-smoke that it was a pain to breathe; and the countenances, seen through the vapour, were melo-dramatic in the extreme. As for the landlord himself, he looked exactly as if he could not order his ostler to saddle a mule, or signify to his hollow-eyed *frau*, the necessity for a fresh supply of *schnaps*, without raising the flap of his cloak to conceal his face, and muttering under his breath, "Feignons de feindre, afin de mieux dissimuler." In short, the place was a most fitting entrance to the forest

of the Brocken:—and, as we received the promise of "three mules and a trusty guide," to mount its bold summit, I felt a half real, half make-believe sort of shudder, at recollecting how extremely easy it would be to rob and murder us *en route*, without any one ever hearing a word about it.

These sublime forebodings, however, did not prevent my feeling conscious that I had eaten no breakfast, and much bustling activity was produced by our demand for eggs and coffee: but, when I saw that part of this was directed to the removal of one or two idle pipes, which lay upon the table, and understood, thereby, that it was intended we should eat among the mining and charcoal-burning party, who sat smoking round it, I braved all my terrors of the conspirator-like landlord, and boldly demanded another *zimmer*. I was sturdily told there was none other in "the Trout," and a very ominous scowl passed across his brow as he said it. At this critical moment my mother-wit came to my assistance. I had remarked, as I entered, that there was behind the house a garden, which, albeit all else about it was rude and cheerless, had the true German abundance of flowers. I felt sure, as I remembered this, that I had the key to his heart, as certainly as if one of his witch neighbours had given it to me. I praised his garden;—and asked leave to eat my breakfast in front of a prodigious bed of gilly-flowers. Upon this, his frown melted into a smile; he darted off, beckoning me to follow him, and, in less than ten minutes, the best breakfast the house could furnish was spread in the open air. It is true that this air, which whistled down the valley upon us, bit shrewdly:—but, had it bit us to death, it would have been preferable to being stifled in the heavy vapour of tobacco.

CHAPTER XX.

Ascent of the Brocken—Charcoal-clearings—Iron Cross—Confusion of Rocks—Desolation—Top of the Mountain—Brocken-House—Witches' Orchestra—Devil's Pulpit—Witches' Dog-stone—Sunset—Night Storm—Morning Clouds—Effect of the Wind—Descent from the Brocken—Return to Goslar.

At eleven o'clock the three mules were led to the garden-gate; and I looked in the face of our guide to see what might be there threatened or promised. If eyes be the windows of the soul, through which its movements become visible, this poor man afforded but half the usual chance of discovering what was passing internally,—for he had but one.—The expression of his other features, however, was in no degree lessened by this misfortune: and if a kind and gentle nature could ever be unmistakenly read on any countenance, it was on his.

The little village was soon passed; and we reached a green common, on which lay a great quantity of felled timber, in various stages of the process of sawing, and that of barking. The work-sheds are sheltered by many beautiful beech trees; and a broad, bright stream runs gaily among them. The road, which for the first two miles rises very gently, has been well rolled by the charcoal-carts; and, for that distance, a carriage might go with ease and safety. The same stream, which we saw on leaving the town, continues close beside the road, long after the ascent has ceased to be thus gentle; and it gradually changes the character in which, as a quiet rivulet, it had refreshed the village common, into that of a dashing, bounding, rock-defying torrent. As this changed, so did the whole scenery change with it. The soft turf faded, withered, and was lost amidst rude blocks of granite,—sometimes tangled over with moss and lichen, and sometimes dry and bare, as if just thrown from the crater of a volcano. As we toiled upwards, these increased in size;—the bright, gay green of the beech entirely disappeared;—and pines, dark, tall, and cheerless, encompassed us on every side. A more

desolate landscape can hardly be imagined. I listened for the note of a bird, but in vain. The dashing of the torrent, and the groaning of the wind, which seemed, however, to be rather at a distance than near, were the only sounds to occupy our ears; for there was something in the whole scene which seemed to chain our tongues; and we were as rigidly silent as if we had supposed that the great spirit of the mountain was about to appear.

I will defy the boldest imagination that ever worked between throbbing temples,—that of Dante himself not excepted,—to picture forth a darker world than the eye looks upon while scaling the Ilsingbourg side of the Brocken. Here and there, however, are spots of exquisite loveliness; and the uncertain humour of the weather increased their effect.

Rain is, in general, a miserable companion for such an expedition: but, on this occasion, the few drops which had fallen at intervals were often converted, by a sudden burst of sunshine, into spangles; as they hung upon the black festoons which the pines threw across our path. This was where some charcoal-clearing let in the day upon us; and then the *forte-piano* effect of chequered light and darkness was inconceivably beautiful;—then, too, the torrent caught the beam at intervals, and a sparkling chain of waterfalls often appeared before us, as far as the eye could reach.

During about a third part of the ascent, traces of human labour are visible;—not only in these clearings, but in the huts, constructed of poles, bark, and boughs, in which the charcoal-burners are sheltered, when the process is in a state to require their presence day and night. Whenever we descried one of these pointed huts, we were sure to see near it several closely-built pyramids of wood, generally burning. Sometimes, however, they were but just constructed, and as yet neither lighted nor covered in; in others, the black mass seemed to be emitting its last breath of stifling smoke; and, from several, the men were carrying away the charcoal down the precipitous road to Ilsingbourg. This was done by means of hand-carts, each drawn by a single man, who rattled down at a fearful rate, and often appeared to hold up against the load which followed him with considerable difficulty.

At one point in the early part of our progress, the guide stopped; and, without saying a word, turned the head of my

mule, making a signal to my companions to turn theirs. He then pointed aloft to a crag five hundred feet above our heads, on which stood a colossal Cross of Iron. It is quite necessary to be exactly on such a spot as we then occupied, with the whole *materiel* for the *Freischutz diablerie* above, around, and underneath—magnified a thousandfold on all sides—with a head, too, as much crammed with visions of demons and witches as mine was—to be able to conceive the sublime effect of this holy emblem, thus suddenly seen, as it were, in the clouds. I shall never forget the sensation.

As we mounted higher and higher, after crossing the noisy torrent by slight log bridges, which seemed just wide enough to fit the feet of the mule, without an inch to spare, I was lost in admiration at my own undaunted courage. I fear its moral value was not much superior to that said to be produced by intoxication;—but it was very delightful while it lasted.

At length we quitted the stream and its awful bridges; and, with them, every trace of a path. The mules, however, seemed to know their way; and yet it was such a one, that losing it could hardly have brought them to a worse. What must have been the horrible convulsion, which has so scattered the surface of this mountain, and covered its sides with such gigantic yet loose masses of granite rock?

The feeling of wild confusion, which this gives, is indescribable. That these masses are not primeval there, but have been thrown where they lie by some prodigious accident, is unequivocally evident. Sometimes stretched flat upon the ground, sometimes piled loosely, one upon another; —at one place appearing firmly bedded;—at another, almost tottering on the spot where they have fallen;—they everywhere show themselves to be superficial adjuncts to the place they occupy. One of these masses measured fifty-five feet in length and forty in breadth; —its height was beyond our reach, but could not have been less than thirty feet. The most beautiful mosses "sheathed the terrors" of some of their sharp angles; but many were perfectly bare. In every interval between them, enormous pines still lifted their dark heads; but their fringed branches no longer swept the ground; the stems were bare; and the wind, though still unfelt by us, moaned among their tops in sounds such as I never heard before.

If I could have spoken at all, I should have exclaimed with the Bruce—

"A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness
Did ne'er my wondering footsteps press."

By degrees the trees ceased altogether: the mosses and, lichen apparently ceased with them; and a monstrous expanse, entirely covered by detached, bare, dry, sun-whitened rocks, stretched upwards and all round. It was a desert at which an Arab might tremble.

The idea that I had still to sit upon my weary mule amongst, and over, these steep, smooth crags, made me shudder.' It seemed to be the exact spot which fiends would choose wherein to keep their holiday; and I almost expected to hear impish laughter from behind some of the stones, or out of the hollows between them, through which dark, brackish streams were heard, and occasionally seen, trickling down the mountain.

The scaling this hideous precipice was the most tremendous part of the expedition; and, by far, the most difficult feat I ever achieved. My saddle was furnished with a strong handle before, and another behind; and, by dint of holding against the latter, and pulling myself up by means of the former, I contrived to keep myself on the poor creature's back; but it was painful to feel the strong working of her muscles. Having mastered this most arid and desolate portion of the mountain, we again reached symptoms of vegetation. Whortleberries, moss, and a twisted growth of dwarf pines, covered its rugged side. Here again the guide stopped, and bade us turn and look below;—but what combination of words can convey an idea of all which that look showed us? First came the rocky desert,—next a wavy sea of unnumbered forest-covered hills, in every shade from black to gray, as the capricious clouds swept over them—then came the wide-spread world below, bright in unmitigated sunshine, with here and there a small speck that might be a beacon, tower, or village church; but all so blended in one flood of light, that, contrasted with the dark forest enclosing us, it seemed almost like an opening of the bright and sunny heavens, rather than any view of earth.

Terror, weakness, weariness, all vanished at this spectacle; and, when our kind-natured guide nodded an encouraging assurance, that "Brocken would be good for us this night," we turned our heads again towards the lofty summit with renovated strength and unshrinking spirits.

Without the renewed energy, which this sight and these words had given me, I really doubt whether I should have reached the top at all; for every step became steeper and more difficult; and, as I recall it, I still wonder how it was that I continued able to cling to the powerful little animal, as it strained on from rock to rock up the last painful mile. But at last the deed was done, and we stood triumphant on the summit of the mountain.

I have heard it said that the pleasure, produced by visiting any celebrated object, is lessened in exact proportion to all the eloquence we have listened to concerning it. Had I, however, been wholly unversed in German romance,—had I never seen *Der Freïschutz*, or never read *Faust*,—I should not have felt all the satisfaction I did on this occasion:—and it must have been great, for it enabled me to meet, not only with patient endurance, but with a feeling of extreme enjoyment, the blast of wind which assailed us the instant we reached the narrow platform finishing the monstrous cone.

The guide held me on the saddle, till he had led the mule under the shelter of the solitary *Gast-Haus*, and then placed me on my feet; congratulating me with hearty good-will, on my safe arrival.

This building is constructed in a manner that shows, at a glance, what it has to endure. The granite walls are six feet thick, and the small windows are set even with the internal surface; so that, before each of them there is a deep, square embrasure.

On entering the house we found ourselves in total darkness. A passage runs through the whole length of the building, and exactly divides it,—several doors open into the passage from the chambers on each side. When any of the doors are open, a gleam of light reaches this cavern-like passage; but when this is not the case, no dungeon can be darker.

We groped our way along, neither knowing where to go, nor how, till an old woman from the kitchen came to our

assistance, and led me by the hand to her small, but most warm and welcome domain.

The chillness of the atmosphere, which we found upon reaching this unsheltered pinnacle, made our teeth chatter and our limbs shake; and the old woman told us that everybody took *brandwein* and hot water as soon as they arrived. To this we made no sort of objection; and having thus strengthened our nerves, and ordered dinner, we again left the friendly shelter, to battle with the strongest wind I was ever exposed to. Our guide, who had shared our potation, accompanied us. He led us first to a magnificent congeries of granite fragments, which seemed to have pierced through the surface, and darted up twenty feet towards the clouds. Wild and whimsical are the forms in which these masses are grouped; and here it is that the witches of the Brocken assemble, to perform their unhallowed serenades. They neither play impromptu, nor from memory; or numerous rocks are pointed out, which serve them for music-desks, and the pile is therefore called "The Witches' Orchestra." High in the midst a single stone rises above the rest, of course for the leader of the band; it is named "The Devil's Pulpit." To this Henry scrambled up; but his ambition very nearly cost him an overthrow, for it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep his footing. To stand upright was quite out of the question, and he described the sensation, which the wind produced at this elevated spot, to be exactly like one strong, long, uninterrupted box on the ear. And a box on the ear it undoubtedly was,—a not unfitting reprimand for his audacious intrusion.

From "The Witches' Orchestra" we proceeded, shivering and gasping for breath, to a very singular little lake, called "The Hexensee, or Witches' Lake." This has been much larger within the memory of man; it is now but a few yards across, but is said to be of vast depth—no man, according to our experienced guide, having ever found a line that could reach the bottom. On the other side of the Orchestra, bubbles forth the clearest and sweetest water in the world: —but even this, pure as it looks, is also the property of the same unearthly hags, and is only known by the name of "The Witches' Spring;"—moreover, it is said to be strongly influenced by their wicked will; and though never perfectly

dry, it rises and falls in a manner most supernaturally capricious. As we followed our guide to these several mystical points, he stopped us from time to time, to harangue upon some of the botanical peculiarities of the mountain.

Iceland moss grows there in great abundance, and the Alpine anemone was in the fullest bloom; though it is a wonder how its delicate flowers can open before such piercing gales. The plant must certainly be under the especial protection of the weird sovereigns of the place.—Near the door of the Gast-Haus, is another monument of their unlawful power;—a large fragment of rock stands there, having a deep natural cavity in it. This is denominated "The Witches' Dog Stone;" and let the weather be what it may, this cavity is never without water—in vain has it been carefully emptied by well-disposed Christians,—nay, rubbed till no particle of moisture could be discerned, but ere the daring hand had ceased its office, drops of cold perspiration were seen oozing from the solid rock, and again the witches' dog might slake his thirst therein.

All these marvellous things are on the mountain's top—and it is easy enough to recount that I saw them—but how am I to tell of what met our eyes below? How venture to describe a scene which, when it was before me, seemed too vast for my senses to comprehend? It is safest not to attempt it.

When we spoke to the old woman of the Brocken-House, who, if she be a witch, is a most benign one, and to a certain fair Sophia, her handmaid, concerning the matter of dinner, they both modestly hinted, that nothing strictly deserving that appellation could be obtained within their dominions; adding, however, that the best they had should be at our service. As it certainly appeared more extraordinary that there should be any dinner at all for unexpected guests, on such a spot, than that it should not be sumptuous, we readily promised to be thankful for whatever they set before us. It had cost us three hours and eleven minutes, with very good mules, to get from the bottom of the mountain to the top: and how it could answer to these poor people to drag up provisions, and furnish them at the moderate prices they mentioned, was perfectly inconceivable. The mystery, however, was explained when

we were informed that the Prussian Government, learning that much extortion had been practised upon those who had unwarily taken shelter in the miserable hut, which a few years ago was the only dwelling here, immediately remedied the evil by taking the establishment into its own hands. The present building was erected by its care, substantially and scientifically: and, during the summer, a person is appointed to keep the house open for all comers, and to furnish good but simple viands, wine, and spirits, at regulated prices; which appeared to us to be rather less than what we generally met with in the world below.

After making the circuit I have mentioned, among the enchanted memorials of the aboriginal population of the place, we gladly crept into the little dining-room of the Gast-Haus, where the fair Sophia had not only put fire in the stove, but laid a table as neatly as she could have done in the daintiest Gast-Haus of the plain. The soup, bouilli, potatoes, and bread, were all excellent; and of these our dinner consisted, with the addition of an admirable bottle of Steinberger;—for which bottle we paid three shillings.

Thus fortified, we once more braved the blast without. The hour of sunset, about which we had been so anxious, was fast approaching, and with every promise of being as bright as we could wish it. The grey-headed father of the family joined us as we stood before the door, and congratulated us on our extraordinary good fortune. Not a mist obscured the glorious expanse—not a feature of the wondrous landscape was concealed; clouds there were, but only enough to reflect the "sapphire blaze," and to fill up the gorgeous pageant.

To have a perfect view of this spectacle, it is necessary to stand where the panorama is complete; and this can only be done by mounting a small, but immensely strong tower, which forms the centre of the building. It rises only a few feet above the low roof of the house, but sufficiently to command an unbroken circular horizon. To this place we repaired, accompanied by several of the family, just as the sun had reached that point in his descent, where he seems to set fire to all the clouds which meet him. Every mortal once, at least, in his life should see, from the top of a mountain, the sun go down—it is like nothing else that the

earth can show him. I have watched through the same hour at sea, where the clearness of a tropical sky has heightened the effect of the brilliant spectacle; but there the sky and sea were all—and glorious as was the double splendour, it can bear no comparison to the thousand dyes of earth and heaven which are seen above and below from a lofty height on land.

We had the neighbouring mountain-tops for valleys, and the earth's wide circle for our horizon; but for the world between—its darkness, and its light—the lingering brightness, which brought the distant hills to view—the awful shade, already fallen on the pine forest at our feet—the inexpressible clearness of the atmosphere, which enabled us to count twelve distinct distances in the landscape—all this can be guessed at only by the initiated, who have seen something like it themselves. The rose-coloured reflection of this glowing sunset, was, on this occasion, more than usually brilliant in the east; for, as the sun went down, vast masses of clouds arose in that quarter of the heavens, and, till the light was gone, mocked us with the appearance of almost rival splendour; but when the borrowed glory left them, they assumed a far different aspect, and looked as full of storm and tempest as they had before done of light and beauty. The moon was one day past the full, and I had anticipated the pleasure of seeing her rise, and watching her pale light gleam upon all the witcheries of the Brocken:—I had even decided upon braving the chill blast to visit again, by her light, the Hexensee, the Orchestra, the Pulpit, and all the spots where I should be most likely to be made the fool of fancy. But all these fond devices were stifled in their birth, by such a storm of wind and rain, as might make the foul fiend himself seek shelter.

Nothing, therefore, was left for our evening, but talking over the wonders of the day, as we hovered round the stove, and cheered ourselves with Sophia's coffee. But, though the sister of Apollo refused to enliven us, we soon discovered that the inspirations of the bright god himself might be found for the seeking. Poetry, in almost every language of the earth, begrimed the walls; and if the display of our island tongue was not frequent, the transcription of

the following specimen may show how proud we felt that it was found at all:—

"And next a giant form appeared,
His brow with ivy crowned
Short and grizzled was his beard,
And his hair with age was grey;
Yet he danced around,
On the accursed ground,
While the devil spoke
From his pulpit rock,
And gave his subjects holiday."

We had just completed our survey of these mural inscriptions, when the venerable landlord entered, with three huge volumes in his hand. He again congratulated us on our peculiar good fortune, in having witnessed such a sunset; and, placing the books before us, added, that out of the many names we should find recorded in them, not one in a hundred had been equally favoured. He begged we would be pleased to add our own to the list; and left us, expressing a hope that the rough night we were likely to have, would not cause us any disagreeable alarm.

The Brocken Album is, I have no doubt, quite as valuable, as to the intrinsic worth of its contents, as most others; but the greater part of it being in German manuscript, it was closed to us. Some sprinkled effusions, however, we found, in a more familiar character; and, among these, the name and adventures of a young American. He tells how he determined, with a friend and countryman, to scale the Brocken, without a guide—(the national love of dollars must have generated this dangerous project)—and how they got bewildered amidst its bogs and precipices, "uttering," as he vigorously expresses it, "the frequent d—n." After many hours of severe toil, they at length succeeded in reaching the top; and the album has gained three or four pages of eloquence from the pen of one or both of them. The learning displayed in the mode of inscribing one of their names amused us—

"J. B.
"Virginiensis Americanus."

It was so much in the scientific manner in which some other

inhabitants of their native woods are classed, that it was impossible to resist a smile. Henry was so delighted with the style, that it was with great difficulty I prevented him from setting me down as "Species Maternalis Harroviensis."

We were told, soon after entering the Brocken-House, that there were no bed-rooms for us, as a party of botanists had bespoken all in the building; but that a small room, with three couches and a stove, were at our service. When we first heard this, the weather was bright, though cold, and we were all full of schemes for watching the effects of moonlight upon so singular a spot; and this, with the determination of meeting the sun, and his attendant spectre giant, in the morning, made us extremely indifferent about the accommodation for the night; but now that all this was perfectly out of the question, and a tempest howling without that seemed increasing every moment, the prospect of sitting all night to listen to it, was far from agreeable; yet it was the only one before us. We went to the door of the Gast-Haus, to look out upon the night; and though the moon was high in the heavens, and nearly full, all that its light could do was but to show the gloom that seemed brooding over the earth—lately so bright and lovely. It was like the change from life to death; but a death that had no rest in it. The hurricane was frightful. Though the door we opened was deeply set, like the windows, and placed even with the interior surface of the wall, it was not without difficulty that we were able to close it again; so powerful was the blast that rushed in upon us. At length we retired to our warm, but dismal chamber; a small dim lamp was placed behind the stove, that those who could might sleep, and each of us reclined upon a hard and narrow couch, to wait for the morning.

Many must have cause to remember the fearful night that preceded the first of September, 1833. The gale that blew that night, caused more wrecks than any that has been record ed for years; and we felt and heard it in a manner never to be forgotten.

There was something new to me, and very awful, in the sound of the wind, as I listened to it through the hours of that tedious night. There were no trees, no buildings, among which its wild howlings might be either tamed or

lost; and I thought that there were notes in its unmitigated voice more solemn and appalling than any to be heard elsewhere. At intervals a blast struck so rudely against our low, strong-set shelter, that I fancied it could never before have withstood such a storm; and that we and it should speedily be scattered and shattered among the rocks of the mountain. But, when for awhile the fury of the attack remitted, and that hollow sound succeeded, which in every storm seems to indicate an intermission of its strength, or its rage, there was something so solemn and so wild, in the mystic wailings which followed, that all the legends I had ever read rose to my memory; and more than once I caught myself listening, as if I expected to detect articulate sounds. It certainly requires very little invention, in addition to a tolerably lively fancy, to tell that voices have been heard, and words spoken, amid such sounds as swept along the Brocken on that night. Occasionally, fatigue conquered all the excitement of this singular position, and I slept for a few minutes; but by far the greater portion of the night was passed by me in listening to these unearthly noises,—and yet strange to say, I was conscious of a species of pleasure in this occupation,—my spirits were in a sort of balancing see-saw between fear and enjoyment; and I felt as if I had for awhile quitted the earth and all its ordinary emotions, and had attained, by accident, some other state of being.

My companions slept more than I did; yet, not so well but that they welcomed heartily the light of day, which was the signal of release from our dungeon-like apartment. Dismal, however, was the prospect that greeted us when we again ventured to unclose the door of the fortress. The mist was so thick that no London fog in November could exceed its density. It was not dingy yellow, however, but vapoury-blue. And, when I had succeeded in creeping along the wall of the house, to a corner where I could keep my feet, and look out upon it, the wild and rapid movement of its shadowy shapes, as the eddying blast propelled them, had more of majesty, sublimity, and mystery in it, than even the sunset of the night before. I saw not the spectral giant on the western skies, such as a bright morning shows him,— and it is difficult to say, precisely, what I did see. The vapour was stirred into such sudden fitful movement, that it

seemed, indeed, as if spirits were careering on the blast; and. n a fixed and sober glance convinced me they were "airy oothings," there was still enough of wonder left to make fne tremble.

I remembered, too, that I had again to mount my mule, and descend through this palpable obscure, over rocks and bogs that were terrible, even during honest earthly daylight; —and that "*folle du logis,*" as Montaigne calls the imagination, would be sure to multiply these dangers a hundredfold, if they were to be guessed at, instead of seen.

It was, however, of necessity, to be done, and, at all times, when the weight of certainty falls upon the mind, the mercury of our courage immediately rises to the requisite pitch. My companions confessed that they felt some misgivings on my account; but, for themselves, they seemed positively to enjoy the tumult and the din :—so we took our breakfast by no means as if we thought it would prove our last, and then proceeded with the necessary preparations.

I never experienced more kindness from strangers than on this occasion. Every individual of the family seemed to make it a particular business to devise ways and means for my safety and comfort. It was declared necessary that I should mount in the stable; as it would have been impossible that the good people who were to pack me up should keep their footing out of doors. The whole household followed to this barn ; and there I was tied, and pinned, till it was declared impossible for any morsel of drapery to be taken at disadvantage by the storm. The preparation being announced as complete, we sallied forth :—but the first step beyond the shelter of the barn rendered all their care abortive, and the guide turned me and my mule again into the stable. My good friends then set to work again ; and, by means of stronger tackle, and tyings in abundance, I was once more declared in condition to face the wind.

Fortunately the sharp, pricking rain, which had been falling for the last hour, now ceased. This was an essential relief, as it enabled me to uncover my eyes. The attentive guide led my mule; and though I could hardly draw breath, and with difficulty held myself on the saddle, I again set forward with a feeling very like enjoyment.

I had soon the comfort of finding that the mountain

itself afforded us a perfect shelter, as soon as we had got a few yards below its summit; and I had no doubt that some of the kind and consolatory accents, addressed to me before I quitted the stable, conveyed an assurance that so it would be; but I had too much agitation, and too little German, to understand it.

Our descent was by a different and much easier path than that by which we mounted; and, before we had performed a mile of our downward progress, all that was alarming or disagreeable had utterly disappeared, and was forgotten in the new delight that opened before us.

The black clouds, which had covered the whole expanse of heaven, suddenly rose from the horizon, and, rapidly mounting higher and higher, by degrees displayed a landscape radiant in light, and beautiful beyond description in its sudden and unexpected brightness. I have read of, and I think I have seen, what poets call "golden light," and "sapphire light," and "purple light,"—but such a light as now burst upon the world below us I never saw till then.

After passing about two-thirds of the descent, the new path fell into the old one, and we came again upon the beautiful torrent. Nearly at this point, we overtook a very interesting party of young botanists,—amounting to twelve,—each with his Hortus Siccus portfolio, and Herbal, strapped behind him. A young man, of two or three and twenty, appeared to be their leader and instructor; and the whole group, their pursuit, and the sublime scene chosen for it, formed a pretty subject of contemplation.

We had not long pursued our former road, when we again left it; in order to pass over the height on which stands the enormous Cross pointed out to us the day before.

To this point, walks have been cut through the forest, with considerable skill and care. They lead by a narrow, undulating terrace along the side of one or two most picturesque minor mountains, to the extraordinary rock where this Cross, erected in honour of some Prussian victory, rears its twenty feet of massive iron against the sky. This terrace-path lasts for above a league, and commands openings into some of the wildest scenery of the Harz.

Blasé, as our poor guide must be, for all that these scenes can show, he yet felt, or seemed to feel, some emotion as he

led us by these passes. More than once he stopped, and, pointing to the depths below, and the pine-covered heights above, uttered an exclamation of delight.

The extreme point on which the Cross stands is bare and alone. All around it is clothed with the pine forest; but this pale, solitary stone juts forth, and hangs over the valley, with such a giddy pre-eminence, that I trembled in remembering that I have stood upon its verge. Though my exultation of spirits had not yet forsaken me, and I still enjoyed a pleasure (so new!) in looking down into the profound valleys by which we had passed, I confess I shrunk back at the aspect of this isolated crag:—but our guide would not let me retreat; and I owe to his persevering good-nature the pleasure of knowing that I left nothing unseen.

Whatever character the miners and charcoal-burners of the Harz may bear, and however their rude and almost uncontrolled excesses may have made them fitting personages in the wild romances to which this region of fable has given birth, I am persuaded, that those who live by constantly traversing its sublimest scenes must draw a species of moral elevation from the occupation. And I would venture to predict, that any one, who knew his language well, would find, in the conversation of our one-eyed guide, not only a delightful collection of romantic lore, but much genuine, deep-set feeling, and no inconsiderable portion of valuable local knowledge.

Full of interest and enjoyment as this expedition proved to us, I doubt whether I can fairly recommend the ascent of the Brocken to the generality of female travellers. But no one should be within a day's journey of Ilsingbourg, without making an excursion on mules to the colossal Cross, and returning by the Charcoal-road which leads along the mountain torrent.

On returning to the village, we passed close to the walls of an old castle, now occupied by some species of manufactory. The building, from its antiquity, and its situation in this wildest of districts, deserves a longer examination than we had time to give it. At the "Red Trout," we again encountered the same, or an exactly similar, set of scowling

smokers ; so we again took refuge with the gillyflowers, and feasted upon Westphalia ham, during the process of putting the horses to the carriage.

It was not till I found myself in the corner of this comfortable vehicle, that I became fully aware how much I wanted rest. In truth, I believe we were all pretty thoroughly exhausted, both in mind and body, by the exertion and the pleasure of the last twenty-four hours :—and our drive back to Goslar was a very luxurious interval of silence and of rest.

CHAPTER XXI.

Antiquities of Goslar—Altar of Croton—Hanover—Herrenhausen—Theatre—Salt Works at Rehme—Sea of Rocks—Cologne—Steam-Boat—Rotterdam—Conclusion.

An excellent repast awaited us at the "Empereur Romain,"—which I name for the benefit of all future travellers to the Harz, who are wise enough to read my book and profit by my experience. It required some resolution, after all the fatigue we had endured, to set off again in pursuit of the curiosities of Goslar. Nevertheless, we did so; and the virtue thus manifested was, as usual, its own reward—or rather, it brought its own reward, in the multitude of unaccountable additions, and venerable antiquities, with which it made us acquainted. Goslar has every appearance of having preserved relics of whatsoever the whim and will of succeeding ages have bestowed on it. The "Stream of time" may here be almost as clearly traced, by a practical antiquarian, as in a chronological table. Tribute has been sufficiently paid to "the beautifier," in the shape of fallen roofs and half-demolished turrets; but some remnant of all that ever was there appears to be still visible.

This place must have been of immense strength, when there was no gunpowder to contend with. The round towers, which remain at each entrance to the town, are magnificent; their walls measure twenty-one feet in solid thickness, and their internal diameter is eighty.

Of a cathedral church, dedicated to St. Matthew, and built by Conrad the First, in 916, only a small portion remains. This is very carefully preserved, and made the receptacle of various local antiquities, which, thus protected, bid fair to endure for another thousand years or so.

In this consecrated museum there is one relic, of a date evidently anterior to that of the holy faith to which the building containing it belongs; though it now stands as if appropriated to the rites and ceremonies of the sacred edifice.

This curious piece of antiquity has received the appellation of Croton's Altar; upon what authority I know not. It is of brass, with a white marble slab on the top, and is supported on the shoulders of four hideous figures, in bronze. Ugly as it is, it was thought, by the *vertu* of some of Napoleon's generals, worthy of being conveyed to Paris: but it was carefully brought back again to Goslar, at a period which may be called, in more than one sense, that of the *Restoration.*

One single window, of very old and very richly stained glass, lights but dimly this temple of relics: and the picturesque effect of their mutilated and uncertain forms, is perhaps enhanced by this obscurity. Tomb-stones, and carved tabernacles, sculptured altars, and grotesque alto-relievo's, are seen athwart the gloom with a delightful uncertainty, leaving the imagination at liberty to believe them still richer than they are. Notwithstanding this religious twilight, Mr. H. contrived to make a very faithful sketch of the Altar of Croton.

The Protestant church of St. Mark cannot be placed in competition with the mutilated St. Matthew's in point of interest; but it has its splendid brazen Font to show; in which the abundance of metal seems to tell of neighbouring mines.

The architectural vagaries of the Goslar houses are, I should imagine, among the most eccentric in the world. Many of them show traces of most elaborate workmanship. The Worth Hôtel is a perfect gem in its way:—in the centre is a handsome Gothic gloriette, and on each side of it, four full-sized figures of old German Emperors in armour, most hideous to behold; with two statues of naked wild men, armed with clubs, at each corner. The Prussian and Austrian arms are carved upon the walls. In front of this hotel are a bronze fountain and basin, of very beautiful antique workmanship:—the tradition goes, that the Devil was the artisan who produced them, and they are still called after him.

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The fine weather seemed to have lasted us exactly as long as there was anything to see. A cold drizzling rain obliged us again to have the carriage closed; and this time, as we lifted up the curtains to peep out, we became perfectly reconciled to the necessity. The only picturesque objects between Goslar and Hanover were the living ones;—the dresses

of the peasantry are very peculiar, and those of the females often gay and becoming. Among the Harz mountains, the women universally wear a long, full, heavy, striped mantle, which reaches from the throat to the feet; with a small, close, silk cap, tied under the chin. No dress could be more judiciously adapted to the locality than this seems to be; for they are exposed at all seasons to the sudden blasts of wind which towering hills and narrow valleys are sure to produce.

We dined at Hildesheim—and that is all I can say of it. The roads in its vicinity,—which, being both rough and hilly, were traversed very slowly,—afforded Henry some amusement, from the very beautiful organic remains profusely lodged in the large masses of stone laid up beside them for repairs; from these he extracted some specimens—and I pitied his yearnings, when we drove within sight of the quarry, whence they were taken, and left it behind us unexamined. We had, however, no time to spare, and but just contrived to reach Hanover before the dark evening closed upon us.

The first aspect of Hanover is not prepossessing. Most of the streets are narrow, and the houses so lofty, that little air or sunshine can reach the pavement, which, as there is no *trottoir*, is particularly in need of both. A more detailed survey, however, shows much that is handsome, and still more that is venerable and curious. To the English, at least, this old city must afford materials for much interesting research; and, though its palaces are antiquated, its "trim gardens" stiff and formal, and its long line of princely portraits, of little value to the connoisseur, there is still, in all these, much that speaks pleasantly to the heart of an Englishman; and the walls which sheltered the cradle of our royal line, cannot be looked at with indifference.

The weather was most tantalizing during the whole of our stay; but, though I saw less of the environs, public walks, &c., than I could have wished, my time was very delightfully occupied; for I was at the house of one my oldest and dearest friends. Yet, notwithstanding this strong temptation to be quiet, I failed not to visit all that was best worth seeing.

Among these I must place first the venerable palace of *Herrenhausen.* Without the historical associations attached

to it, this palace would be nothing; but, with them, it is full of interest. The old gardens, with their square grass-plats, and marble fountains—the long yew walk, where the Princess Sophia first heard of the Accession—the family portraits, looking like the grandfathers and grandmothers of England—all these speak the language of history, and of history closely connected with our own.

The palace of the Duke of Cambridge is within the city: that of Herrenhausen is at the distance of a mile, and is approached by a most magnificent avenue of nearly that length. By the help of a friend's carriage, I saw something of the pretty forest which skirts the town, in one direction; and, also, of a country residence of the Duke, with extremely pretty modern gardens, in another.

Many of the old buildings in the heart of the city,—including the Hôtel de Ville,—are among the most picturesque edifices I have seen in Germany. Immensely high, elaborately ornamented, and with a plentitude of quaint device which defies description, they are invaluable as memorials of a distant age: and the careful preservation of them must be an object of lively interest to the learned antiquary in every country.

The public library is very extensive, and peculiarly valuable in respect of its manuscripts; those of Leibnitz alone occupy a large portion of one room, formerly tenanted by himself; he having been for many years librarian.

The most splendid erection in Hanover, is the Waterloo monument. It is a noble column; and, were the figure of Victory with her attributes, by which it is surmounted, less complicated in outline, it would be faultless. On its pedestal are inscribed the names of all the Hanoverians (of whatever rank,) who fell in the battle. Not far from this magnificent structure, is another of a very different character, which would show to greater advantage were it more distant:—this is a little Grecian temple, bearing the inscription, "*Genio Leibnitzi.*" Could this be transported to one of the pretty groves of the gardens, which so delightfully surround the city, it would give and receive both grace and fitness.

The Theatre at Hanover is of excellent size and proportions, and prettily decorated. The performances, on the

evening of our visit, were by the French company from the theatre at Berlin. The acting was, throughout, admirable; and the three little pieces, which we saw, were of the genuine, modern, *larmoyant-moqueur* French school. I do not much like the style. It is real life—but life as I would never wish to see it.

Mr. T. joined us in this city, *via Hamburgh*, and confirmed the account we had before heard, of the fatal winds of the first of September; the effect of which he himself escaped by a few hours only.

As it was our wish to see as much of Westphalia as time would allow, and as Mr. T. was desirous of visiting the Münster of the Three Kings, we decided upon crossing to Cologne, instead of making for Wesel, which was the direct route to Rotterdam. The country, through which this road took us, was, in many parts, of a very high order of beauty; but we posted through it, and only paused for a few hours here and there; when any object of peculiar attraction detained us. Minden is a place of considerable interest; its fortifications are magnificent—and the view of the Porta Westphalica, and all its surrounding scenery, is most lovely.

The Salt-works at Rehme could not be passed unseen. The manner in which the water from the saline spring is made to deposite its treasure, is very ingenious. Stacks of thorn boughs, three hundred feet long, sixty feet high, and thirty wide, are constructed with the uniform symmetry and neatness of a brick mansion. The water is forced to the top of this structure, and, being carried in troughs along its whole extent, is made to drip gradually through every part of it. In its passage this water deposites lime, which attaches to every twig, and forms a little forest of petrifactions. Below the stacks are cellars, twelve feet deep, into which the purified water runs whence it is conveyed to the boiling-house, where a most pure and beautiful deposit of salt takes place on the sides of the boilers. This deposit is laded out, and immediately packed in baskets.

At Bielefeld, where we dined, we were again tempted to a few hours' delay; for the purpose of visiting the fine ruins of its castle, and mounting to the public gardens on the opposite hill, from whence we looked over as fine a country as it is well possible to conceive. Rocks, forests, hills, val-

leys, rivers, and villages, are spread out with most happy harmony of composition. The stage from hence to Wiedenbrück, through what is called the Sea of Rocks, is wonderfully wild and beautiful.

The dilapidated town of Lippstadt was the limit of our second day's journey from Hanover. The hotel, at which we lodged there, was by no means a bad one; but, at the time of our arrival, the spirits of every individual of the whole establishment were in a state of such vehement exaltation, occasioned by the presence of an infant Princess of Prussia, on her way from some watering place, that it was nearly impossible to obtain anything, or be listened to by any body. "The Princess!"—"The Princess!"—"The Princess!" was almost the only sound we heard; and this was echoed from one end of the house to the other.

The country in the neighbourhood of this town, and for one or two stages afterwards, has no beauty—but, at Iserlohn, the charm returns; and the road from thence to Hagen is very fine.

At the latter place, we were fortunate enough to find a gay and very crowded fair, which showed us the greatest variety of genuine German costumes that we had yet seen. But we also saw what was less pleasing, namely, one or two most portentously deformed dwarfs. One of these saluted us by a thousand grotesque and hideous demonstrations of welcome, pointing with shouts of glee to the gay spectacle around. He was probably intoxicated; and what, if displayed in a person of due proportions, would have produced only a temporary feeling of disgust, appeared in him something so terrible and monstrous, that it was long before I could shake off the disagreeable impression.

I saw more dwarfs, and more deformed and crippled people, during the short time I was in Germany, than my whole life had ever before shown me. I have heard various causes assigned for this. The miserable mode of clothing and nursing new-born children appears the most probable:—unfortunately, the benign innovations for the ease of these poor helpless little beings have not yet reached the peasants of Germany; but the ignorance which produces this blundering must speedily disappear, under the present system,—

and it is probable that the race of dwarfs and cripples will disappear with it.

We reached Cologne on the fourth day, about eleven o'clock, and enjoyed again, if possible with more pleasure than before, the glories of its matchless church. I spent some hours in studying this marvel, both within and without; and I think every portion of it is sufficiently engraven on my memory to furnish me with gothic reminiscences for ever:—I only hope I shall not remember it too well, when looking at our less splendid treasures of this kind at home.—This would be the only price I should think too great to pay for the pleasure it had given me.

No scene could present a greater contrast than the Grosser Rhinberg did, now, with what it had been three months before. The long table, then so crowded with guests, was now reduced so as to suit only half a dozen seats, at the top of the room. The pretty band of music had given place to tenantless chairs, piled up in one corner; and the lazy waiters yawned in a knot in another. In the evening we crossed the bridge to Deutz, where the officers of the garrison gave a sort of fête to the public, by permitting their band to play in a garden beside the river. Though the air had already all the chillness of autumn, rendered keener still by a fresh breeze from the water, the place was crowded, —and, in truth, the music was good enough to make one patiently endure a shivering. We followed the general example, and took coffee under the trees; but a repast, *al fresco*, in Siberia, could hardly have been less genial. The view of the city on the opposite bank, with its beautiful grey towers, and the reflected twinkle of its numerous lights —for Mozart kept us enthralled long after "night's candles" were visible,—formed a lovely picture. It is, perhaps, from this point that the venerable city is seen to the greatest advantage; and the view of it immediately recalled to my mind's eye a beautiful drawing of Turner's, which I think must have been taken near this spot. Cologne is a glorious subject, both as to outline and colouring; and it might furnish even a more vigorous and forcible composition than I have ever yet seen from it.

Dark, damp, chilling, and miserable, was our embarkation, at half past five o'clock on the following morning, for Rotterdam. Here again was a contrast. When last we had embarked from this same bridge, the summer and the Drachenfels were before us;—now, we had nothing to look for but equinoctial gales and—Rotterdam. We had but few passengers, and of these only a small proportion were English. We were about a fortnight too late for the companionship of Rhenish tourists. The weather improved upon us, however, and we enjoyed a bright September sun; but it had nothing to shine upon, which could content our pampered eyes; and, till we got to Dusseldorf, we hardly thought it worth while to open them. Here we just did this, and no more; for the steam-boat paused not long enough to allow a walk on shore. By all accounts Dusseldorf deserves a very different sort of examination—it is spoken of as a delightful residence.

Just twelve hours after our embarkation we reached Arnheim, our quarters for the night. It rained hard; and our walk in search of a hotel was unpleasant enough. But, even under these circumstances, it was impossible not to be struck by the neat appearance of the town.

Every house looked as if the workmen had only just left it,—having "repaired and beautified" every part, from the cellar to the garret. No frontier in the world, I imagine, can sever lands more dissimilar in appearance than Germany and Holland; and the habits of the people (smoking excepted) are not more congenial. Were idolatry to supersede the true faith in Holland, soap and water would unquestionably be made the objects of adoration. Of the latter, nature has certainly given them enough; and, for the matter of soap, I am persuaded that all human arts would be put in requisition, rather than this first of chemical blessings should be found wanting.

By the courtesy of a stranger, we were led to the very unconspicuous, but comfortable, Hôtel *des Pays-Bas.* Everything here was Dutch,—and Dutch to perfection. Every floor was blessed with a carpet; every window-pane was innocent of dust. Our attendant hand-maidens, with stockings white as snow, and close-plaited head-gear to

match, looked like Naiads fresh risen from a washing tub; and the linen, in every direction, whether curtains, table-cloths, sheets, or napkins, dazzled the eyes that looked upon them.

The following morning an adventure happened to us, which also proved, though in a manner less agreeable, that we had passed the Dutch frontier. Our passports had been taken from us the evening before, by an officer who came on board for the purpose; and the captain said that we should have no trouble concerning them, as the same person would meet us when we embarked in the morning.

Accordingly, we had not been many minutes in the boat, before the officer arrived. To Mr. T. and Henry, their passports (that of the latter including mine) were returned, duly signed; but to Mr. H. a paper was delivered instead, commanding him immediately to return over the frontier; as his passport was such as no Dutch signature, which he could obtain here, could make available. A similar notice was delivered to an English gentleman and his nephew; and also to a French family, on their way to a near relation at Amsterdam. In each case the defective passports had Belgian signatures, which ours had not.

The captain of the steam-boat, however, assured the discomfited travellers, that it would be only necessary for them to repair to Nimeguen; where the governor of that fortress would be able, and doubtless willing, to give them fresh passports, which would enable them to reach Rotterdam on the following day.

Fortunately, the packet did not set off for London till the day after; and we therefore left Mr. H. in the belief that no other inconvenience would ensue to him than being separated from his party for a few hours. The result, however, was very different. On arriving at Nimeguen, he was again told that no passport could be given him; and, accordingly, he had to travel through Prussia and Belgium to Ostend. Luckily for him, the English gentlemen before mentioned were in the same predicament; and he had the advantage of their company on this enforced and tedious journey.

That there was considerable severity in the regulation which occasioned this, cannot be denied; but the outrageous detention of a Dutch gentleman on the Belgian frontier, a few weeks before—a circumstance which we had heard everywhere spoken of with indignation—had unquestionably led to it.

Rotterdam, being nearly as well known to Englishmen as Calais itself, must not be long dwelt upon. But its interminable canals, on which boats occupy that portion of the street elsewhere used by carriages, cannot be seen for the first time without a feeling of surprise. I can hardly conceive anything less picturesque than the general aspect of this singular place. Were I doomed for a certain space of time to walk through its sad and misty streets, I might be tempted, unless the period were a very short one, to try whether I were not really amphibious,—as all who inhabit there ought to be,—and plunge into a canal, by way of bettering my condition. Yet, once fairly removed from the watery streets, and admitted within the precincts of the comfortable dwellings which stretch along their sides, I should very soon feel disinclined to leave them again.

It seems as if Nature, in forming this race of inhabitants, had benignly gifted them with the power of making their houses thus comfortable, expressly that they might feel no inclination to move out of them, and so escape the consciousness that she had denied them any objects worth looking at.

and though nations, which bore not one-half her burden in the struggle, are beat down to rise not again,

> "She tricks her beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

And why is this? Let us visit her well-ordered cities—let us look at the peaceful industry of her fields:—and, though we shall perhaps find her talking and writing less upon government than most other nations, we may gain a lesson that shall help us at our need.

Yet Germany, too, is seeking to ameliorate the condition of man, and is foremost in the race of intellectual improvement. Let us visit her, and see what are the means she takes to ensure it. She turns not her strength to uproot and overthrow all that man, in his social state, has hitherto held sacred; nor does she labour to force Nature from her course, in order to make level that which the Creator has decreed shall rise and fall in ceaseless inequality;—but, with steady power, she pursues the only scheme by which man may hope to benefit his species. She gives her people knowledge, and suffers not either ignorance or tumult to banish "the sage called Discipline" from the land.

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